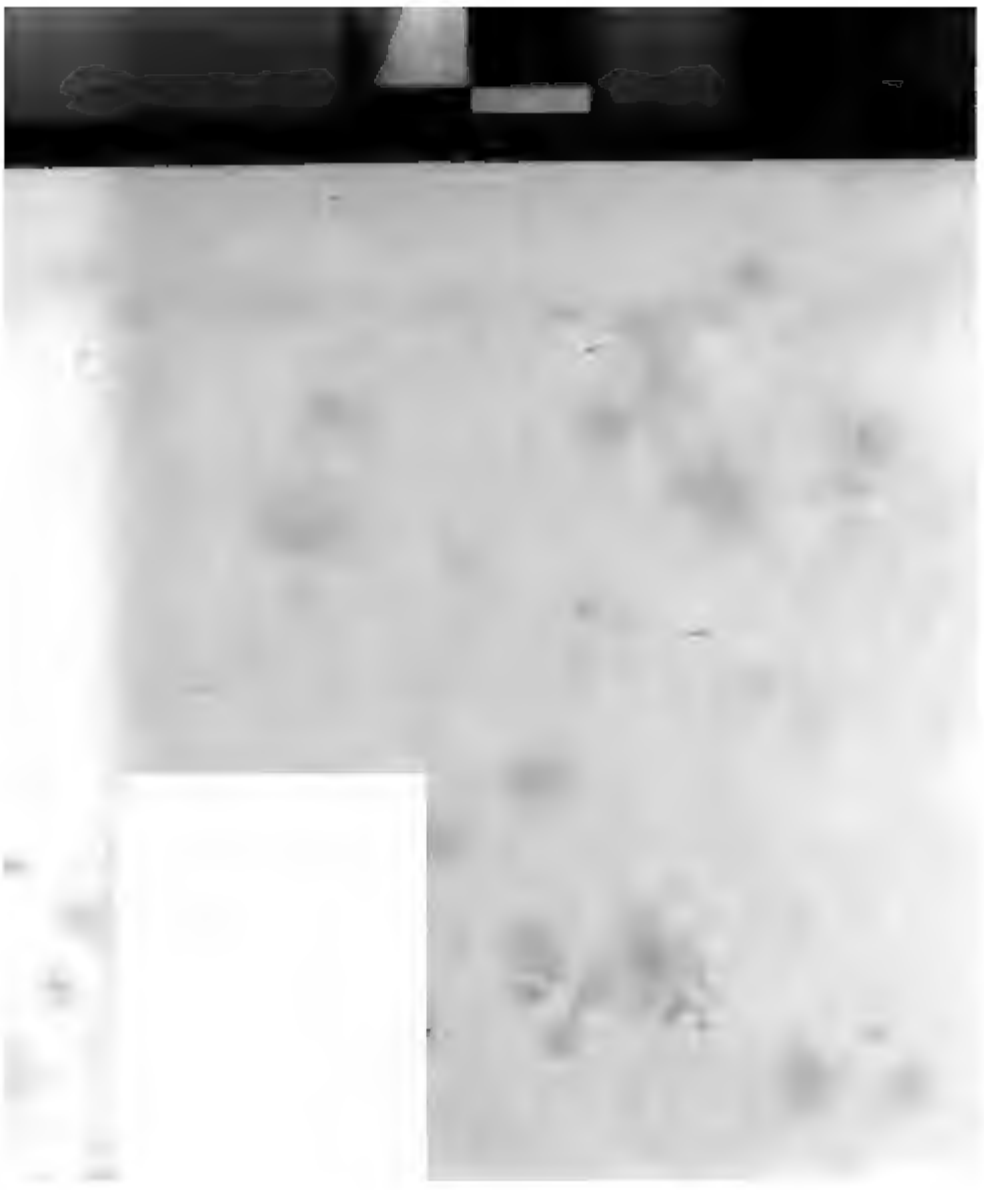

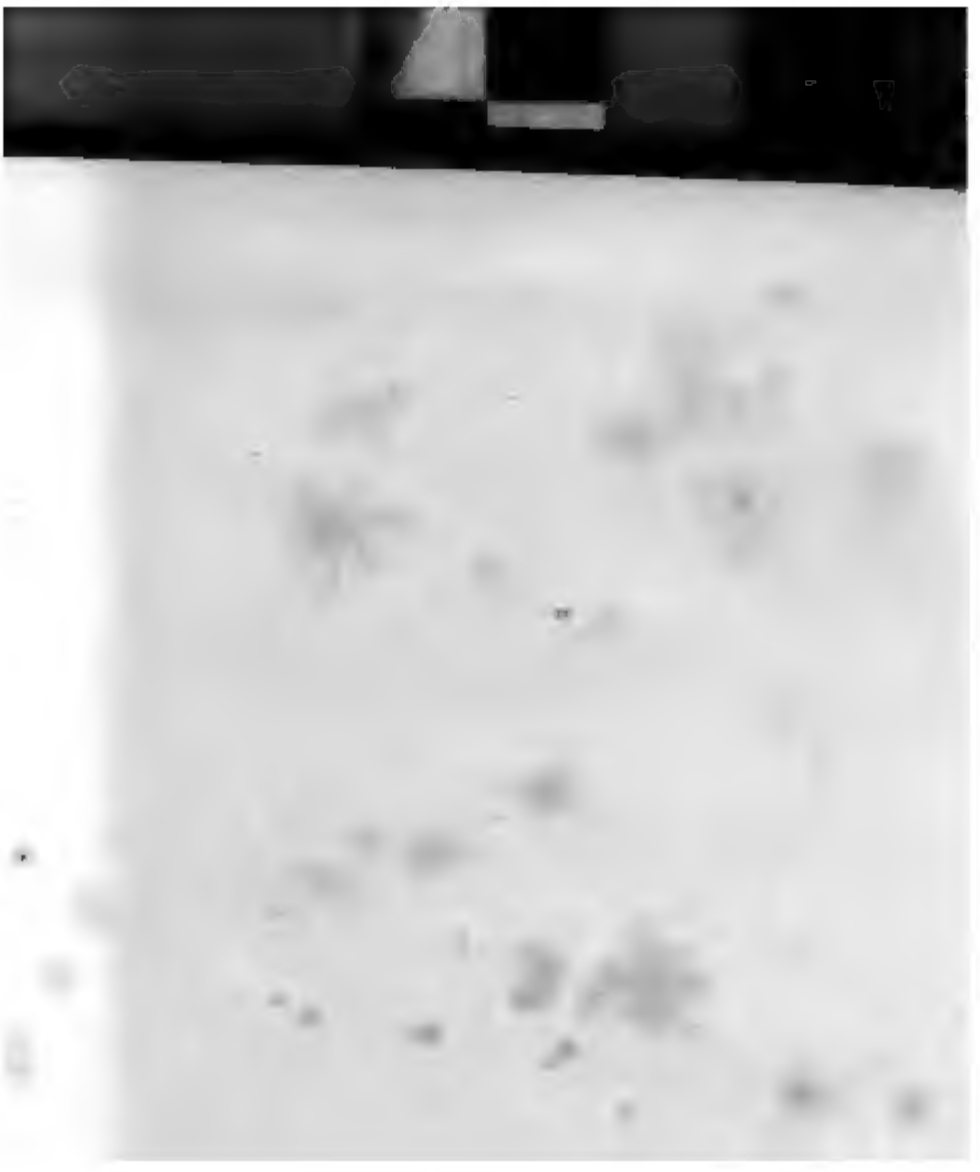

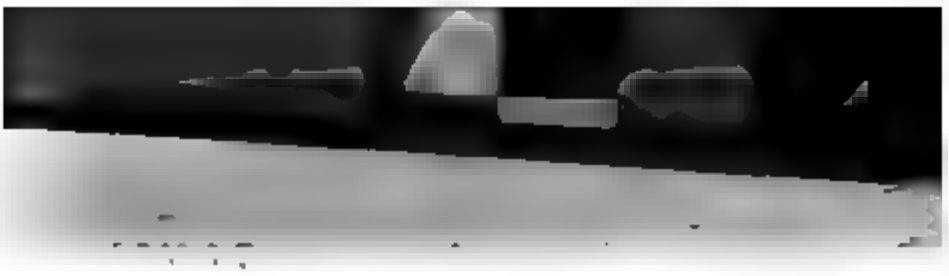

BELGRAVIA

A LONDON MAGAZINE

CONDUCTED BY

M. E. BRADDON

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BELGRAVIA

MARCH 1869

MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY

AUTHOR OF "PAUL MASSIE," "THE WATERDALE NEIGHBOURS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV. AN ODD INTERVIEW AND AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

ARE there any poor people who never felt an impress of something like awe and timidity at their first direct contact with wealth? I have heard and read of noble, independent beings, serene in the unsurpassed and conscious dignity of mere manhood, who, in whatever poverty, never felt the faintest flutter of envy, awe, or humiliation when they stood for the first time in the presence of a great man's flunkeys, and asked to see the great man himself. Are there such persons? I don't say I disbelieve in their existence, but I should like to hear, on the authority of someone more skilled than I to penetrate the secrets of human consciousness, that there really are beings of that kind before I quite believe in them. My own impression is, that civilised man or woman of humble class hardly ever yet knocked for the first time at the door of a great West-end mansion without a beating of the heart, a mingling of awe and humiliation. It is very mean and shabby and unworthy, and so are most of our instinctive impulses, which at last we school down, or are schooled and mastered by. Deep, deep down in our civilised nature is rooted the abject homage to wealth. I almost think it begins with the wearing of clothes. I doubt whether the very next stage of civilisation after nakedness does not witness the internal growth of that servile sentiment. I think we keep singing our "A man's a man for a' that," and our "*Vilain et très-vilain*," in order to drown the feeling or exorcise it, as they play martial airs to keep up the manhood of the raw recruit. Of course we get over it sometimes; at least, thank Heaven, we do not all succumb to it wholly. I am not much of a sneak myself, and I never yet sought the patronage of a man of rank, or put myself in his way to get his nod, or bragged to my acquaintance that I

had met him, and I know that I am no whit more independent than many of my neighbours,—but I have felt the poor man's sentiment of awe for wealth; I have done to wealth the involuntary homage of being afraid, and hearing my heart beat, as I stood in its august, unfamiliar presence. Many of my friends are people connected somehow with the world of art, and who have made their way up from nothing. Some of them have fine West-end houses now, of their own, and carriages, and awful footmen in livery; but I think if I were talking confidentially with each of them in turn over a cigar and a glass of brandy-and-water, he would frankly admit that one of the most trying moments of his life—one of the moments when he found it hardest to keep up his dignity of independent and equal manhood—was just the first time when, having knocked at some great man's door, he waited for the opening of it, and the presence of the flunkey.

Now I stood this Sunday morning at the door of Mr. Lyndon, M.P., and I realised these sensations. I had come to ask no favour—to seek no patronage—to bespeak no recognition—to pave the way for no acquaintanceship. If anything, I was coming out of my regular beat of life rather to confer a favour than to solicit one; and yet I did feel that ignoble, nervous tremor which the unaccustomed presence of wealth inspires in the poor man, and which is the base image, the false coin, the bastard brother of the soul's involuntary homage to beauty and greatness. I knocked at the door, and as I waited for its opening, I felt so nervous that I grew positively ashamed of myself, and took my courage in two hands, as the French phrase goes, and remembered about a man being a man for a' that.

Mr. Lyndon, M.P., lived in a fine house in Connaught-place, looking straight into Hyde-park. One had to go up high steps to get to the door, which lent additional majesty and dread to the business. It was, as I have said, a Sunday; and as I came hither I had passed crowds of people streaming out of the doors of fashionable churches, and seen splendidly-dressed women, all velvets and satins and feathers, assisted into their carriages by footmen who carried gilded prayer-books; and I wondered whether Mr. Lyndon had been to church, and if so whether he would have come back from his worship by the time I reached his house, and whether it was a dreadful heathenish sort of thing, a kind of outrage upon Church and State, to ask to see such a man at all on Sunday. To go to church, too, seemed, in presence of the splendid crowds, so necessary and becoming a part of respectability, that I felt like a social outlaw because I had not been there, and was not much in the habit of going there. My sensations were not the pangs of an awakened conscience, but the kind of feeling which goes through a man who, unshaved and with muddy boots, unconsciously intrudes into the midst of a well-dressed and elegant company.

When I found out Mr. Lyndon's house, I wondered much why such a man, especially if he was in the habit of going to church, could not

do something kind and substantial for his niece and his brother's wife, whose chief crime, poor thing, appeared to have been her inconvenient virtue; and why he would not at least take them out of poverty and debt and the perpetual presence of temptation. This I was thinking when the door opened, and I stood in the presence of the great man's servant.

Well, it was not so dreadful after all. I really don't think I minded it in the least after the first sound of my voice. Mr. Lyndon at home?

Yes, Mr. Lyndon is at home. The servant seemed to say by his look of cold inquiry, "What then, young man? Admitting that Mr. Lyndon is at home, which it can't be worth while concealing from you, how can the fact in any way concern *you?*"

I mildly asked if I could see him.

The man—who was civil enough, by the way—merely asked if I had an appointment; Mr. Lyndon did not usually see people unless by appointment. The pampered menial of a bloated aristocracy clearly assumed at the first glance that I was not a visitor, a friend of the family.

"Will you take in my card, and say I wish to speak a few words to Mr. Lyndon very particularly? I think he will see me."

Presently the servant came back and told me that if I would wait a few minutes Mr. Lyndon would see me. I was shown into a large, cold, handsome room, with the blinds down, and a conservatory at one side. A group of marble figures, nearly life-size, stood in front of the conservatory. They were the familiar Graces, and they were covered over with a shroud of very thick muslin; so thick, indeed, that the covering seemed put on less as a protection against dust and discoloration than as a veil to hide the nakedness of the classic women during the severely proper hours of Sunday service. I did not give much attention, however, to these marble forms; for my eyes were caught by an exquisitely-framed photograph of large size, which stood, conspicuous, on the chimneypiece. It was the likeness of Christina—once my Christina, when she was poor and obscure, and we were both happy.

"Please to walk this way, sir; Mr. Lyndon will see you."

I followed the servant across an echoing hall and into a library. At a desk in the centre, with letters and papers all about him, with Blue-books piled on the floor near his arm-chair, and on his other side a waste-paper basket overflowing with pamphlets, sat Mr. Lyndon, his eyes still fixed on some document he was reading.

He was a formal, rather handsome, close-shaven man, wearing the high stand-up collars which now are almost as rare as pigtails. His thick hair was iron-gray; his complexion was fast purpling; his eyes, when he favoured me by looking up, were much lighter than those of his brother or of Lilla—they were a cold, steely gray. I marked the rigid expression of his chin and jaw—it might have been cruelty, or it

might have been stern virtue, according as you pleased to construe it; even in history and in action it is not always easy to distinguish the one from the other. In Mr. Lyndon's case, I could not but think that the full, sensuous lips helped one a little to make the decision.

This, then, was Tommy Goodboy. I am bound to say that from the very first I took a dislike to Tommy Goodboy.

Mr. Lyndon left me for some seconds *planté là* without looking at me or speaking. I was, in fact, about to open the conversation, when he suddenly looked up with an air first of irritation, then of vacancy; then he looked down at my card, which was lying before him on his desk, and at last he spoke:

"O, Mr. Temple! Yes, I recollect now. My niece did speak to me about you, and I promised her that if I could do anything—but I am sure I don't know. Why did you not come sooner—some time in the season, Mr. Temple? This is no time; and everybody is out of town; and I am leaving town myself to-morrow; and, in fact, I am very busy to-day, and hardly counted on being disturbed. I don't usually see anybody on Sundays; but as you have come—and I certainly did promise my niece to see you—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Lyndon. I have not come to remind you of your promise, or to ask any favour of you; indeed, I would accept none even if it were offered, although I feel deeply obliged to Miss Lyndon."

"To Miss Lyndon?"

"To your niece. Yes."

"O, to be sure—Lilla Lyndon, my niece. Well?"

"I don't mean to make any demand on your kindness, so far as I am concerned. I hope to be able to work my own way."

He merely bent his head, as a sort of formal acknowledgment.

"I have not come on any business of my own."

"Sent by my niece, I suppose?"

"No, Mr. Lyndon. She does not know anything about my coming here."

He looked down at his papers, and glanced at his watch. The actions were significant; they said very plainly, "If you have anything to say, say it at once, and go."

"I daresay you consider my visit an intrusion."

"Not at all. At least, that quite depends—"

"I have come about a matter which concerns you, or, at least, which I thought might possibly concern you."

He looked at me with cold surprise.

"I met lately, more than once in Dover, and here in London, a person whom I believe to be a member of your family—your brother, in fact."

He did start a little and wince as I gave him this piece of news.

"I was not aware that he had returned from abroad. Are you quite sure?"

"Quite sure; at least, he told me so. Indeed, I might have guessed the fact even without his telling me."

"Well, sir, if you formed any acquaintanceship with the person you speak of—and I gather from your manner that you did—it would be superfluous to tell you that he is not a person whose return to England could give any pleasure to me or to any member of his family. That fact it would be idle for me to attempt to disguise. I did not know that he had returned to England, or expect his return, or desire to see him. You know, therefore, that you are the bearer of unwelcome news. The question I would ask is, why you have gratuitously taken on yourself the task of making the announcement. I suppose I need hardly say that if you are the bearer of any message, or request, or anything of that sort from the person you speak of, you could not possibly present yourself with worse credentials."

"I have no message or request, and I would not make myself the bearer of any. I assure you, Mr. Lyndon, I am no friend of your brother's. No member of his family—no, not his nearest relation—could feel less inclined for his society than I am. It is just because I think him so objectionable, and so offensive, and so reckless, that I have come here to-day."

"Well?"

"Your brother told me over and over again, before I knew his name, that he had come to England resolved to expose, and disgrace, and extort money from someone. I afterwards learned—indeed, he told me—that you are the person against whom this is to be directed."

"He means to make some disgraceful exhibition of himself, to raise some scandal, in the hope of terrifying or shaming me into buying him off?"

"He does."

"He is quite capable of that, or of anything else outrageous and—and, in fact, infamous."

"I have no doubt he is. He impressed me as being all but insane with hatred and recklessness."

"Ah! but he is not insane. It would be well for his family if he were. He is perfectly sane. Well, have you, then, come for the purpose of warning me?"

"No. Frankly, I tell you that I have not; at least, not on your own account."

"Listen to me, Mr. a—a—Temple. If you should see that person again, you may tell him that he can do his worst. I shall not buy him off—no, not by the outlay of a sixpence. It's very kind, no doubt, of you to take the trouble to come here, and all that; and of course you will understand me as expressing my sense of the obligation."

"Pray don't speak of that. I have not come out of any consideration for which you, Mr. Lyndon, personally have any reason to feel obliged. But—"

My speech was cut short by the entrance of the servant, who handed a card to his master. Mr. Lyndon looked at it, and said with emphasis: "Certainly. Let him wait; I shall be disengaged in less than one minute."

There was no mistaking this. I must come to the point, and make good use of my time.

"Mr. Lyndon, I have come quite of my own accord, and perhaps very foolishly, to ask you whether you would not do something in this unpleasant business for the sake of your niece. It is such a pity that a girl so young, and so poor, and—and—" I blurted out—"so pretty, should be liable to be tormented and disgraced by a man of that kind. Could you not make terms with him, and buy him off, for her sake and for her mother's? They have had so much unhappiness and poverty; and it's such a pity for poor Lilla."

"Mr. Temple, you appear to be so intimately acquainted with the personal history of some members of my family, that I don't suppose I add anything to your stock of knowledge when I say that I have already done a good deal for my niece."

"Yes, I am quite aware of it. She has told me so often."

"And that she has no claim on me?"

"No claim but close relationship."

"That she has no claim on me except what I feel inclined to recognise. Now, I have no objection to Lilla herself; indeed, quite the contrary—I like her. But I am not going to be made the victim of all her relations. On that I am quite determined."

"If you could even take her away—to the country somewhere?"

"I am so little in the habit, Mr. Temple, of discussing my family affairs, even with members of my own family, that I really cannot fall into the way of talking them over with strangers. Will you allow me again to thank you for the trouble you have taken in coming so much out of your way?"

"You, Mr. Lyndon, I have once more to say, are in no way indebted to me. I came only because I feel an interest in your sister-in-law and your niece. I fear I have done them little good by my unwelcome interference."

"You have done them, sir, neither good nor harm."

He touched the bell that stood upon his table.

I hastened out of the room, without even going through the form of a parting salutation, which, indeed, would have been thrown away upon him, as he had already busied himself in his papers with a resolute manner, as if to announce to me that he would not look up again until I had relieved him of my unwelcome presence.

I was in no pleasant mood as I crossed Hyde-park. Especially was I out of humour with myself, even more than I was with Mr. Lyndon; and as before I had seen him I felt an unreasoning dislike to him, and as now that I had seen him and spoken with him I felt

a deep detestation for him, it follows that I felt somewhat bitterly towards myself. I knew that I had made a fool of myself; that I had brought humiliation on myself; and that all this had been done to no purpose, or to an ill purpose. It takes a very brave and loyal nature to enable a man to be content with the knowledge that he has made a fool of himself, even when thereby he has benefited somebody; but it is gall and wormwood indeed to know that one has made a fool of himself, and at the same time frustrated instead of serving the object he wished to accomplish.

So I went, scowling and sullen, across the Park, mentally girding at myself and at the loungers and idlers I met in my way. I don't know why, when a man is in a vexed and sulky humour, he immediately begins to despise his fellow-creatures whom he may happen to meet, and to set them down as frivolous and worthless idlers, gilded butterflies, and so forth. I know that I visited, mentally, the pride and insolence of Mr. Lyndon upon every creature, man and woman, who passed me. Madame Roland in her maiden days, when snubbed by the aristocracy of her province, was not consumed by a fiercer flame of democratic passion than I felt that Sunday after I had been a victim to the insolence of the rich member of parliament. I daresay if the people I scowled at in Hyde-park could only have known what was passing within my breast, many of them would have felt highly flattered and delighted. For the aristocrats Madame Roland detested were aristocrats. My aristocrats and pampered minions and gilded butterflies were in nine out of ten instances people very much of my own class of life, who had come out on the Sunday to see the riders and the carriages in the Row.

As I approached the Row a haughty aristocrat passed me rather closely. He was walking, like myself. It was like his insolence and the arrogance of his class! It was his affectation of indifference to saddle or carriage-cushion. He was a tall and, as well as I could see in a passing scowl, a handsome aristocrat. I flung upon him a glance of scorn. He eyed me rather curiously; he even turned back and looked steadily after me when he had passed. I too turned, and glared defiantly at him. He was, as I have said, tall—fully six feet high, I should say, with square, broad shoulders; he was dark-haired, and had a magnificent beard of curly, silky black. He was very well dressed—indeed, far too handsomely dressed for an aristocrat on a Sunday. He was not hurling back glances of scorn at me, but was scrutinising me with a grave, earnest curiosity. He advanced a step, then fell back. I too advanced, a sudden light of recognition flashing on me. Then we approached each other rapidly and at once.

"Ned Lambert!" I exclaimed.

"Mr. Banks!" said my aristocrat. It was my old friend, the basso-carpenter.

Now that I came to study his appearance, he was not changed as to

features or expression. He had grown much handsomer—he always was a good-looking fellow, remarkable for his fine eyes and his beard, but now he was strikingly handsome. He was splendidly built—stately as a guardsman, supple as a gymnast. He had still the grave, modest, genial expression which was so attractive about him in the old days. He was only too well dressed; for as one came to look at him attentively there was something about him which seemed a little out of keeping with the clothes. Perhaps if I had not known of his origin and his bringing-up, I might never have noticed this; as it was, I thought I could detect the outlines and the movements of the young workman under the broadcloth, the shiny hat, the fawn-coloured trousers, the lavender-kid gloves.

We were very cordial in a moment. Really it was kind of him to walk with me just there and then; I was so very carelessly, not to say shabbily, dressed. My old friend and foe did not seem to care.

"You have been in London long, Mr. Banks?" asked Lambert.

I told him how many years.

"So long, and we never met all that time! I've been away a good deal; but still it is odd that we should both have been knocking about London so much and never met."

He soon told me all about himself. He was an organ-builder, and was holding a very good position in a great house. He had himself invented and introduced some improvements into the construction of the instruments, and though these were not important enough to bring him fame or money, yet they gave him consideration with his employers and their patrons; and he looked forward to an ultimate, perhaps not a very distant, partnership. He had been sent to many foreign cities to represent his principal and superintend the building and putting up, the repairing and improving, of organs. He had been to the United States; he had been in St. Petersburg, and Moscow, and Stockholm; he was quite familiar with Rome, and Paris, and Madrid. He had lived ever so many lives, while I had been vegetating by the Lethean wharf of the Thames's stodgy banks. I felt myself very small indeed as he talked to me. For me, my story was told in two words: *Me voici.*

There was one subject we both seemed to avoid, yet surely we both were anxious to approach it. We sometimes beat about it; in this way, for example:

"You have been in London all lately—for the most part, I mean, Mr. Banks?"

"For the most part, yes. No, though; I was down in the provinces a good deal all the summer."

"But you were in town some part of the season—of the opera season?"

"Some part of it; not lately. I only came back to town a few *days ago.*"

He wanted to know if I knew all about Christina. But I shrank back as yet. It came on in another way. He insisted that I must go and dine with him. He lived out St. John's-wood way.

"Are you married, Lambert?"

"No." He spoke very slowly. "No, Mr. Banks, I am not married, and I am not likely to be. I don't see what I want marrying. And you—perhaps you are married?"

"No. I may take up your own words—I am not married, Ned Lambert, and I am not likely to be. I don't see what I want marrying. And you know the reason why."

"Ah!" He breathed hard, looked at me with a stolen glance of kindness, curiosity, and pity; but he said no more.

"Have you seen *her*, Lambert?" I broke out at last, and I drew him aside under a clump of trees. "Have you seen her?"

I did not name her name—what need to pronounce it?

"Yes; O yes, I've seen her."

"Lately?"

"Lately, and before, and always. I may say; at least, often."

"You have been seeing her—you have been meeting her all this time?"

"Yes; off and on, that is. When I could, and where I could."

Almost a cry of agony and anger escaped from my lips. All this time, all these years, while I had been groping in the desolation of solitude and darkness, he had known of her whereabouts, had watched her, and spoken with her, and been familiar with her! And faithfully served her, no doubt! I suppose the fierce light of jealousy and anger flamed in my eyes, for he at once said, gently and firmly:

"For what I think you mean, Mr. Banks, it was little good to me to see her and speak to her. I tell you honestly, and like a man, I did my very best to make her love me; and I couldn't succeed. I tell you, too, I was mean enough to try to serve her and help her when she wanted help, and to hope to work on her gratitude in that way; and it was of no use. She told me so at last; and then I tried to make up my mind as a man to be her friend, and no more; and I have been trying, and I think I've been succeeding even; and I fancy I'm growing better, and able to bear it, and to think of her only as a friend. Now I'll not deny that this meeting with you, and bringing back the old times, and talking of her with *you*, may have thrown me back a little. But I'll get up again, please God, and get over it. I'm determined to get over it, and to be satisfied and happy to be her friend. So you need not feel anything like anger at *me*. I have done you no harm, and myself no good."

Need I deny that a glow of wild and futile delight passed through me? It passed soon away; Lambert's ill-success was but little gain to me.

"*You say you have always been* seeing her; where, for instance?"

"In London, here, first of all; and in Paris, and in Milan, and in Russia. And Paris again, when she made her great success there. And here, the other day, when she came out and carried all before her. *I* was there. I hoped to be able to throw her her first bouquet; but, good Lord, there was such a shower of bouquets came down that mine must have been lost among them!"

"One word, Lambert. Did she never—did she never speak—of me?"

"Not much; very little indeed. I didn't ask her any questions. I didn't know how you came to be separated, and I don't know now; and I don't ask you, either, anything about it. I tell you, however, that I thought badly of you at first; but afterwards I thought I must have done you wrong."

"Why, Lambert, why?"

"Because, from some words she once let fall, I thought she had made up her mind not to let anything stand between her and success on the stage; and I thought—although she never hinted such a thing in the least I thought—well, I don't quite like to say it."

"Speak it out, man! Nothing that can be said by any human creature can hurt me more."

"Well, I thought that she had thrown you over."

"So she did, Lambert. She threw me over, as you say—she left me suddenly. I never knew why; and I have never seen her since. I ought to hate her and curse her, and I cannot."

"No, no, you ought not to hate her. I don't understand her—I never quite could; but if I know anything about her, and if she ever loved anyone, I think she loved you."

"Did she not speak of me lately—when last she was here?"

"Yes, she did; that was, indeed, almost the only time. I went to see her up in Jermyn-street just the day before she left, and she asked me if I knew that you were living in London; and of course I didn't know; how could I? London is the grave of provincial friendships."

"Well, and she—"

"She told me you were living in London, and that she believed you were very happy."

"And did she so calmly, so readily believe that I was happy? Did she cast me from her mind without a word of regret?"

"No, not without a word of regret; at least, I ought not to say regret, perhaps, for she said she was glad that you were happy."

"O God!"

"And she said I might perhaps meet you after she was gone, and, if I did, to give you her remembrances and her good wishes."

"That was all?"

"That was all—all she said, at least. I know what I thought at the time."

"Tell me what you thought. Don't spare me, Lambert; tell me [illegible]—all."

"Then I'll tell you what I thought. I saw how pale she grew, and heard how her voice quivered, and I envied you; for I thought, 'For all that's come and gone, whatever is the reason of the separation, she thinks of him and loves him still.'"

"No, Lambert, you are mistaken; you do not understand her. No, she never loved me—never. She never cared a rush for me compared with her ambition. She despises me now because I have come to nothing so far. She pities me, I daresay, and would fling me an alms if she might; but she rejoices that she had the good sense and the good fortune to free herself from me."

Lambert shook his head.

"I don't quite understand her," he said; "but somehow I think I understand her better than you do. I know well enough how ambitious she is, and fond of admiration and applause and success, and all that; and how proud she is of having pushed her way up and up, from being a poor little girl unknown to be the star that she is. I don't think she would let anything stand in the way of her success much. But you know as well as I that human nature sounds more than one stop; and *hers* has many. And I think there is much love in her heart too, as I know there is much friendship; and I don't believe she has ever forgotten you or ceased to love you. There, it costs me something, I can tell you, to speak these words, and I shall have to smoke away very fiercely for half the night to get over this; but I think it's true. I don't know that it's any good telling you, either; for, mind, I don't say that it could come to anything now, even if you were to meet her."

"No, it could come to nothing. Don't think me an idle braggart or a fool, Lambert, or that I am talking after the fashion of the fox and the grapes; but if she stood there and held out her hand to me, and—and—offered to marry me, I would turn away from her and leave her. I would, though I love her now as much as ever—ay, far more than ever."

Lambert again shook his head, and smiled—a melancholy smile.

"No, you wouldn't," he said. "If she stood at the other side of that pathway, and held out her hand and beckoned you to come, you'd come if all the promises and vows and vengeances, and saints and angels and devils, held you back. I know that *I* would, and couldn't help myself; and I know that you would too."

"It will never be tried, Lambert."

"No, it will never be tried. She has gone away for a good long time; she told me that no matter what offers she might get, she would not come to London next season. She was thinking of going to the States and South America; they are very greedy of new singers now in Brazil. And before she comes back, we don't know what may have happened."

"She will probably marry."

"*Perhaps. And you may have* recovered, and may be married too."

"No; whatever may be possible, that is not. A word or two more, Lambert. Did you know of anyone who seemed likely to marry her?"

"Likely, no; would have liked to marry, yes. No doubt the number of candidates will begin to increase considerably now."

"Ay, I daresay it will. Did you know any Italian, any musical man, who took her up and helped to bring her out, and who was fond of her?"

"I didn't know him; but she often told me of him. It was he to whom she owes much of her success; so she says, at least; but I don't think much of that, for her voice and her talents would have won their way some time or other. But I believe he made the way very smooth for her in the beginning, and quite took her under his care, and was better to her than many brothers or fathers could have been. She always speaks of him with great regard; in fact, with a sort of devotion."

"Was he—is he, do you think, in love with her?"

"I suppose so," said Lambert slowly, and speaking rather ruefully. "Why not he as well as you and I, and all the rest of us?"

"Do you think that she—"

"No, I don't. I know what you were going to ask, and I really don't. I am sure she is very much attached to him, you know, and all that; and I don't say that if she were to marry for anything but love, she might not marry him out of pure gratitude. But when I spoke to her once about him, she was a little angry at first, and said I ought to know better; and then she softened and smiled, and went on to say that in any case his heart had two great loves already—music and Italian revolution, and there was no place left in it for any woman."

"He is older than she is?"

"Yes; I should say ten or a dozen years at least. But that's nothing, you know; he is not old enough to be her father."

Lambert had a painfully direct and honest way of extinguishing any hope which he might perchance have lighted. I winced under his last few simple and practical words.

Another point I was anxious to be informed upon.

"Tell me, Lambert, do you know anybody named Lyndon, who knows her?"

"Lyndon, the member for Laceham, the man who lives over in Connaught-place there? Yes, of course I know him; that is, I know all about him. In fact, I know him in the way of my own business, and I have heard of him through her."

"I don't mean him, though I am interested in knowing something about him too. I mean another Lyndon who knows *her*, and says he helped her forward at the beginning."

(Christina's name had never once been mentioned in our conversation. We only spoke of *her*.)

Lambert shook his head.

"No, I don't know any other Lyndon but the one; and I don't like

him. He is a purse-proud, self-conceited, egotistic, unscrupulous man. He has all the proud airs of a born swell, though his father, I hear, made his money in the pork trade at the time of the French war."

"But he was, and is, very friendly to *her?*"

"Yes, he was and is. I don't like his friendship—I suppose it is because I don't like *him;* but I hate to hear of his being near her."

"Well, that is not the man I mean. The Lyndon I speak of helped in some way, or says he did, to introduce her first to the Italian you have told me of; and he wrote to her lately, or says he did, for some money, and she sent it."

"O, *that* fellow? Yes, there is such a fellow: I believe he did, quite in a chance sort of way, meet her long ago, and he was a sort of musical jackal whom the Italian employed to discover fresh and promising voices for him; and in that way he introduced them. Yes, he did write her a begging-letter lately, and she sent him money—with a liberal hand, I daresay. He is an unfortunate scoundrel, I believe. But *his* name is not Lyndon."

"He told me it was; and I believe, in that one instance, he spoke the truth."

"Perhaps so. But it certainly is not the name he went by—that she knew him by. He is a sort of fellow who probably has a whole stock of names, a perfect assortment to choose from."

We said no more on the subject then. I walked with Lambert to St. John's-wood, where he lived. A beggar would have been interesting to me just now if he came from my old home, and was in any way associated with my old life; and Ned Lambert I had always liked since the time of our memorable battle on the strand, that dark night when, falling and fainting, I awoke with my head in Christina's lap. We were, somehow, rowing in the same boat too, and were no longer rivals. Life seemed brighter for me now that I had met him. Since I came to London, seven or eight years ago, I had never spoken with or even seen anyone who came from the old home. That whole passage of my life seemed gone and dead. A great sea had risen up and swallowed the green, delicious island under whose palm-trees I had sat happy and idle so long. It was a strange delight now, on this hard gray shore, to meet at length with one who, like me, was once a tenant of the lost home. I felt that I must be Lambert's friend.

His manner seemed to return the feeling. He was always rather a diffident sort of fellow, slow of speech, and he had not much changed in that respect. Indeed, I noticed one peculiarity about him which rather added to his natural diffidence and slowness of speech. He was conscious of his want of early education, at least in manner and speech, and he was always on the watch to correct any error of tongue, or to prevent himself from making any. Therefore he pronounced every word slowly and cautiously, somewhat after the manner of a foreigner feeling his way into *our language;* and he lingered with a slight

[illegible] when an uneducated man would be likely to pronounce [illegible] in order to leave no doubt that he was pronouncing them correctly. Sometimes he went a little wrong in an [illegible] and I observed that when he did so he always went back deliberately over the word and said it correctly, as one brings a horse to a fence again and makes him go clean over it when he has failed in jumping it properly the first time. He was always fond of reading and learning, and a more young carpenter his work of hand and knowledge seemed wonderfully out of proportion with his class and his London. Now he had added to this, and doubtless to new stores of reading, rational study, all the vast and varied experiences accumulated during travel through many countries by a keen, observant eye, and a special, intelligent mind. I could see easily enough through his simple, modest guide to his own adventures and experiences. I could see clearly that, in his quiet, manly way, he was resolved on being a gentleman in appearance and manner, as he surely was in mind, and that he was [illegible] for the task. There was so much about him that was strong and self-reliant, that the little trait of weakness or vanity was a [illegible], child-like peculiarity which made one like the man all the better.

Some thoughts of this kind made me fancy that it would rather please Lambert if I were to make a slight allusion to his improved position and changed appearance, and I took occasion to remark on the fact of my not having recognised him at once when we met.

"Do you know, Lambert, that I was rather in a cynical and fiercely-democratic mood when I passed you, and I positively scowled at you, believing you to be a liveried aristocrat?"

"No; did you, though?" he replied, blushing over his dark face like a great girl.

"Positively I did. Did you not see my scowl?"

"Yes; I did notice somebody looking rather sharply and oddly at me. That first attracted my attention. Then I looked, and I recognised you at once. But you did not seem to know me, or to be inclined to recognise me."

"How could I recognise you at once? You have grown such a swell."

"Have I really? Did I really look at all like—well, like what people call a gentleman? You may laugh at me if you like; but I should very much wish you to tell me the truth."

"As I have told you, I scowled at you as you passed, out of my detestation for born aristocrats."

"Poor born aristocrats!" said Lambert, smiling, "their privileges of birth don't seem of much use when fellows like me could be mistaken, even for a moment, for one of them. Do you know that I am silly enough to be gratified when you tell me of the mistake, although [illegible] well that the second glance showed you what an error it

was? But I don't think it's any shame for a man to try to educate himself in manner, and I am always trying it. It was a dreadful task at first. When I got to know a few people, and became noticed a little as a man who had some new notions about organ-building, and all that, and one or two really great musicians were very kind and friendly to me, it used to be a dreadful trial to have to observe how people came into a room, and sat and talked, and used their knives and forks at dinner, and drank the right wine out of the right glass, and all the rest of it. The first time I went to an evening party in a white tie and a dress-coat was an agony, I can tell you. And then to have to watch one's *h*'s and *r*'s all the time did so intensify the misery. For a long time I acquired a positive reputation for sententiousness because I used to plan out little remarks and replies which should say as much as possible in the fewest words, and should have none of the dangerous words in them. I am getting better now, I think. But to this hour I am afraid of that cursed letter *h*; and when I find that I must encounter it, I fall back and have a look at it mentally first, so as to be quite sure that I know what to do with it. Do you know that I feel infinitely more happy and at my ease talking French on the Continent, or with foreigners here, than speaking English with Englishmen? Because, you know, a wrong accent, or even a slip of grammar, isn't anything with an Englishman speaking French, but it does so stamp an Englishman talking English. And I am so conscious of my own defects."

"Far too conscious, Lambert; never mind your defects. It may comfort you to hear that I know a man, a literary man and a scholar, too—to be sure, he is an Irishman—who says that he never yet met or heard an Englishman who did not, some time or other, go wrong with his *h*, or sound an *r* where the cynical letter had no business to come."

"Ah, but there are degrees. There's an almost imperceptible lapse made once in a twelvemonth, and there's a blunder that would be always coming out if one didn't keep close watch over it. No; you don't know what it is never to have been at school, never to have been taught when young how to pronounce a word, or enter a room, or properly handle a knife and fork. Teaching oneself Latin, or even Greek, is comparatively easy—I've done something that way; but studying the ways of polite society alone out of a printed book of etiquette is cruel work;" and Lambert laughed genially.

"Then you shall teach it all to me, Lambert, now that you have mastered the art, for I fear I never could grapple with it alone."

"No; *you* don't want it. With you it's quite different, for you have been at school, and you have always been mixing with people. You have no idea how different is the case of a fellow who goes into anything like society for the first time, and finds himself new to the very clothes he wears, not to speak of the ways of the people he meets.

I wonder a man ever has the perseverance to go through with it. Many a time I thought it really was not worth the labour and trouble. But I suppose it's something like cigar-smoking—it's sickening at first, and it takes a long practice before one can get quite used to it and enjoy it; but at last one suddenly finds he can't do without it."

Talking this way, we reached pleasant St. John's-wood, and the house in which Lambert lived. It was a pretty, fantastic little house, one of a terrace which stood upon the sort of almost imperceptible rise that in the suburbs of London men call a hill. Lambert had the first-floor of the house, and enjoyed a very pretty view over the outskirts of London; the windows being so placed as not to overlook the vast cluster of streets and spires and domes, fog-surmounted, which lay below. Looking from the room, one might at times catch faint, hazy glimpses of something like the country. Flowers in profusion grew on the patches of garden in front and back of the house; trailing plants fell from eaves to basement. It was altogether a very pleasant, gracious, and tempting place, and I thought Lambert might well feel glad to return to such a nest every evening from the town.

The rooms were neatly furnished; for the most part, of course, the regular furniture — chimneyglass, ornaments, pictures — of suburban lodgings in London. But there was a small organ, hardly bigger than a piano, of my friend's own design and construction, with some of his special and newest improvements; and there were some clever specimens of wood-carving, which he made a frequent recreation, he told me; and there were books of his own—books on carving, on music, on science, Greek Lexicons and class-books; and there was a photograph over the chimneypiece which caught my eye the moment I went into the room: it was that of Christina.

Lambert took a book—a sort of scrap-book, apparently—out of a drawer of his writing-desk, and, turning hastily over its leaves, called my attention to it.

"Critiques of *her*," he said; "I used to watch for them in the papers, and cut them out and paste them in."

Yes; there were criticisms of her performances from the *Moniteur*, and the *Débats*, and the *Indépendance Belge*, and the *National-Zeitung* of Berlin, and the *Ost-Deutsche Post* of Vienna, the *Pungolo* of Milan, the *Osservatore* of Rome, the *Opinione* of Turin, the *Courrier Russe*, the *Times*, the *Morning Chronicle* (there *was* a *Morning Chronicle* then), the *Morning Post*, and I know not what other papers. I glanced over them. Often, indeed, the letters danced and flickered before my eyes. I read them with amazement, with pride, with delight—ah, and with selfish shame and pain as well! They differed as to minor points of criticism: some extolling as a special charm what others deprecated as the one sole defect: some declaring that the voice was incomparable, but [illegible] ugh to learn: others insisting that the skill [illegible] some vocal defects; others, again, leaning

more on the acting than on the singing. But all rang to the one grand chime—success. In Berlin the students of the university had a serenade by torchlight in honour of their gifted countrywoman; in enthusiastic and music-mad St. Petersburg the singer was presented, on the occasion of her last performance, with a coronet of gold and a diamond brooch. So on. It was simply success. Christina had succeeded.

I put the book away, and sat thinking and silent for a few moments. The whole thing was unreal to me; I was as one who dreams. Only the other day it seemed when she called to me a farewell from her window, and the flower she had worn in her bosom fell on the pavement at my feet.

I rose and went to the chimneypiece, and looked calmly at her portrait. She had developed, but not much changed. The photograph made her look a little older, perhaps, than I could have expected; but most photographs have that sort of effect. She was certainly very beautiful, and of a beauty which was in no sense commonplace. In a portrait-gallery filled with the pictures of handsome women—most of them even of handsomer women—one must, I thought, be attracted at once by that striking face, with its fleece of fair hair and its eyes so large and dark, and the singular softness and sweetness—almost a sensuous sweetness—of the expression on the lips and the outlines of cheek and chin, contrasting as strangely as did the hue of the hair and eyes with the energy and decision which the forehead and brows expressed.

I looked at it long and silently, compressing my lips the while, and crushing, with such force of self-control as I could command, all rising emotion down into obedience. But I might have allowed my feelings their full sway without fear of observation, for Lambert had quietly left the room the moment he saw me approach the photograph. He did not return for some minutes. I conjectured that he would not return, in fact, until I had given some audible intimation that I needed no longer to be alone. I sat down and played a few random chords on his organ. He presently came in, looking animated and cheerful, and told me he must apologise for having left me, but that he had been compelled to have a long and profound consultation with his landlady on the subject of dinner. Dinner came at last, and we drank some wine, and became very talkative and cordial and friendly. By a sort of silent agreement we avoided all reference to past times, and said no more of *her*.

After dinner we opened the windows, lighted cigars, and smoked. Lambert told me, with the innocent, boyish pride which was rather an attractive part of his character, that he was the only lodger ever allowed to smoke in that sacred room; that the landlady, a most respectable old lady, positively insisted that he must have his cigar there whenever he pleased; and that, whenever he was leaving the place for good, he meant to present her with a set of entirely new curtains.

"It wouldn't be any use my giving them before," he added; "I

should only spoil them, and she would benefit nothing by the transaction."

The evening was calm and sultry, as we sat quietly smoking. Presently I saw Lambert get up and grasp the collar of his coat with one hand, while he looked inquiringly at me.

"Would you mind," he asked, "if I were to—" and he stopped.

"Mind what?" I asked in my turn, not having the least idea of what he meant.

"Well, just to pull-off my coat, you know. It's very hot this evening, and the fact is I haven't got rid of all the old ways yet. It does seem so pleasant still to sit of a Sunday evening in one's shirt-sleeves. I am gradually breaking myself of the fashion; but just now I begin to feel so very comfortable that, if you really *didn't* mind and wouldn't be at all offended—I have a dressing-gown, you know, and rather a handsome one; but still it isn't quite the same thing, just yet."

I could not help laughing; but he was quite grave and earnest.

"Sit in your shirt-sleeves, by all means, Lambert, if it makes you comfortable," I said. "My poor father was a boat-builder, as you know, in his best days, and he always used to like to sit in his shirt-sleeves of a Sunday evening; but I think my mother discouraged and finally abolished the practice in him, and she never allowed me even to attempt it. Therefore I have an enjoyment the less, you see, and I rather envy you your additional comfort."

So Lambert pulled-off his coat, and lay with his lithe, long, manly figure back in his arm-chair, and chatted with additional freedom and fluency all the evening.

The night passed pleasantly, and it was time for me to go. Ned insisted on walking part of the way with me, and did in fact walk nearly all the way. We made arrangements, of course, to meet again, and meet often. He inquired gently and cautiously into my prospects, and hinted in the most delicate manner that he might perhaps be able to give me some advice, or to make me acquainted with somebody whose advice would be better than his. I opened to him freely whatever plans, prospects, and hopes I had.

"One thing," I said, "I am resolved on, Lambert. I will make a way and a place for myself, and in opera. I *will* be a *primo tenore* one day; I will sing with *her*, and she shall acknowledge that I have something in me; or I will find a way of dying, if it has to be by a plunge from Waterloo-bridge." We shook hands and separated.

Chapter XV.

THE HEAVY FATHER'S MISTAKE.

My parting words to Lambert expressed not too strongly a resolution which had grown up in my mind. I was resolved to slave, and strive, and wear myself out, if need be, in order to qualify myself

for success in opera, that I might once sing with her, perhaps on equal terms. All other objects in life seemed to be as nothing compared with that,—thus to triumph, thus to prove myself not unworthy of the opinion she once held of me,—and then come what might!

Strangely enough, this determination was not inspired by any hope that we might fulfil the other part of our early dreams, and be married. I do not think such a hope ever entered into my ambition and my resolve. She did not love me; it was only too evident that she could not really have loved me at any time as I would have been loved; and even were it probable or possible that the far-off date of my success could find her still unmarried, I was too proud to think of courting the love of one who had flung me thus away, and left me to my loneliness and my misery. No, passionate as was my futile love for her, it was not that which now influenced me to my determination and my hopes. It was the absorbing desire to prove myself not unworthy, not all a failure. To wring that compensation from Fate was now my one sole object in life.

And if I should fail?

Well, I was no idiot, and I thought of that. The most passionate aspiration cannot conquer success, nor is it evidence of capacity for success, unless when it comes as a mere instinct of the nature, like the desire of the water-fowl for the pool, of the young eagle for the flight. I therefore laid little stress on my own mere aspirations, knowing well how greatly they were stimulated by my love and my wounded pride. So I contemplated coolly the possibility, the chance, of utter failure, and I resolved upon my course. Once let it be certain, let it be beyond all doubt—and I felt convinced I could judge my own cause impartially and rightly—that I was a failure, and I would withdraw instantly and for ever from these countries, change my name, bury myself in some remote western region of America, and live there, a hewer of wood and drawer of water, till my life should come to an end.

I have said thus much in explanation of the resolute energy with which I now went to work at musical training, and at saving-up money with which to go to Italy and improve myself, and begin a career there which I hoped might wake an echo in England. My friend Lambert entered quietly, earnestly into all my plans, calmly assuming my perseverance and my success as a matter of course; and he lent me valuable assistance by advice and suggestion. Lilla, too, was in our full confidence, and was quite delighted with the project, frequently reminding me of the magnificent day at the Derby she was to have the first season of my London success. Weeks and months went on, and I began at last to see Italy in the near foreground of my hopes.

Before I proceed to sum-up in a few lines one tolerably long chapter of my life—a chapter as quiet and uneventful to tell of as it was to me momentous—I must relate two incidents.

I well may call to me Ned Lambert; he may often come to see me. He made himself very friendly and familiar with Lilla and her mother. He would sit for hours listening to the poor old woman telling him of her ails and her complaints, her feats of cooking, her new and unexampled methods of apricot sauce and preserving peaches. Lilla's dreams and Lilla's diseases. I don't believe there was an ailment Lilla had had, from her first "teeth" to her latest toothache, of which Edward Lambert did not hear many times, and seemingly with profoundest interest, the full details. Lilla herself used to grow drowsily impatient under these narratives, and I observed, not without curiosity and interest, that she was far less enduring now than she used to be when I was the spellbound victim.

Often, therefore—indeed, whenever I could—I intercepted Mrs. Lyndon, flung myself in her path, and engaged her in colloquial battle, in order that Lambert might be saved, and that he might, if he liked, have all the time with Lilla to himself. I thought his eyes rested sometimes fixedly and tenderly on her when he was not near her, with an expression as if he would gladly be beside her; and I was quite willing to give him the full opportunity, so far as I could bring it about. Soon, too, I began to observe that Mrs. Lyndon watched with somewhat uneasy glances when these twain talked too closely and too long together, and that the pleasure of expatiating to an unresisting, patient listener like myself lost some of its charm under such circumstances. These were symptoms, omens perhaps, not to be overlooked.

One fine starry night of winter, when the hardened snow gleamed glassy on the ground, and the lighted clock of Chelsea Hospital showed brightly through the clear and rarefied air, I walked part of the way home with Lambert from our quarter by the Thames. He was unusually silent for a while, then suddenly said:

"I say, Temple" (he had got into the way now of calling me Temple, and not Banks), "what a very pretty girl your friend Miss Lyndon is!"

"Very pretty, and very clever, and very good."

"Yes, she seems a sort of girl that could understand a fellow, and help him to think, and bring him out. Do you know, I talked to her just now of some new ideas I have got—good ideas, I think; in my own line, of course—and she listened to me all the time, and quite understood it all and cared about it. I know she did by the questions she asked. Never mind the answers a girl gives. I don't; they're no test. Some girls will know by the mere expression of your face, if they haven't even been listening to a word, what kind of answers they ought to give. But the questions—if they venture upon questions, that's

an't mistake, if you have a question asked.

far she has gone with you, and how far

that girl asked me one or two questions

that showed she had got rather ahead of me. She did indeed. I'm rather a slow fellow, and she seemed to make a short-cut—to cut-off the angle, you know, and get to the end directly. It must be very pleasant," he added, with a sort of half-sigh, "to have a woman for a friend—for a friend—who can understand one in that ready sort of way."

Was the inconsolable becoming consoled?

"It must be very pleasant, Lambert," I answered in deep earnestness. "It is a pleasure some of us must go without, and go darkling through life for want of it."

"She does not seem very happy there, I think," he remarked, with a nod of his head in the direction we had left.

"No. They are, as you know, very poor."

"Yes. If ever I marry, it shall be some poor girl, who will have no fortune to throw in my face, but will owe all to me. I hate the idea of benefiting by one's wife. I'd like to make my way in the world myself, and bring her along with me; and you know I have not been doing badly so far."

"Lilla and her mother have both been very kind and good to me. I only wish I had any way of proving my friendship and gratitude."

"Is there not a ready and suitable way?"

"*Is* there? If there is, I don't know it."

"Marry Lilla." He brought out the words very slowly.

"My dear fellow, you don't know what you are talking about."

"Yes, I do; I quite understand why you cannot think of such a thing."

"No, you don't; at least, you only know part of the reason. If I had never met another woman, I should not wish to marry Lilla Lyndon. I am very fond of her, Lambert, and have good reason to be; but not in that way. My feeling in the matter, however, is not much to the purpose. Something a good deal more to the point is that Lilla Lyndon would not marry me."

"Do you think not? Now I have often thought—"

"Because you don't know. To begin with, my prospects are all too cloudy, and I am far too poor. Lilla Lyndon does not pretend to be a heroine, and I don't believe she could be happy in poverty. She must marry somebody who can make her mother and herself comfortable, or more than merely comfortable; and I don't blame her for it."

"Yet I don't think—I am sure I am right—that she would marry for money. I think there is something better in her."

"And so do I of late. I don't believe now that she would marry for money; but I don't think she would go into married poverty—love in a garret, and that kind of thing. And I say again I don't blame her. Some people can do it, and others can't. Let us all try to understand ourselves and our capacities. One person can stand the night-air without catching cold, and another cannot; but there are some who

run the risk which they might have avoided, and do catch cold, and are moping and cross about it for weeks after. Others know they cannot stand it, and take care not to try; and they are wise. Now, I suppose there are plenty of girls who have just courage enough to take the plunge, but not courage to bear the consequences without regret and lamentation. I think Lilla Lyndon knows that she has had enough of poverty in her domestic life, and she has sense enough to caution her against risking any more of it. She is not fit for the kind of life she leads, and I think it has gone near to spoiling her. A very little of a better sort of existence would soon lift her quite out of the contamination of this."

"So it would," said Lambert eagerly. He had been listening with rather a depressed air to my exordium against poverty.

"The fact is, Lambert, they talk dreadful rubbish about the blessings of poverty. It is all very well for preachers and philosophers to try to gammon people into making the best of a bad lot; but there is a sort of poverty which does nothing but degrade. All Lilla Lyndon wants, to be just as good a girl as ever lived, is a certain income, and ease, and no debts."

Lambert brightened, I thought, under these words. The fact is, I began to perceive that I had been producing, unconsciously, quite a wrong impression. When I was lecturing on the evils of poverty, I only meant to show him how certain little levities and defects had probably arisen in Lilla's character, and thus to encourage him to pay court to her, if he felt so inclined. To me he appeared quite a rising and prosperous man, and every word I used as an argument against Lilla's marrying into poverty was meant as a reason why she ought to marry him. I was fast turning match-maker out of interest in both my friends. But Lambert at first thought I was arguing against the prudence of anybody thinking of such a girl as Lilla unless he was a man of fortune, and his countenance, transparently expressive, became clouded. It cleared again as he said:

"Then you don't think she would care about a man only if he was a swell, and had plenty of money, and a house in the West-end, like her uncle, and all that?"

"No; I think she is too sensible and spirited a girl to throw away a chance of real happiness for dreams."

"You see, Temple, it's this way with me. I suppose a man can't always live alone. At least, I think now he can't; I used to fancy it would be my fate, and that it was the only thing I could endure under—in fact, under the circumstances, you know. Now, somehow, I don't think so, since I've seen that girl's bright face, and heard her pleasant laugh. And I think there's something in her too—I know it. I don't think I've fallen in love with her; perhaps I've passed the age for that sort of thing, and I've knocked about a good deal, and I'm not far off thirty years old. But I do like to be near her, and to hear her talk, and I

think she could brighten a man's life very much. Then I'm getting on very well—for a fellow like me, that is, who came up from nothing; and if things don't take a wonderfully bad turn, I don't see why I shouldn't soon be able to keep my wife quite like a lady—and Lilla Lyndon would look like a lady too, and take the shine out of some of the West-enders, I can tell you."

"My dear fellow, I wish you good luck and God-speed with all my heart."

"Yes, that's all very fine, but we mustn't go too fast; I haven't the faintest reason to know that she would listen to a word of the kind."

"Nor I; but I don't know any reason why she shouldn't."

"Don't *you* know any reason?"

"Not I. How should I?"

"Unless that, perhaps—she knows you a long time, you see, and you have been a good deal together, almost like brother and sister."

"Exactly, Ned; there it is—we are very much like brother and sister, and never could or would be like anything else. Lilla Lyndon has not a friend on earth who thinks more of her than I do, and I'm sure I have no friend more warm and true than she—no friend, indeed, half so warm and true. And that is all; and if Lilla should marry you, old fellow, which I sincerely hope, she and I will be just the same fast friends as ever, please God."

We parted without many more words—without any more words, indeed, upon this subject. But it seemed clear enough to me how things would tend. Of Lilla's feelings on the subject I could guess nothing as yet; but I thought it would not be difficult soon to know all; and meanwhile I could see no reason why she should not love this handsome, manly, simple, successful fellow.

As for him, I envied him, because he could love and hope. The whole thing gave me sincere pleasure, and yet a queer, selfish shade of sadness fell on me, too, as I walked home alone. I could not help thinking somewhat grimly, that my condition resembled a little that of a man on board a disabled and sinking ship, who sees the last of his friends safely received in the boat which has no room left for him.

That was one of the incidents I had to relate before leaping over a few chapters of my life, because it serves to foreshadow and explain what happened during the interval. Another incident, seemingly unconnected with this, must be told about the same time, as it tended towards the same end.

One day I had made an appointment with Ned Lambert in town. We were to meet at half-past four o'clock, and we had fixed on Palace-yard as a convenient rendezvous. It was a fine frosty evening in late February, and the cheery sunbeams were falling lovingly on the Abbey and on the gilded pinnacles of the Clock-Tower. Palace-yard was full of bustle and life; carriages and cabs were driving up every moment and depositing members, to make way for whom policemen kept scur-

rying here and there, and driving back the ever-encroaching rows of people who flanked the entrance to the great old Hall. I was somewhat too soon for my appointment, and I knew that Lambert would make his appearance precisely as the clock chimed the half-hour—not a minute sooner, not a minute later. So I too fell into the crowd, and occupied myself in watching the senators as they rode or drove up, and thinking what a very fine thing it must be to be one of a body of personages so high and mighty that crowds gathered to see you go to your work, and that, even though you only came up in a hansom cab, a policeman rushed to clear the way, that your august feet might tread an unimpeded pavement. Presently, however, my eyes rested on a figure in the little rank of spectators just before my own, the sight of which was quite enough to make me fall back precipitately.

It was Lyndon—the wrong Lyndon, the prodigal son, the outlaw. He was dressed with what I cannot help calling studied and artistic poverty. His hat was rusty in hue; his coat was all threadbare, and in one or two places actually torn; but both were brushed with elaborate care. He had black gloves on, which were gone in the fingers; his trousers were strapped down carefully. Looking at him from a purely dramatic point of view, I should say his appearance expressed Honest Poverty in the person of a Heavy Father.

The moment I saw him I was convinced something was "up;" and I drew back to avoid being seen by his peering black eyes. I could observe, however, that he kept always glancing up towards the Parliament-street end of Palace-yard.

Presently a carriage drove up, in which I saw a face I knew. It was an open carriage, frosty though the day was. Mr. Lyndon—the Lyndon in possession, the Tommy Goodboy—sat in it, with a pale, handsome, slender young woman, whom I assumed to be one of his daughters. The carriage stopped at the entrance to Westminster Hall.

"Now," I thought to myself, "we are in for a pretty scene."

I saw the other Lyndon move forward. Suddenly he drew back, as the strident voice of the M.P. was heard saying,

"You wait there, Lilla; I'll just take my seat and come back."

The member got down and strode into the Hall, and the carriage began to withdraw to the other side of the yard.

I almost thought of profiting by the interval to seize the confounded Heavy Father, expostulate with him, and even drag him away, when I saw him break from the crowd, plunge at the carriage, and cling to its side.

"Lilla!" he exclaimed in tones so loud that even those who were farther off than I from the carriage must have heard the words distinctly—"Lilla, my daughter, my beloved daughter! do you not know your father—your outcast, wronged father? Have they, then, taught you to hate, hate, hate me, my sweet child?—Get away, don't attempt to interfere. What business is it of yours, confound you!"

These last words were addressed to the first policeman who rushed forward and attempted to drag him away.

The young lady in the carriage sat pale and apparently bewildered, but without showing any wild affright. She was a handsome girl, with a colourless Madonna face, large deep violet eyes, and dark-brown hair.

"Come, none of this!" expostulated the policeman. "You come away quietly, or I shall have to lock you up."

"Stand back, minion! Blue-coated minion, away! That lady is my daughter. May not a father speak with his own child? I appeal to my fellow-countrymen, my fellow Englishmen here around. They will not allow me to be thus ill-used."

"Bravo, old cove!" was the remark of one fellow Englishman.

"Go it, Wiggy!" cried another sympathiser.

The general crowd laughed.

The girl in the carriage looked paler than before, but she fixed pitying eyes on poor battling Lyndon.

"Don't hurt him," she called to the policeman in clear, firm tones. "The poor man is mad!"

"I am not mad!" screamed Lyndon. "This hair—" and he put his hand to his head, but stopped.

I do believe he was about to say, "This hair I tear is mine!" but, recollecting that he only wore a wig, he checked himself in time. "I am not mad! That lady is my daughter."

"No, she ain't," expostulated the policeman. "I know that lady well enough. Come away now, that's a good fellow, and don't make any more row. Come away. Where do you live? where are your friends?"

"There! my daughter is my only friend! Let me go! Let me know if she casts me off.—Lilla! Are you not Lilla?"

"My name is Lilla," said the young lady, looking pityingly at him; "but I do not know you.—I am sure," she said to the policeman, "the poor man is mad. Pray take him away, but deal gently with him; and let me know, please, if you can, something about him. Send someone to me—to Miss Lilla Lyndon, Connaught-place. Has he no friends? Does nobody know him?"

An impulse I could not resist dragged me into the business. I pushed my way through the crowd; I took off my hat to the young lady, whose sweet, calm face had attracted me from the first.

"I know him, Miss Lyndon," I said; "and if he will come with me, I shall be happy to take charge of him."

"He is mad, is he not?" she asked, bending forward and lowering her tone.

"In one sense he is indeed mad."

"Can I do anything for him? Is he an object of charity? Has he no friends?"

"He has, I believe, no friends—none whatever."

"*You* are not, then, a friend of his?"

"Indeed, no; but I know some members of his family, and should like to take charge of him for their sake."

By this time, however, Lyndon had quite recovered himself. His mistake was clear to him now. The name of Lilla had misled him. He really had thought, no doubt, that the Lilla Lyndon before him must be his own daughter. He twisted himself from the hands of the policeman, and coming up to the carriage, took off his hat and made a low bow.

"I have to ask the lady's pardon," he said, "her very humble pardon. I am not mad; I am as sane as any senator over the way, but I have made a mistake—not so great a mistake, perhaps, as it may seem just now. I am but mad north-north-west, although in this instance, and with the wind southerly too, I have failed to know a hawk from a hernshaw. I have made a mistake, and I apologise for it. What more can a gentleman do? I *am* a gentleman, Miss Lilla Lyndon, although I confess that just at present I may not perhaps quite look like one; but you shall know the fact one day. Meanwhile, allow me again to apologise and to withdraw. Enough has been done for fame to-day. My compliments to your dear father. I decline the escort of the police-force, and I repudiate the friendship of Mr. Emanuel Temple. I want no one to take care of me but Providence."

He again made a low bow, addressed to Miss Lyndon, honoured me with a contemptuous glance, pushed his way through the grinning and wondering crowd up to a grinning and wondering driver of a hansom cab, mounted lightly into the cab, and was rattled away.

I was backing-out of the dispersing crowd too, when Miss Lyndon again leaned from her carriage, and said very earnestly, "May I ask, sir, if you can tell me anything about that strange man?"

"Nothing, Miss Lyndon; nothing that you could care to hear."

"But there is something. Pray what is his name? O, here is papa, at last."

Mr. Lyndon, M.P., came rapidly up, looking red and angry. I took advantage of his coming to escape from an embarrassing question, by bowing to the lady and walking away.

I looked calmly in Mr. Lyndon's face, but sought and made no sign of recognition. I could see that his daughter began at once eagerly talking with him, and that she glanced towards me. I could see too that he looked irritated and excited. And I had the comfort of thinking that he would probably set me down as an accomplice and actor in his brother's pleasant little performance.

The whole scene, though it seemed long, had not occupied five minutes, and the little bubble of excitement it had created in Palace-yard soon collapsed and wholly melted away.

Mr. Lyndon and his daughter drove off; and by the time Ned Lambert came up to his appointment, there was no evidence of anything unusual having happened.

I did not tell him anything about it, although I should have been glad enough of a little of his advice; but I preferred to think the matter calmly over before I took anybody, even him, into my confidence.

Late that night I was going home alone, having parted with Lambert. I was walking slowly along Piccadilly, when an arm was suddenly thrust into mine, a burst of mellow laughter pealed in my ear, and I found that the detested Lyndon was walking beside me.

"Temple," he broke out, "I forgive you! To-day I repudiated you, because I thought you wanted to disavow my acquaintance, you shabby dog, in order that you might stand well in the eyes of my pretty niece. But I am delighted to meet you now, for I do so want to talk the matter over; and you are, I give you my word, my sole confidant."

I came to a dead stand.

"Pray tell me," I asked as sternly as I could, "which is your way?"

"Just so, in order that you may go the other way. I know all about that, Temple; and, as I have had occasion to remark to you before, you sometimes adopt a sort of conventional coarseness only fit for the most inferior transpontine drama. Don't try that on, Temple. Qualify for the Adelphi, at the lowest, if you will practise stage-talk in private life. Be genial, man, be sociable! Look at me. Above all, try to be a gentleman. Don't you know that I rather like you?"

"Yes; but then I don't like you."

"Coarsely candid. *I* don't mind. Come, let us move on a little. I am going your way, wherever that is. Don't try to thwart me; I have a motive in it. I'll follow you, if I cannot have the pleasure of your friendly companionship."

It occurred to me at once that he had now perhaps resolved on changing his tactics, and persecuting his wife and child; and that he hoped, by finding out where I lived, to come upon their track. So I straightway resolved to baffle him. Like Morgiana observing the stranger in the Arabian tale, I at once leaped to the conclusion that, whatever he might have in view, it would be for the interest of society to thwart him. So I permitted his companionship, and walked on, resolved to lead him a pretty dance if he hoped to find out my whereabouts.

"That was a funny mistake of mine to-day," he chuckled; "but very natural. I don't know that any harm is done, after all. It's not a bad way of opening the campaign, and giving Tommy Goodboy a sort of notion of what he has got to expect. What a happy evening he must have spent! What a string of lies he must have told that fine girl, my niece! Isn't she a fine girl, Temple? I feel quite proud of her. I foresee that she will prove immensely useful. Goodboy will have to come to terms, or woe upon his life! By the way, Temple, do you know anything of astronomy?"

"Nothing."

"Ah! What a pity! Then that magnificent sky over our heads is, I suppose, all a blank to you! Just a pavement or floor inverted! I

daresay the floundering Venuses and Cupids on the Hampton-Court ceiling would interest you a good deal more than that field of sublime constellations. Well, I tell you frankly, I wouldn't be that sort of fellow, Temple, for anything you could give me. No, I wouldn't indeed; I have always noticed, though, that you professional singing-fellows are generally very stupid. The spiritual nature doesn't seem to get developed at all. Wonder how that is? The women don't appear to me to be so bad."

"Are you walking so much out of your way to philosophise on professional singers?"

"Acute youth, no, I am not. The fact is, Mr. Temple — for I want to get back to a game of billiards—I have begun to think a good deal of what you were saying, only too eloquently, the other day. It didn't impress me then, as, I am bound to say, it ought to have done. I was in a frivolous and cynical mood; unfortunately, I sometimes am so. I mean the evening that you appealed to me so very touchingly about my wife and child. You shot an arrow into the air, Temple, and, although at the moment unheeded, it came down and found its mark—a father's heart. I do now long to see my child. I thought I had found her to-day; alas, the voice of Nature guided me wrong, or at least not quite right. Temple, conduct me to my child! You know where she is. Lead me to her."

"This sort of stuff," I replied very calmly and deliberately, "does not impose upon me. I suppose you want to make your daughter the victim of some such disgraceful exposure as that to which you tried to subject your niece to-day. That you shall certainly never do by any help or hint of mine. Let that be enough. Were you to parade the streets all night at my side—to my disgust—were you to dog my footsteps for a month, you should learn nothing of your daughter from me."

"Temple, an awful thought flashes on me! I beseech of you to answer me! Heavens, it can't be! and yet—tell me, is my daughter married—and to *you?*"

"She is not;" and I broke fiercely away.

"Thank Heaven for that!" was his fervent and pious exclamation.

I hurried away. He looked after me for a while, hesitating; then, apparently giving up the idea of forcing any more of his company on me just then, he broke into a loud laugh, sang out "Good-night, Signor Pantalon!" and went chuckling and stamping back in the direction of his favourite Haymarket.

It was a hideous nuisance to me to have the existence of this dreadful little creature hung as a sort of mysterious burden round my neck. A secret with which I had nothing to do, which I wanted neither to keep nor to disclose, was thrust on me, and seemed to lay a sort of critical and embarrassing responsibility on me. Sometimes I thought of taking Mrs. Lyndon aside and telling her the whole matter, and so putting her on her guard; again, I turned over in my mind the pro-

priety of trusting to Lilla's natural good sense and courage, and making her the confidante. But so long as there was any chance or possibility of his not finding them out and disturbing or disgracing them, I shrank from adding this fresh and superfluous burden of vexation to their hard lives. It was clear that any chance that Lilla—my Lilla—might have from the patronage or bounty of her uncle would be utterly gone, if once her life became mixed up with that of her unfortunate father. I very much mistook the character of Mr. Lyndon, M.P., if that gentleman would not cast-off his niece as though she were a plague-infected garment, once it became apparent that recognising her would be encouraging his outlaw brother. Thus far, at least, the crusade of the latter seemed directed only against the inhabitants of the fine house in Connaught-place. And although I had no doubt that he would in the end, if needful, kick with equal foot at the door of the Chelsea lodging-house, yet, until he showed some signs of beginning to attack, it seemed only raising a needless alarm to put my friends on their guard.

Positively, I entertained ideas of writing to, or waiting on, or throwing myself in the way of, Miss Lyndon—the other Lilla Lyndon—and telling her who the madman was, and appealing to her pity and kindliness to prevail upon her father to pension him quietly off, and thus buy his perpetual absence and silence. I fear that pure good-nature towards my friends did not wholly inspire this notion. I own that I should have dearly liked a few words of conversation with that sweet, clear voice; to have looked in those pure, pitying eyes again. Was this, then, one of the proud, cold, puritanical spinsters *my* Lilla had so often described to me? She had clearly never seen this one, at least; and, unless the latter was a very accomplished actress indeed, she could never have heard of any other Lilla Lyndon than herself. For when the little scoundrel claimed her as his daughter because her name was Lilla, her face exhibited only surprise and pity; she showed not the faintest gleam of any comprehension of his meaning or his mistake.

I could not forget her eyes and her voice. I even walked by Connaught-place several times, hoping to see her, but not confessing to myself that I did so hope. So I temporised and postponed, and kept my secret, and did nothing more. But I held still to my first impulse, and wished for a chance of trusting to the girl's pure and sympathetic face, and breaking through ceremony and conventionality by appealing to her and telling her all.

[illegible] EXTERNAL-NESS QUESTION

[illegible] Sir John," said Baron Brunow to Sir John [illegible] President of the Board of Control, "in [illegible] will soon come upon the banks of the Oxus." [illegible] was the spiritual reply of the British states- [illegible] I should regret the collision, I should have [illegible] It is now very nearly nine-and-twenty years [illegible] were exchanged. At that time General [illegible] was supposed to be in possession of the Khanate of Khiva; [illegible] it was proposed to despatch a British army [illegible] of Dost Mahomed. The Muscovite expe- [illegible] from cold and hunger; and [illegible] Indian forces in their attempted retreat [illegible] advance has been made [illegible] through the Cossack waters [illegible] are about to command [illegible] Khiva dependent, Samarcand an- [illegible] and Bokhara subservient—these are the fruits [illegible] and which converts a [illegible] For these successes of [illegible] inasmuch as it is ordi- [illegible] government for a government by [illegible] for a barbarous government." This [illegible] gain commercially if Russian progress [illegible] though "at present the Russian system of [illegible] from Central Asia," that "prohibition [illegible] expedient, the use of which would, [illegible] have been exhausted, and it could not [illegible] its commerce across the Russian [illegible]

[illegible] sake, the truth of this position, it may [illegible] whether the commercial or the political view of [illegible] Asia is the more important as [illegible] India. Military empires do not subsist

[illegible] suggestive pamphlet with the above title [illegible] among the leading statesmen and politicians [illegible] the relative positions of Russia [illegible] any breach of confidence, [illegible] enemy.

by commerce alone. There is such a thing as public opinion to be taken into consideration. In the case of a dependency held under the peculiar circumstances which attach to our eastern possessions, the preservation of prestige and moral influence is certainly of not less moment than the extension of commercial relations. It should never be forgotten that the English are only encamped in India, in the same sense that the Turks are said to be encamped in Europe. The remembrance of past achievements, and belief in our actual power, form the basis of our empire. The former, however, is fast fading away; and the latter has been seriously impaired by the rumours of blunders and disasters which were industriously circulated throughout India at the time of the Crimean war.

"In one instance, long after that war was over," writes the author of the pamphlet already alluded to, "I was asked by a very highly-educated native to procure for him General de Todleben's account of that war. Thinking it strange that he should evince so much interest in a war some years after it was over, I inquired the cause, and was informed that, having read both the English and French accounts, he was now anxious to read the Russian account. And what was his object? viz. 'that,' as he stated, 'by a comparison of all three he might form his own opinion as to which of the great Powers individually was the strongest.' His argument was, that the natives of India felt that no Indian or Asiatic Power was strong enough to obtain the supremacy in India, and thus preserve peace and good order, and that consequently the intelligent natives were satisfied to remain under the government of a foreign Power; but he maintained that they would not feel satisfied with their present position, or have any confidence in the stability of British rule, if they believed that any other European Power was stronger than England."

The astonishing progress of Russian arms and policy in Central Asia comes home to the Indian mind with much greater force than the story of disasters experienced in Europe, and at the hands of four allied Powers. Sebastopol may have fallen, but so also did Kars; and the Caucasus was subdued and depopulated in spite of Great Britain, though aided by France, Sardinia, and Turkey. The policy of non-intervention, which has become a political maxim in this country, is viewed by our Indian fellow-subjects and dependents as a symptom and a recognition of decay. They cannot understand how an empire founded on annexation should culminate in the repudiation of the practices by which it obtained such vast dimensions. England's supposed weakness becomes Russia's real opportunity, and the "Russ" is already looked upon as the possible ruler of India, and at no very distant date.

It is sometimes urged that the princes and nobles of India would have everything to lose, and nothing to gain, by a change of masters; as if it would not be the first act of an invader to proclaim the in-

violability of all existing rights and privileges, supplemented by additional honours and emoluments. In other quarters the national debt of India is put forward as a barrier against foreign invasion and civil convulsion, in ignorance or forgetfulness of the fact that not one-third of the whole amount is due to natives. The same want of confidence is displayed in their reluctance to invest money in public works. Of the eighty millions sterling expended on railways, canals, and other works of public utility, not one-eightieth part has been furnished by native subscribers. At the same time there is no doubt that, under the British Government, the natives generally enjoy personal security and material well-being to an extent that no Asiatic country has ever witnessed since the commencement of the historic era. We have freely introduced all the latest improvements of European science and experience. We have tendered the means of education to all who will accept the boon, and have laboured strenuously, and even affectionately, to ameliorate the social and moral condition of all classes of the Indian community. Unfortunately, however, our manner is overbearing, supercilious, and offensive; we interfere officiously with domestic habits and usages; we legislate from a European point of view; in short, we are nothing if not English.

The income-tax was universally unpopular. "Throughout Hindostan," writes an intelligent and friendly native, "it is regarded as a national mulct for the rebellion. The mysterious wants of the State are incomprehensible to the popular understanding. As yet the Indians have not a common national mind to feel a concern for the welfare of a common State. They are busy about their own private fiscal prosperity, and indifferent to any outside calls of common interest. It never enters into their thoughts to inquire about the annual income or expenditure of the State, or to care about its chronic deficits. . . . Never before was the national debt known in India, where only the whim of a despot had to be pledged for its payment. Not more is the national debt foreign to the ideas of the north-westerns than is the income-tax. The native mind must be taught to appreciate the wants of the State, to feel an interest in its well-being, before it will indorse the opinion that taxation is no tyranny."*

Municipal commissions are scarcely less odious, because of their inquisitorial character. Then, the Tenancy Bill is regarded with undisguised detestation in the Punjab not less than in Oude, and angry murmurs are heard in all quarters. "The people," said Sindiah to Colonel Daly, "are bewildered by your legislation. You coil act upon act, code upon code, with sections innumerable. You never leave them alone. I am told that your district officers have less intercourse with their ryots than formerly; there is more of system and

* *The Travels of a Hindoo in various Parts of Bengal and Upper India.* By Baboo Bholonauth Chunder. Trübner and Co.

mpathy nowadays. In your desire to press-on improvements, erlook the vast difference between us and you." That, in truth, weak point in our armour. We have succeeded in commanding , and, until very recently, in inspiring fear; but we have never e good-will of the people, or been regarded otherwise than as and intruders. The princes and chiefs view us with no more eyes than does the bulk of the population. Notwithstanding 'anning's admirable proclamation, which they accepted as their *Poro*, they are filled with doubts and misgivings as to the y and good faith of the British Government. They know that stallation of the youthful Maharajah of Mysore was permitted nt of deference to repeated orders from the Secretary of State. ask why the Nawab of Tonk should be deposed without any inquiry into his conduct, and the Imaum of Muscat recognised, en assisted, though he had foully murdered his own father. re further startled by the reopening of the case of the late jah of Kuppoortala's will, after a lapse of sixteen years, and its e settlement by Lord Canning in open durbar. These and high-handed acts of Sir John Lawrence have excited feelings ntent and dismay among the great feudatories of State, and them to watch with a dangerous interest the progress of Russia other side of the Hindoo-Khoosh.

invasion of India from the north-west is, for the present, of quite out of the question. Many years must elapse before con- on has succeeded to conquest. It is, however, entirely a ques- commissariat. Even the *Times*, while scoffing at the panic f Russophobists, admits that "war is not solely a question of The men must be fed and clothed, and supplied with arms and ition. This cannot be done so long as a disaffected population nes between the Caspian Sea and the Khyber Pass. All these ry tribes must be coerced into silent submission, if they cannot erted into auxiliaries. Neutrality will not suffice; for a repulse urn waverers into active enemies. No hostile step, indeed, will n until success is made nearly certain by the promise of native tion. In the mean time a new generation is growing up to man- the mountain ranges of the Caucasus; the Tatar is learning rnise with his Cossack kinsman; the Shah-in-Shah is every day nmeshed in the toils of the Muscovite; and Russian gold is nening the hands of the ruler of Cabul. And here a few re- nay be offered on the subject of that "masterly inactivity" for Sir John Lawrence has been so extravagantly praised by the press.

armed intervention in Afghanistan is a proceeding which in his ser[illegible] advocate; nor, indeed, has it been [illegible] for the part of the Afghan [illegible] Indian Government [illegible]

of sympathy for an ally sorely straitened through domestic treason. Having recognised Shere Ali by a formal treaty as the legitimate successor of Dost Mohammed in the sovereignty of Afghanistan, that government was at least bound to recognise no other competitor for the throne so long as the lawful prince was able to make head against his rival. It so happened, however, that Shere Ali met with temporary reverses, and was compelled for a time to abandon Cabul and Candahar to the victorious rebel, Afzul Khan. Without waiting to see the issue of the struggle, Sir John Lawrence hastily recognised the rebel chief as sovereign of those two cities with their surrounding provinces, and proposed that Shere Ali should be the ruler of Herat, though only a few years previously the Indian Government had expended upwards of three millions sterling to prevent a similar disrupture of the Afghan kingdom. Shere Ali, however, was little disposed to accept of a part, while there was yet a chance of recovering the whole. Afzul Khan has since fallen in battle; his brother Azim, who succeeded him, has been totally defeated; and we learn by telegraph that the same fate has overtaken Abdul Rahman. For these successes Shere Ali is believed to be in a great measure indebted to Russian gold; and it is quite certain that, in his hour of need, after his heartless and impolitic desertion by the Indian Government, he applied for assistance both to the Persian Court and to the Russian head-quarters in Central Asia. It may be asked indeed: In what manner could Sir John Lawrence have rendered any material aid without involving the Government in a second Afghan campaign? The answer is simple. A small supply of money would have enabled Shere Ali to raise a sufficient force to have crushed the rebellion in the bud, and would have bound that prince to us by the double ties of gratitude and interest. And surely, to quote Sir Harford Jones's quaint illustration, "the British territories in India are a park valuable enough to justify the proprietor in spending a little money to keep its pales in perfect repair and security."

It is every way to the advantage of British India that a strong government should be established in Afghanistan; but nothing can be less desirable than that it should be dependent on Russia, or learn to regard that power as its surest ally and protector. With Central Asia subdued and consolidated, Persia subservient, and Afghanistan friendly and sympathetic, the invasion of India becomes perfectly practicable, though still possibly hazardous. There can be little doubt that the hope of plundering the rich cities of Hindostan would gather round the Russian banners a formidable array of fierce warriors, fond of adventure, eager for battle, and quite capable of maintaining themselves in an enemy's country. A nucleus of 50,000 Russian soldiers would find little difficulty in recruiting an equal force from Khokan, Khiva, and Bokhara. Of the Afghan soldiery, at least 100,000, armed with jezails and burning for revenge, would join the invading army, speedily to be

swelled by thousands upon thousands of the border-tribes, with whom the Punjab force is so frequently engaged. Persia also might be counted upon for a large reinforcement; nor is there any exaggeration in stating that an army of 300,000 fighting-men, supported by artillery and unimpeded by baggage, could be assembled above the Afghan Passes preparatory to a sudden swoop into the wide-spreading plains of Hindostan. To oppose such a force, what are the means of resistance at the disposal of the Indian Government? In the first place, no reliance could be placed upon the Mussulmans, who already look to Russia as their protector. Neither would it be safe to denude the interior of European troops, whose presence would more than ever be necessary to hold in awe the disaffected, and to prevent risings in the rear of the frontier force. The Hindoo Sepoys, again, would be no match for either Tatar, Afghan, or mountain borderer. There would remain, then, only the Sikhs, the Goorkhas, the Bhils, and perhaps a few regiments hastily levied from among the aboriginal hill-tribes. The European portion of the Indian army does not exceed 65,000 men, including artillery, of which not more than 40,000 could be spared from what may be called garrison duty. The native army, as at present constituted, numbers barely 135,000 men, including the Mohammedans, upon whom it would be unsafe to rely. No doubt, in a case of such great emergency, tempting inducements would be offered to recruits, and many thousands of adventurous spirits would come forward at the call of the Sirkar. But undisciplined soldiers are [illegible] better than a mob of ruffians, and, owing to the false economy of the irregular system, there is not a single officer in excess of [illegible] duties. This certain consequence of doing away with the [illegible] system was emphatically predicted by Sir James Outram: [illegible] thing would then go down with the public but dashing [illegible] The disasters in Bhootan, and the frightful losses sustained [illegible] Sitana campaign, where fifty officers were killed in [illegible] fruitless engagements, are distinctly traceable to the [illegible] gular but inefficient system.

To encounter an invading host of 300,000 men [illegible] Indian Government, though fully forewarned of the [illegible] in line 200,000, without appealing for help to the [illegible] Sir John Lawrence has lost no opportunity of [illegible] ing. Had he displayed a "masterly inactivity" [illegible] almost have been pardoned for his cruel aban[illegible] forces in the pay of the different native chiefs [illegible] men, of whom a large portion would prefer the [illegible] of honour; though others, such as Sindhia's [illegible] are equal to the bulk of our Sepoy [illegible] would depend on the attitude assumed by [illegible] lity would [illegible] ir hostility [illegible]

them. Sir Henry Lawrence, one of the ablest and most long-sighted politicians India has yet produced, particularly insisted upon this point when discussing the Central-Asian question as it appeared in 1856. "England's dangers," wrote that truly great and good man, "are in India, not without." There is no danger of a Russian invasion "as long as India is united, in tranquillity and contentment, under British rule." "We are safe," he continued, "while we hold our ground and do our duty. Russia may tease, annoy, and frighten us, by her money and her emissaries; she may even do us mischief; but she will never put her foot in Hindostan." Her power of doing mischief has of late been wantonly augmented by the "masterly inactivity" which grudged a few lakhs of rupees to an ally contending with rebels and traitors. Even now a small annual subsidy would probably win back the good-will of the Afghan ruler, well aware that he has nothing to fear from our ambition. Above all, however, is it the duty and policy of England to conciliate her Indian feudatories by treating them with the courtesy and respect due to their high rank, their good faith in troublous times, and their influence in moulding public opinion. In like manner it would be well to cease from harassing our fellow-subjects with innovations unsuited to their habits and modes of thought, always bearing in mind that they inherit and possess an ancient and genuine civilisation, however widely it may differ from our own. With the Afghans friendly, and India contented under our supremacy, we have nothing to fear from any foreign power; but unless these conditions be fulfilled, a Russian invasion is by no means the chimerical phantasma the *Times* would have us believe, even should the present generation be permitted to revel in a fool's-paradise to the last.

JAMES HUTTON.

IN REQUEST RATHER

I HAD been hanging from day to day about the Riffelberg, expecting "His reverence."

For as he, only three weeks before, being of full age and sound mind, and standing in a strawberry-bed in his own rectory garden, had unconditionally promised that fourteen days after sight he would join me up there, I felt bound to that rock like a Prometheus, with Disappointment and Ennui—quite a match for his vultures—perpetually gnawing at my liver; and further, as Prometheus from his rocky eminence did, as is currently reported, invoke "the many-twinkling smile of Ocean," so did I many times call upon (to cease) the countless laughter that surrounded me, but in which I had no part.

For it wasn't pleasant (now was it?), in a house which everyone else used as a mere resting-stage, to sit alone day after day, drinking the *ordinaire rouge* of solitude, while eager-hearted couples in mid-lunch traced on their maps the rest of the day's route, or merry parties a-breakfasting talked over the adventures of the day before.

For the first fortnight I didn't mind it; for having my degree ahead, I had brought books, and a noble resolve to read them. But now that my resolution, and a legion of problems tougher still, were fairly worked out, I couldn't sufficiently account to myself for being there, but began to have an uneasy feeling that I was in quarantine, or was a prisoner on parole, or that I had fallen dead-lame either in the legs or purse.

It was rather, I suppose, with the idea of putting my freedom and my bodily soundness to the test that I had determined over-night, notwithstanding the fogs and mists that had prevailed, to make an early start the next morning for the Zmutt glacier, take some rough-ice exercise, and return to the hotel at midday; and I must add that I should not have been much vexed had his reverence arrived while I was out, and had two or three hours to wait for *me*.

I had booked my guide, and he duly called me at four o'clock. After breakfast, while he was making his preparations, I was waiting about in front of the inn, when lo! suddenly up through the fog emerged my friend from the under-world.

"Constant creature!" he began, "you've never been sitting on that stone waiting for me this last week, have you?"

"Yes," I said; "on it I and sorrow have been sitting smoking. I was just going to bury myself under it. I began to loathe this upper air. But never mind, I'm indifferently glad to see you, and I'll go on living if you'll come in and have some breakfast. We'll hear the apology patiently out afterwards."

Frank Hinsley saw not nor felt any obstacle to carrying out the former part of my proposal, having had an hour and a half's walk against the metaphorical collar on a cup of coffee and what he termed "the casual roll."

The apology was begun in a forenoon's stroll to the Gornergrat, and finished for the sun came out to smile congratulation on our meeting —as we sat there with the broad snowfields of Monte Rosa full in sight.

"My young friend," he preambled, "I am very sorry to have left you even in the smallest lurch. I've been this seven days within hail of you, given one of those long cow-trumpets, and of course a pair of Helvetian bellows to match. What lungs these rustics have! I declare I passed a fellow in the Zermatt valley yesterday talking to a cow somewhere on the Jungfrau. I've been detained at Geneva. I thought I'd left parish work behind me; but there, I've been plying my trade as hard as ever."

"Chaplain to an hotel, I suppose. That's low art rather, isn't it?"

"Don't interrupt me. Don't you see I'm wound-up to tell you all about it?"

"Pray tick away. The very thing I want is to see that patent escape-movement of yours."

"Well, yesterday week I got to Geneva. If there'd been any conveyance on, I should have made the running that night. But there wasn't; so I put-up at the Bergues. At dinner I overheard some talk about an Englishman in the hotel who had broken a leg. Somehow, I suppose, we parsons are professionally intrusive; but upon my word I couldn't help sending up my card, and asking whether I might come and see him. I went up, and very glad he seemed to be to see me. He was a simple, solid sort of man, a Quaker; in business I took him to be.

"I had promised to call again the next morning before leaving. On entering his room I saw at once (we are used to watching sick folk's faces) that he was in low spirits. He had talked quite cheerfully the night before; but now he looked thoughtful and anxious, and showed evident vexation at his confinement. I observed he had a letter near his hand.

"I asked him about his accident. He had been staying a few days at the hotel, when he met a man at the *table-d'hôte* with whom he got into conversation. They agreed to take an excursion together up the Petit Salève. In the course of the walk he found his companion to be a Jew, but learnt little more about him than the unsuggestive particular that he was exceedingly anxious to be back at the usual hour to dinner. However, as it came out that it was in order to meet a friend, he walked hard to accommodate him. They came to a steepish and roughish slope, which seemed to promise a short cut. He at first declined it; but finding his companion so eager to shorten the route, and foreseeing

himself no great difficulty in the descent, he at last agreed to try it. The Jew was restless and excited, calling fretfully to him to come on. At length he saw him standing some two hundred yards below, holding on by a small tree, his head and shoulders just showing above a ledge of rock. He thought he caught the words, 'Here's a path,' when he uttered a loud scream and disappeared.

'I was scrambling down,' said my Quaker friend, 'as hard as I could, when somehow I fell,—through twisting my ankle, I think,—and found my leg broken. I of course could do nothing but lie where I was. I soon began to suffer greatly; but the pain was nothing to my anxiety for my companion's fate. I shouted, but got no answer. Once or twice I thought I heard a groan, but could not be certain. My own position meantime was becoming critical. Night was coming on, and I could see the windows in the little village below light-up one by one. I kept-up my shouting at intervals. Fortunately some men who were returning from wood-felling at length heard me, and with great care and cleverness brought me down to the village, where I got a carriage. While I waited, they mustered help, and went back to the spot which I had carefully pointed out before they moved me; and there they found the poor fellow, stone-dead, lying at the foot of some rocks thirty feet high. As his neck was broken, he must have fallen backward head foremost.'

'How long was this ago?' I asked.

'Only three days. He's not buried yet. He is lying at the Lion d'Or, where he was lodging, at the corner of the next street. I suppose he had money; but I should like to know whether he has any friends who care about him.'

"I offered to go and make inquiry. The poor fellow had no friends in Geneva; and they had been strangely negligent, as it seemed to me, in pushing investigation further. There was his pocket-book; but no one, they told me, could read it. I looked over it, and made out, by piecing together various entries, that he had been sent there by some London houses with instructions to look out for a man, therein minutely described, who was running from his debts. He had traced him to Baden, thence to Hombourg, and finding reason to believe that his prey was making his way to Geneva, he had come thither to wait for him. I also opened, at the landlord's request, a letter which had arrived for him since his death. This was to give him definite information that the 'party' he was after would arrive at Geneva that day, and put-up at the Hôtel de l'Ecu, and that he would be accompanied by a lady.

"When I returned with this information to the broken leg (Amos Pendrill, I afterwards found to be its owner's name), he fell—or rather dived suddenly, as it were—into a pool of thought. Possessing the gift of interference but in measure, I didn't incontinently fish him out, but quietly stood watching the place where he had disappeared.

"Presently he rose to the surface, and asked me if there was no probability of my remaining a few days longer in Geneva. Now you, Arthur, though by far the less interesting man personally, had so obviously the first claim on me, that I told him decisively I was obliged to go on that night.

'Most unfortunate!' he sighed. 'The official inquiry is to-morrow, and it may be most disastrous for me that I am unable to be there.'

"For a moment I imagined that he feared suspicion might rest on him of having been concerned in the death of his companion, until he added: 'And you might aid me in the object I had in coming here.'

"At this moment it was announced that the landlord of the Lion d'Or was waiting below to speak to me. He had gone, you see, straight to the Bureau, and communicated the portentous fact that an Englishman had been so much interested in the case as to examine the pocket-book and letter; and forthwith my attendance in the morning was officially demanded.

"I thought it hard to be dragged into the matter; but there was no help for it; and I could not well show my vexation, as my friend expressed such extreme gratitude at this suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.

"Their queer 'crowner's quest law' would have amused you; but I must tell you about that another time.

"The examination over, I was walking out, when an Englishman accosted me with, 'Then you knew something, sir, of the deceased?'

'Something,' I said curtly, for I didn't like my questioner's look.

'Well, sir, it's strange how my master's took on about him. Or whether 'twas his own accident as scareified him or not, I can't say. Would you mind, sir, to come and see him?'

'You're making a mistake,' I said; 'I'm not a doctor.'

'No, sir, I know that; you're a parson, and that's it, I expect, he wants to see you for. As you were speaking in there, he turns to me and says he'd like a few words with you; and then he told me to wait for you, for that he must go out for brandy. These accidents have somehow bowled him over.'

"I was fairly puzzled now to know what to do. A real wish to be of service, and perhaps a little curiosity, urged me to go; while a fear of intruding, and a strong feeling of impatience at being compelled to be interested in the affairs of so many strangers, counselled me to be off at once to my hotel, pay my bill, and escape.

"After a little further conversation with the man, who was evidently a confidential servant, I determined to go with him to his master's hotel, and see whether I could be of any passing use.

"As I entered the room, I saw a young lady near the window, who was hanging in a reckless disconsolate attitude over the back of a chair.

As my entrance did not seem to disturb her, I walked on towards the sofa, from which a man, who might be about my own age, rose slowly and languidly to receive me. He walked to the chair where the girl was sitting, and whispered to her. As she rose, he turned to me and said, 'You will excuse her; she met with a serious accident the day before yesterday.' As I opened the door for her, she said quickly and in a low voice, but with more marked emphasis than if she had simply been putting sympathy politely aside, 'I am not hurt in the least.' She had a pretty, soft, and simple face. Scorn, for the moment while she spoke, effaced the look of trouble; and for a second I thought it doubtful whether she was to be ejected quite so quietly. However, she went.

"As I walked slowly back to my seat, I took a steady look at the man. He was tall, well-made, and well-dressed, and would have been handsome if mouth and chin had been moulded on stronger lines. I had, not long before it seemed to me, read a tolerably accurate description of him.

"What to say or do was now the question. He evidently had expected me, so that I felt at ease on that point. But what did he want of me? I made a general tender of my services, and quietly waited for direction where to apply them. His first claim on them was a demand for my watch-key. This was somewhat ludicrous; but it proved to be the key of the situation. It led at once to the account of the accident which had stopped the watch. His carriage had gone over, and only the presence of mind and pluck of that slight girl, who had just left us, had saved him from instant death. Again, the time of the accident, he went on to tell me, had curiously coincided with that of the Jew's fall; and hence, as he explained, arose his sudden faintness that morning at the inquest. I held him a little to that point, for I thought I saw perhaps some slight clue to his excited state of mind, in this superstitious feeling that had led him to connect the two events. He didn't evade my questions, but rather seemed glad to talk of the occurrence, as if he trusted in some power of mine to interpret what troubled him. The Jew's death and his own escape looked to him like one single event. The difference in place and circumstance had vanished; the coincidence of time alone remained. He felt as if a thunderbolt had fallen and struck a man at his side, while he had escaped; or as if a bullet had grazed him, and killed a man behind him. He did not of course know how much I had guessed of his real connection with the Jew, which gave me some advantage.

"Though I did not on this point shake his belief in the connection between the two accidents, I established with him some reputation as a comfortable counsellor; and this may have been useful to me in my after-efforts; for my real interest now was to learn more about that girl. It required no great skill in divination, after reading that letter addressed to the Jew, even if I had not been taken a little into con-

fidence by the servant on our way to the hotel, to conjecture that she was not his wife. And now that I had gained—more by luck than wit—some sort of authority with him as a confessor, I determined to get possession of that secret if possible. It proved to be easier than I anticipated. There was in him an awful sense of gratitude to her for risking her life for his; but at the same time there was not merely a strange stubborn dislike to owning it, but a violent unreasoning animosity against her, as if she were the cause of it all. I let him talk awhile, and listened; for it was clear that I must in such a riot of feeling deal warily, to do good. Gradually I found that these various passions were really bent on but one object—that of clamouring down remorse. I told him plainly that I believed his life had been saved to give him power to save one whom he had tried to destroy. 'The words that make a man feel strong in speaking truth' came steadily up to the attack. He listened, wavered, gave ground, came fiercely on again, and for some time the fortune of the fight was doubtful enough. He stared at me in blank astonishment. He looked down abashed, looked up again indignant. Three times, while I was speaking, he got up and paced the room quickly and heavily. Each time he stopped suddenly in front of me, as if he would settle it by a struggle. I couldn't help wishing that I had had about a fortnight's training on the mountains here, instead of having come straight from my study; for I should have wanted all my wind and muscle of the boating-days defunct, if he had closed with me.

"I had got up from my seat, I should tell you, instinctively, when I began to tackle him. One can't talk point-blank sitting down. Well, the end of it all was, that suddenly he fell back on the sofa, and signing me hurriedly towards a table on which lay writing-materials, said in a low tone, but steadily, 'I see it all now—quick, there's no time—write it down for me; quick, my head—'

"I moved quickly to the table, took a pen, and wrote as he dictated —'Go back, Fanny. I have wronged you. I repent. Forgive it; if I live, you shall—' He made a quick snatch at the pen; I yielded it, and he signed his name. This effort was his last. He uttered a terrified shriek, as if he had felt a sudden clutch upon him. I rang the bell, but waiters were already rushing into the room. Leaving him to them, I hurried out for a doctor.

"Remembering that friend Amos had spoken in high praise of the doctor who attended him, I saved time to go first to him. Instead of at once giving me the address, he began eagerly questioning me. 'Tell me more, for God's sake; she is dearer to me than you may think. What brought me here but to rescue her?'

"I could spare time for but a few words then. I went out, fetched the leech, and took him there. The poor girl was in the room, in an agony of fear. I got her away as soon as I could. I told her, as the simple statement was best, the upshot of our late interview. She

acknowledged that since their accident she had been afraid of him; that he had seemed quite changed; that he had been drawn by a kind of fascination to go and listen to the morning's proceedings; and that on his return he had been more violent and strange than ever. I explained that the doctor's report (I had stepped down for a few minutes to see him) showed that this was the beginning of what would probably be a long and serious illness, which, as it was the brain that was attacked, her presence might greatly inflame. When at length she acquiesced in leaving him for a while, I put the paper into her hand. Poor girl, her trouble was terrible. At last she piteously begged my counsel and guidance. Then I gradually broke it to her that she had a friend near—who, I did not know—waiting to receive her. On my describing him, she wept more passionately than ever for some minutes, and then looked up and said gently, 'I would rather go to him.'

"I waited while she collected her movables, and then took charge of her to the door of the room tenanted by Pendrill. There was a case she might tend without danger.

"I learnt afterwards that she was the daughter of a drunken ne'er-do-weel, with whom, after her mother's death, she had lived for six years a life full of anxiety and misery; that then, by the advice of Mr. Pendrill, who was in some sort a guardian to her, she had placed herself under the care of a French lady living at Basle; that they had gone for a summer-trip to Heidelberg; and there she had met with that reckless unthrift, who had at length persuaded her, a few weeks before, to trust herself to him."

As His reverence finished this strange story, he turned to me. "And now, old man, I belong to you. I have, as I hope, inadvertently done some good. But my responsibilities are not at an end yet. The question remains, What am I to do with you? I think I'll take you for a breather to-morrow over the Matterjoch. An Italian sun will bake some of that too-closely crowded knowledge out of your brain. You'll never get a degree if you go on reading so hard. Hard reading I look on as only one form of constitutional laziness."

* * * * *

We went over the Matterjoch, and over many a tall pass besides. In due time also (through his having shut-up my books just in time, declared Frank), I took my degree.

About two months after I went down, I had a letter from him, saying that as I had shown "such enthusiastic indifference" to the story he told me on the Görnergrat, he would communicate to me what he had since heard from his Quaker friend, who had become a liberal subscriber to his village charities. Fanny had nursed him until he was sound of limb again. He never upbraided her, and she never complained. For her sake he had gradually laid aside his first wrath against her abductor, and, through the doctor, kept himself well in-

formed of his progress towards recovery. Brain-fever held him prostrate for many weeks. Delirium revealed that the sudden shock of horror at the Jew's accident, so mysteriously connected, as he believed, with his own, and perhaps also the sudden sense of escape, first from instant death, and then from the clutch of his debts, acting on a mind for some time excited, and already beginning to be assailed by remorse, had brought on disease. He often believed the poor girl, who had left him, to be still there talking to him; and at those times he would call her his preserver, and vow life-service to her in an agony of gratitude. Often, again, he seemed to know she was gone, and imagining himself to be talking to the parson, would thank him passionately for having brought him to reason, and ask him again and again what there was yet to be done. The Quaker, pondering all this, began, very cautiously at first, to have hopes of him. Then came amendment of health. Reason returned to set her troubled principality in order, and strength slowly came back. The Quaker then fell ill for a week or so—at least, he kept his room; and though he sought no help of Æsculapius, he was so nervous about himself that he would not let Fanny stir from his side. He prided himself afterwards upon this nervous attack as a masterstroke of policy. A good general, he insisted, should know the exact moment when to effect a combination; and a chance encounter in the street might have changed the whole fortunes of the campaign. However, like Ligarius, he suddenly discarded his sickness when the confidential servant appeared one morning with a note from his master, requesting, as from one that deserved it not, the favour of an interview. It was granted; and in a few days a happy party of three tourists was on its way back to England. They would have been attended by a confidential courier, but that it had just come to light that he had been too confiding for some time towards his master's creditors, keeping them informed even about such private matters as the order in which he purposed to visit continental towns. On landing at Dover, however, this loss of retinue was more than made up by the addition to their *cortège* of a far more stately functionary, a travelling chaplain, the Rev. F. Hinsley, who had come to meet and escort them to his rectory, nigh which was a church off-screened by trees, convenient for the celebration of a private marriage. Then again was the Rev. F. H. in request rather.

I HAVE often wondered which of the London myths impressed itself earliest on my mind. Surely it must have been that touching the domestic habits of Gog and Magog. Much information respecting the City giants will be found current in nurseries, and no doubt I was there let into the secret,—divulged in ghostly whispers at bedtime,—that every night, as the clock strikes Twelve, Gog and Magog step from their pedestals, stretch their huge limbs, yawn so loudly as to awaken every echo in the Guildhall, and take brief respite until the solemn tolling of the hour of One compels them to go on duty again. These facts have never, so far as I know, been disproved, and, as all nursery authorities agree on them, may be taken as fully and satisfactorily authenticated.

It must have been later in life, though still early, that I encountered my next myth. It had relation to a lady and a mystery. The lady, as I vaguely recall, lived in great state and moved in the highest circles. She was beautiful, and of great wealth. Her conduct was unimpeachable, until a discovery was made which invested her with grave suspicion. It was found out that every night, after her maids had left her and she had retired to rest, she would rise from her bed, divest herself of her richly-laced nightdress, and going into a secret closet—the door of which was concealed in a panel in the wall—emerge thence clothed in the rags of a beggar. Thus strangely metamorphosed, she would steal out of the house and remain absent all night, only returning in time to conceal her rags and resume her costly night-attire, in which she would be found quietly reposing when her unsuspicious attendants entered her room in the morning. Of course the mystery was her motive for pursuing this strange nightly practice. Ultimately, she was followed, and then the secret came out. It was found that she prowled about with a basket and lantern, collecting the refuse of the streets, including of course the many valuables lost there during the day. And this *chiffonnière* practice it was ascertained, consistently with the whole story, was the apparently insignificant source of all her wealth and grandeur.

This is only one of innumerable myths of the same character, all illustrating the proneness of the imagination to raise an impossible superstructure on a basis of facts. We are all, for example, familiar with the fact that the waiters at the principal hotels and chop-houses go to their situations of a morning, and are fetched thence of an evening in their own broughams. Nobody, I should hope, has the temerity to question this fact. And to the same class of legend belongs that

of the man we have all heard of—the man with the mysterious occupation. This individual was well to do, and lived in a fine house at the West-end. While moving in society he met with a lady whom he impressed most favourably, as he could not help seeing, and to whom, indeed, he was not himself indifferent. Mutual friends wondered that, as he was a bachelor and the lady in every way eligible, he did not at once propose to her. Still he hung back, until at last he was prompted to confess his love, but at the same time his inability to make her an offer except on a condition to which he feared she would not consent. The lady, however, was gracious, and he named the condition, which was, that she should never inquire, or take means to ascertain, the source of his income. The lady accepted him on these terms; they were married, lived most happily, and reared a family of beautiful children. In all this time the wife was not let into her husband's confidence. She knew that he left home every morning in his carriage,—narrators of the incident always stick to the carriage,—and returned in it every evening; and as neither herself nor her children wanted for anything she was perfectly content. But accident at length revealed to her what she had been at no pains to discover. While out walking with her children one day, they passed a beggar at a street-corner, and the youngest child, running towards the poor man, instantly cried out "Papa!" and threw her arms round his neck. The child was not mistaken, it was her father; and the lady had the mortification of finding that she had married a beggar, and that all the comforts with which she was surrounded were procured through the alms of the charitable.

Of a different class, but I have no doubt quite as authentic, is the mythical legend of Somerset House, with which many are acquainted. This relates to the providential escape of a workman who, while engaged on the roof of the Admiralty, suddenly missed his footing and fell over the parapet. Death seemed imminent as the result of this mishap, but happily, while falling, his watch-chain was caught by a projection in the façade, and he was saved; the chain being of sufficient strength to support him until those who saw his peril could come to his assistance. In proof of the genuineness of this narrative there used to be pointed out a small dial, alleged to be the identical watch itself! What could be more conclusive? There it was; to be seen by the naked eye, and so plainly, that, allowing for the distance, the fabulous workman must have indulged himself in an exceptionally neat thing in watches, about the size of a decent copper stew-pan.

One of the best-authenticated myths is that in connection with the well-known piece of ground at Lambeth known as Pedlar's Acre. The tradition is, that a tired pedlar fell asleep near Farthing Ferry, and that while he slept his dog went scratching up the turf, and so disclosed a spot where gold had been concealed. With this gold the peasant was enriched, and settled in the neighbourhood. Soon after, his dog died, and was by a little pious collusion buried in the church-

yard. Before long the pedlar died also, and joined his faithful cur; but not until he had left an acre of ground in trust for the poor of the parish. A memorial window was therefore raised in Lambeth church, whereon the pedlar and the dog were depicted, and that window remains unto this day in evidence of the veracity of tradition in this behalf. Yes, there is the window, and there is the Pedlar's Acre; but such is the incredulous temper of these modern days, that even these proofs are declared unsatisfactory. Because, forsooth, there is a similar device of a pedlar and dog in a church down in Norfolk, it is contended that this is merely a rebus on the name of Chapman (chap-man, another name for pedlar), probably that of the donor of the field; while as to the field itself, it is asserted that it was not originally called Pedlar's Acre, but Church Hope, and is stated in the register to have been bequeathed by "a person unknown," which does not tally with the Chapman rebus theory. Perhaps the window has really nothing to do with the field. Who knows?

Anyone who has occupied the box-seat beside a communicative bus-driver on the Bayswater-road will, in all probability, have made acquaintance with another metropolitan myth. "See that house, sir?" says your companion suddenly, indicating with his whip a particular house in a particular crescent. "Rum start, that, sir." You look out for the "start" in question, but see nothing to distinguish this house from any other, except that there is a railing on the roof, apparently surrounding a water-tank. "Old gent buried up there, sir." "Nonsense: it wouldn't be permitted. Besides, why should it have been attempted?" In a roundabout way you are told that property lay at the bottom of this mysterious arrangement, the mythical "old gent" retaining possession of a certain estate willed to him—and his heirs, I suppose, enjoying the same advantage—so long as his body should remain above ground; a result which this striking mode of sepulture has secured for an indefinite period. Of course you don't believe a word of this wild story. You see at once that the shape of the elevation on the roof-top has appealed to the popular fancy, and so given birth to the tradition. Still, as you ride on, you can hardly fail to recollect that similar legends relating to property and the defeating of heirs thereof are current all over the country, and you speculate whether there must not be some basis of truth in some of them, however little you are disposed to put faith in this particular legend of the Bayswater-road.

Popular impressions of a mythical nature assume many forms. Sometimes we encounter exaggerated notions of municipal institutions,—as, for example, touching the privileges which the freedom of the City confers,—including the privilege the royal family are supposed to prize so highly, namely, the indisputable right of driving a cart through Temple Bar. At other times historical phantoms loom vaguely upon us; as when we are bidden to remember that Vauxhall is named after the arch-conspirator Guido Fawkes, or Vaux, who resided there; an asser-

tion wholly gratuitous and unfounded. The law contributes to the general bewilderment, so numerous are the statutes which have been passed, so many the fictions it has originated, and so ingenious the devices to defeat its operations. Among other points held to be incontrovertible is this, that the legal settlement of those born at sea is in the parish of Stepney. But when one gets entangled in the intricacies of the law it is impossible to know where one is, or to separate fact from fiction with anything like certainty. Is there, for instance,—it has been often asserted that there is,—an act of parliament extant in our metropolitan archives, an act of the 13th Elizabeth, conferring legitimacy on all children born of the virgin queen in or out of wedlock? Again, is it, or is it not, a fact that the privileges of sanctuary still remain in force in Westminster, or a portion of Westminster near the foot of the bridge, so far as arrest for debt is concerned? The story goes that in respect of debtors the old sanctuary privileges remain unrepealed in that district, and that there are not wanting those cunning enough to avail themselves of this legislative oversight. There is one house in particular, a small, unpretending, and unsavoury tavern, always pointed out as a resort of debtors, from the doors of which they are said to set their creditors contumeliously at defiance.

Considering the general want of accurate information on points like those just named, it is not difficult to understand how mythical stories, once set afloat, take hold of the public mind, and retain their vitality even where the means of refuting them lie readily at hand. But the truth is, such things are never practically exploded. What matters it that historians have discovered the story of Whittington and his cat to be a fiction? What if it is proved that he was never poor and penniless, but was the tenderly-nurtured son of Sir William Whittington, knight, and that he owed his great fortune, not to his cat, but to a monopoly granted him for the supply of London with coals? Have these historical facts proved fatal to the legend? Not they; generations to come will still sympathise with the forlorn lad as he sits on the milestone and hears the message of the bells; and still rejoice in the mythical triumphs which his supposititious cat enabled him to achieve. And so with the myths of our own time, the haunting legendary shadows of our own streets; they will die hard, and will give place to others as wild, as unreal, and as full of vitality. And after all, I am not sure that this is to be regretted. Life is full enough of hard facts for a little pleasant fiction to be a relief. The realities it presents are none the worse for the mist-mist of fiction thrown over them. If the ties which bind us to the old city are sometimes a little shadowy and unreal, what matters it? The habit of searching inquiry may be carried too far. The strongholds of ignorance, like those of indolence, have their charms; and I assert emphatically that in respect of these things "ignorance

WILLIAM SAWYER.

THE BROWN LADY

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY, AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," "THE IRON CASKET," ETC.

IN TWO PARTS:—PART I.

CHAPTER I. ADMONITORY.

A BRIGHT day in May; the sun shining as it is wont to shine upon Paris more constantly than we growling islanders—who profit by an occasional wet day in the imperial city, to pretend that if the climate of London is infinitely worse, that of Paris is not much better, than it ought to be—are willing to believe. Sunshine everywhere; in the streets and on the boulevards, touching-up the gilded railings which in Paris always look so provokingly new, whereas whenever we venture on anything of that kind—and, sooth to say, that is discreetly seldom—it is hopelessly tarnished in about a week; pouring into gay gardens full of people possessed of a highly-cultivated faculty for amusing themselves; gently insinuating itself between curtains of silk and lace; peeping into the rooms of the sick, and hinting the nearness of immortality to the dying; showing-off to quite inimitable advantage the treasures of architecture and sculpture with which the wealth and the genius of ages have endowed the chosen city of the modern arts—the grand metropolis of Pleasure. The golden roof of the Sainte Chapelle looks like a piece of the flooring of the Apocalyptic New Jerusalem; and the famous grotesque devil who leers at Paris from Notre Dame, as if he found the spectacle much to his taste, has a golden background. The gleaming radiance dances in shifting ripples in the air; the sky, clear and vaulted, looks amazingly distant and out of reach; and everything has that peculiar holiday air upon it which is so puzzling to British perceptions, and so utterly unattainable by British imitation. Nowhere is the sunshine more splendid than in the noble Rue de Rivoli, and it lights no prettier scene than the interior of a handsome room in a fine hotel, whose tenants are two persons, a man and woman—beautiful bride and noble bridegroom. The windows open on the street, a wide balcony filled with flowers intervening, and the thousand sounds which tell of the life of the *grand monde* invade the privacy of the pair, who seem to like the stir and the sunshine; for the young lady is standing just within the lace curtain, which hides her from view, and the young man is standing beside her, with an arm, against which she leans comfortably, round her slight waist.

"*Tout le monde s'amuse.* Yes, it does indeed; and if it didn't now, and didn't here, it must be a very stupid *monde*, and not at all worth belonging to. *Just look, Burnham*; there goes a carriage full of your

compatriotes; and though they look pleased, there's a slight expression of being rather surprised and just a little ashamed of themselves about them. Ah,"—and the speaker nodded her *piquante* head with quaint gravity,—"it is never thoroughly learned after one is grown up. Now *we* are educated in it."

"In what, Adeline?"

"In the art of amusing ourselves, of course. We find it in our very primers. Tell me, Burnham; when you were taught to read, what were the first sentences you learned?"

"I really cannot remember, but I fancy the usual thing—'This is a cat; a dog has a tail; Tom is a bad boy:' there or thereabouts, I should say."

"Yes, yes; I know your horrible little spelling-books—your *désolant* examples of *instruction primaire*. Now the first reading-lesson I ever learned in my life, and the first rhyme, was

'J'ai un gâteau!
Qu'il est beau!
Mes amis tous,
Réjouissons-nous!'

Simple you will acknowledge, and expressive. Not burdensome to the memory, and inculcating moral sentiments, such as sharing a cake when you have one, and calling on your friends to rejoice. Now that's just the difference between us, you see; you are taught that 'Tom is a bad boy,' and you think it means all the Toms of your acquaintance, and you had better have nothing to say to them; while we—O, how well I remember how we used to sing the praises of the imaginary cake in chorus, and dance round, like this!" And in a moment Lord Burnham found himself skilfully twirled out of his passive attitude and spun round on the floor, after which achievement her ladyship threw herself back in a chair, and laughed one of the most melodious laughs ever uttered by a Frenchwoman.

"Adeline, Adeline, how can you be so absurd!" said the bridegroom, who was sufficiently British of demeanour to think it necessary to protest, but for whom the wild spirits and the droll conceits of the pretty French girl he had married a month before, had a fascination which not the sternest monitor would have counselled him to resist.

"It *isn't* absurd!" she replied; "to be serious, to be dull, to be gloomy, to *parler raison* on such a day as this, is to be absurd—and—and *English!* There now, I declare you are vexed! *Vous avez du pleen*—and you promised you wouldn't, you know."

"Indeed I am not vexed; indeed I have not *du spleen*," Lord Burnham replied, with somewhat needless earnestness, as his bride's sparkling brown eyes might have told him; "but you amuse me out of my sober senses, and I really want to talk to you seriously, you know, before we start for home."

"Indeed!" said Lady Burnham, rising from her seat and approach-

ing her husband with an expression in which a little apprehension mingled with girlish glee. "Then let us go to the Bois; the day is too beautiful; I can't talk or listen seriously here."

She rang the bell as she spoke. It was promptly answered by her footman.

"Send my maid here, and let the carriage come round as quickly as possible."

In a few minutes Lady Burnham, attired in a marvellous combination of silk, lace, embroidered muslin, and primrose-coloured ribbon, was seated in an open carriage of the newest and most elegant construction, and, her bridegroom by her side, was being whirled by her English thoroughbreds, the admiration and the envy of the Parisian *beau monde*, towards the Bois de Boulogne. On whatever subject her husband had wished to speak to her, it was evidently not one which had the effect of decreasing her gaiety or in any way troubling her spirit, for her face was wreathed in smiles as she returned the salutations of their numerous acquaintance, and looked up ever and anon in Lord Burnham's face from the shelter of a bouquet of choice flowers.

The drive was prolonged until the dusk, and the young pair returned to their hotel only in time to dress for dinner. As they parted to seek their dressing-rooms, Lord Burnham said with a smile:

"*Convenu?*"

"*Convenu*," she replied, "provided you don't make me stay [illegible] day longer than you actually must."

When Lord Burnham was out of his wife's sight, and [illegible] influence of her sweet voice and her sunny smiles, he [illegible] rather serious, and after a while his expression became [illegible] tive. He paced his room from end to end, his face [illegible] troubled expression, until he suddenly exclaimed [illegible] write to Madeleine; she will befriend her;" and wi[illegible] tranquillity came back to him. He took a letter fro[illegible] and threw it into a drawer, which he locked with [illegible] puts out of sight a displeasing object. He had [illegible] with the intention of showing it to his wife, [illegible] so; and now he excused his weakness of pur[illegible] that it was better not to let her see it; th[illegible] peculiarities of style which no Frenchwom[illegible] with the English tongue, could completely [illegible] only have given her an exaggerated id[illegible] he apprehended. No; it was decidedly [illegible]

Lady Burnham, on the contrary, [illegible] alone, and said to herself, "If he lo[illegible] odious English *morgue*, I might fe[illegible] *d'alles*."

Anyone who had seen her as [illegible] her entire figure was reflected, wi[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] of rigorous [illegible] of luxurious [illegible] shoulders worn [illegible] of her own dream [illegible] for their [illegible] of fair and blue [illegible] her mind's requi[illegible] there [illegible] the expression of extreme [illegible] of warm color of beauty. L[illegible] refined and delicate, and chi[illegible] of the large rich brown eyes, th[illegible] in colour, and th[illegible] Frenchwoman such a mouth. A[illegible] and her face downcast, the beautiful [illegible] a little and showed the whole row of teeth [illegible] a magical smile caused th[illegible] such to be at once displayed and co[illegible] beauty of feature an[illegible] was also delicate; and the mo[illegible] advocate of blonde loveliness would not ha[illegible] Lady Burnham was beautiful.

There was one peculiarity about her, that though her beauty w[illegible] her manners were not "French." A *jeune personne* [illegible] after the approved method, would not have be[illegible] in the early days of her marriage, from the colourle[illegible] enforced by a whole code of petty prescriptions an[illegible] she would have emancipated herself by a reactionar[illegible] much as variance with good taste. She might have be[illegible] she might have been impudent, but she could not hav[illegible] the airy graceful self-possession, the perfect individualit[illegible] luxury, combined with sweetness and enlivened by [illegible] girlish gaiety, which made this young Frenchwom[illegible] and so unlike her fair compatriots on the[illegible]

[illegible] phase of existence into that o[illegible]

[illegible] Burnham had not had the ordinary [illegible]

[illegible] her class. While her maid, Zelie Hu[illegible]

[illegible] exception to her class, is ar[illegible]

[illegible] hair, let us briefly tell the [illegible]

[illegible] had the good fortune to captivate the

been so popular in Paris, and was supposed to be an exception to the English malady of "the spleen."

The father of Adeline de Beaucour was a man of rank, who thought more of his large fortune than of his good blood, and held his political aspirations and successes in higher estimation than either. A free-thinker in everything, of striking and practical abilities, his inherited advantages were such as to enable him to *arriver*, while his personal qualities would, under any circumstances, have enabled him to *parvenir*. He had lived always a brilliant, prosperous, influential life before the world, was a man of much mark, and of illimitable *avenir* among the adaptations and creations of the second Empire, and loved only two human beings in the world—himself and his beautiful daughter. His wife died in the third year of their marriage, and he had never thought of replacing her. He did not trouble himself about the family name; he was too much *empire* in his ways of thinking for that; and the wealth with which his daughter should be endowed would enable him to indulge himself by carrying out an idea which was a novelty indeed, for it was no other than that, when the proper time should arrive, he—of course, having taken care that she should have no ineligible associates—would permit Adeline to marry the man of her choice, dispensing with family interventions, and relegating her fate altogether from the region of wise and advantageous bargains. Held by his friends to be *un peu original* already, if he had given utterance to any revolt of opinion, or intention, against the sacred French institution of the *mariage de convenance*, they would have considered him hopelessly eccentric; so he said nothing, but acted, in regard to Adeline as his peculiar views dictated. He procured for her a large and liberal education under his own surveillance; and, intending her to choose her own lot, in so far as a woman can choose, he endeavoured to give her just views of life and human nature, content to guide her judgment, without controlling her will by imprisoning her intelligence.

He made her his companion, and contrived that, without too utterly outraging the opinions of the world of Paris and the provinces, Adeline would associate with his friends almost as freely as an English girl might have done under similar circumstances. The result was entirely felicitous—the handsome, clever, happy French girl profited by her exceptional circumstances to the full extent of her exceptional intelligence and organisation, and when the moment came at which her heart "spoke," it spoke in favour of one whom her father would have evidently desired for her husband had he reserved for himself, after French fashion, the power of disposing of his daughter as *per contra*.

Walter Viscount Burnham was the only son of an English earl, a fact which M. de Beaucour, notwithstanding that he was *en-fant* in his way of thinking, appreciated,—fairly rich for his present station, and with a great inheritance in the future; a young man of ability *and reputation, held in* esteem in M. de Beaucour's own circle,

and well received in certain more exclusive French cliques which were not in the least *empire*. The advantage of that fact to his daughter M. de Beaucour also understood. He was too thorough a Frenchman to dissociate Adeline's future from France and the objects prized by French people, and though a brilliant exception to French ignorance of the English social system, he did not altogether comprehend the significance of the rank and position which were to be hers as the wife of Walter Viscount Burnham. That young nobleman had not been accustomed to put restraint upon his inclinations, which had happily never been vicious, and very rarely harmful; and now, when he fell in love in all the strength and meaning of the phrase with Adeline de Beaucour, he did not allow the idea that his father and mother would probably dislike such a marriage for him to distress him in the least. They did not like it, even when they had had it satisfactorily explained to them that Adeline was well-born and wealthy. Her being a foreigner was "such a very dreadful thing," and there was dear little Lady Laura Grantley just come out, whom Burnham's lady mother had always intended to have as a daughter-in-law; if something better did not turn up. This, though the Countess of Marlesdale was not a fool by any means, and yet, if she had been ever so strictly cross-examined, could not have put in evidence a single instance in which her son had sacrificed his own inclinations for the gratification of any cherished wish of hers. The Earl was not exactly pleased, but then he was not exactly displeased, which indeed was his general condition of mind; happily indifferent to anything which did not affect his chief interests in life—his stud and his field-sports. But he liked quiet, and it was easier and more politic for him to take the part of his wife who was present, and could make him actively uncomfortable, against the son who was absent, and could only grumble from a distance. Besides, he believed, and secretly hoped, it would not make much difference to Burnham. His lordship was right—it did not make much difference to Burnham, who wooed and won his beautiful bride, and suffered no further inconvenience from the parental displeasure than the awkwardness of being obliged to invent excuses for the non-appearance of the ladies of his family at his wedding; an unfortunate circumstance which he imputed to his mother's delicate health. Then the French ladies opined that the Countess suffered from *le spleen*, and that Adeline's *beau mariage* might be slightly spoiled by the element of a splenetic mother-in-law. Burnham knew that in the time to come Adeline must find out the truth. But when that time should come, they would be so completely united that anything which did not vex him would scarcely vex her; and besides, who could doubt that his beautiful amiable young wife would soon win the admiration and affection of his family? That she should win their regard he considered most desirable even in his most careless moods, for he did not think women could be "comfortable without that sort of thing;" by

which vague phrase the Viscount meant family union and mutual respect.

The wedding went off brilliantly; the bridegroom conforming in all respects to French usages, to the horror and indignation of the Countess, who declared that the family of Marlesdale was for ever disgraced by such a "compromise," and was not to be convinced that a French lady must be married in France according to French law. The Earl of Marlesdale was present, in consequence of strong representations made by the family lawyer, who had gone to Paris about the settlements, and who, having discovered that the Viscount was making "a deuced good match," did not hesitate to say so, though he thereby incurred the infliction of a long and highly-scriptural letter from the Countess, requiring to know whether he considered "filthy lucre" an equivalent for the degradation of the house of Raby? Mr. Wilcox took no notice of the epistle, and the Earl acted on his solicitor's advice. He was too good a judge of beauty and manners not to admire his son's bride unfeignedly, and too urbane not to congratulate his son eloquently, and to make himself very agreeable to all parties concerned.

But the Earl of Marlesdale was occasionally apt to err on the side of caution in his domestic demeanour, and he made a mistake of that kind on the occasion in question. On his return to Marlesdale, he said so much about the bride's fortune, and so little about her face, her manners, or her "style," that he produced an effect on which he had not calculated. His wife firmly believed that he had found all the forebodings about the "foreign person" in which she had indulged realised, and that the only consolation under the circumstances was to be derived from M. de Beaucour's wealth, and Burnham's present and future share of it. Under this impression the Countess wrote to her son the letter which he had intended to show to his wife, but which, after their conversation during their drive in the Bois, he carefully locked up, lest by any chance she might see it.

Chapter II.

AT BURNHAM CASTLE.

The chief residence of the Earl of Marlesdale, Burnham Castle—situate in the heart of a beautiful midland county, in a park famous for its timber, was a stately seigneurial dwelling, of irregular but imposing architecture, built of deep-red brick, which showed warmly amid the profuse green of the noble trees, faced with white cut stone, and abounding in turrets, chimneys, and windows of quaint devices, the latter glowing with colour, and superb in blazonry—was the beau-ideal of a country residence. Terraces, vases, "wildernesses," ornamental water, strutting peacocks, aviaries, fountains of Italian workmanship, and gardens in the Italian style—charmingly contrasting and combining with the good old-fashioned garden and rosery in the near

neighbourhood of the stables, which the Earl's good taste had preserved intact amid all the improvements of a scientific age—were to be seen at Burnham. Nothing was wanting to render the place a charming subject for a delicate engraving, illustrative of the "stately homes of England," and a pleasant home to which to introduce a young, handsome, well-born, well-bred, well-dowered bride. As a feature of local interest, as a show-place, though there were some quite first-class lions of historical magnitude in the vicinity, Burnham was perfect; it had even the highly-desirable, if not indispensable, ghost to recommend it. The last item in its treasures was more prized by the neighbours and the sightseers than by the noble occupants of the castle. It was indeed generally understood that the Countess particularly objected to the ghost; in which, though not a romantic or imaginative person in general, she was said firmly to believe.

Nothing could be more unlike the resort of anything uncanny than was Burnham on a certain evening, a week later than that on which Lord Burnham changed his mind about letting his beautiful, wilful, gay young bride see his mother's letter. The sunshine which had been flooding Paris with light for a month previously, was now giving England a turn, and was bidding Burnham a brief good-night with gorgeous ceremony and splendour. The westward-facing front of the house was all a-fire with the slanting parting rays, and the rich colours of the painted scutcheons which adorned the windows blazed and glowed like heraldic work done in jewels. The faint stir of expectation which represents emotion and welcome in a great house was perceptible. Men-servants mustered strong in the grand hall, women-servants flitted about the stairs and corridors, and made furtive excursions into the spacious drawing-rooms in order to look out of the windows. Lord and Lady Burnham were coming home, and there was general curiosity—tempered, among the "serious" portion of the *ratelaille*, notably the Countess's own maid and own footman, with much disapprobation and terrible misgivings—to see "the foreigner."

The Earl of Marlesdale, although really very glad to see his son at home again, and by no means dissatisfied with the marriage he had made, was not particularly excited about the event, and in pursuance of his usual predilection for a quiet life, remained in his own apartments, and left the women to do all the watching and waiting and guessing, all the gushing and welcoming and criticism by themselves. "The women," as the Earl irreverently termed in his thoughts the Countess of Marlesdale and the Ladies Blanche and Madeleine Raby, were in the Countess's morning-room, which opened on the terrace, and each of the three was, in her respective fashion, occupied with the approaching event.

Lady Marlesdale and her elder daughter, Lady Blanche, a pale, formal, severe, and stupid-looking young woman of four-and-twenty, were seated at a table covered with particoloured scraps of cotton

fabric and scattered working-materials, suggestive of the nature of their recently-abandoned occupation, which was, in fact, the manufacture of a large patchwork quilt. They were fond of cheap charity and of monotonous occupation; and the fabrication of patchwork quilts for the old women who lived in the Burnham almhouses—an institution founded and endowed by the preceding Lady Marlesdale—furnished them with both. Many placid hours of companionship did mother and daughter thus enjoy, during which their talk would usually turn on the "dangerous" nature of all religious opinions but their own, the "soundness" of the Reverend Josiah Crawler—lately presented by the Earl to the living of Burnham, and a respectful, indeed reverential, admirer of the Lady Blanche, who was good enough to select his texts and revise his sermons—and the lamentable latitudinarianism of "their" Bishop. According to her very narrow notions and her feebly-twinkling light, Lady Blanche Raby was a good young woman; but she was decidedly not beautiful, a fact at which the Countess might have been sufficiently left to herself to repine, but for the superior piety and wisdom of Lady Blanche, who took frequent occasion to comment upon the lasting dangers and the evanescent attractions of good looks, and to register solemn acts of gratitude to "Providence," which had not spread that awful snare for her feet. Providence had been equally considerate in not spreading the snare for anybody else's feet, however,—Lady Blanche was not only unmarried, but had never had an offer; and this state of things did unmistakably annoy the Countess, who had a suspicion that not only her daughter's spiritual gifts and superiority awed and repelled the selecting sex, but that the smallness of her fortune, very disproportionate to her rank, had something to do with it. A sincerely pious woman in her narrow way, Lady Marlesdale had no toleration in her nature, and very little power of sympathising with feelings even when she did not blame them. She had no intimate friendships, and loved no human being beyond the strict limits of her family. Quite unconsciously, she was very mean and mercenary, and also excessively proud. If her secret convictions could have been laid open to view, it would have been found that she regarded an hereditary peerage in this world as a kind of patent of precedence in the kingdom of heaven. She loved her husband after her fashion, but she snubbed and bored him; and she loved her son very much more, and with a strong dash of jealousy in her affection, which threatened to endanger the peace of a resident daughter-in-law. Such were two of the three ladies who were awaiting the arrival of Lord and Lady Burnham. The third was wholly unlike them in person and in mind. As she stood just outside the open window, in a convenient position for joining in the conversation going on inside the room, and yet which enabled her to see farther down the noble avenue of elms from under the pretty white hands arched over her eyes, Lady Madeleine Raby formed an attractive picture. She was in her twentieth year, of a slight, elegant, *petite*

figure, which did not lack dignity, and with a clear-cut, refined, soft-complexioned, gray-eyed face, which never failed to charm at the first look, and never lost an admirer it had once won. She was like her brother, but not so handsome, and though there was nothing markedly intellectual in her expression, it was impossible to mistake the gentle womanly intelligence and sweetness of her character. Lord Burnham had done wisely in resolving to seek her affection and interest for his brilliantly-beautiful, recklessly-clever, and unconventional wife. Lady Madeleine, in her secret heart and sometimes in a moment of unguarded expression, looked forward to the arrival of her sister-in-law with more of impatient hope and girlish curiosity than her mother and sister could understand or sympathise with. Indeed, they did not understand or sympathise much with Madeleine in general; but she did not get on badly with them for all that: her sunny nature warmed even their narrow and chilly hearts towards her, and Lady Marlesdale's self-complacent and far-reaching egotism secured her from the possibility of finding serious fault with anyone who possessed the indisputable advantage of being *her* daughter. Lady Madeleine was a happy girl, and her home-life was happy, though she did sometimes wish mamma and Blanche were just a little less spiritually-minded, a little more susceptible to the charms and delights of a London season. The anticipation of "coming out," in the full meaning of that dazzling phrase, under the auspices of her sister-in-law, who was certain to be popular in society if she at all resembled the portrait which Burnham had drawn of her in his strictly-private letters to Madeleine (who was emphatically his favourite sister—indeed, he rather disliked and altogether despised the Lady Blanche), was a strong ingredient in the pleasure with which Madeleine regarded her brother's marriage. She had had two "seasons" already, but in her mother's, not her own, interpretation of the expression. The new-married couple were to have a house in London, where the Marlesdales did not possess a family mansion, and to do their *villeggiatura* at Burnham; a process which Lady Burnham had privately resolved to curtail as much as possible, and also to vary by seeing not a little of her native Paris.

"I think I hear the carriage, mamma," said Lady Madeleine, without turning her head, or relaxing the fixed gaze with which she was regarding the long avenue of elms.

"Very likely," said Lady Marlesdale; "they are much after their time already. Not that I expected punctuality."

"From Burnham? I should think not!" said Lady Blanche.

"From Lady Burnham I principally meant, my dear; a foreign education is not likely, I fear, to inculcate that due regard for others which, among other and greater proprieties, includes punctuality."

"O mamma," rejoined Madeleine, "it wasn't an English king who said punctuality was the politeness of princes! I'm right," she con-

tinued eagerly, "here they come! I shall run round to the hall.—Won't you come, Blanche?"

"Thank you," replied that young lady with calm indifference, "I shall wait until they are announced."

Madeleine ran with a light step along the terrace—from whence the advancing carriage was now distinctly visible—to the grand entrance. In a few minutes the travellers had arrived, had alighted, the bustle of reception was at its height, and Lady Marlesdale and her elder daughter had fully recognised the mistake they had made, in concluding that because the Earl had said very little about the appearance and manners of his son's bride, there was nothing favourable to be said. Lady Madeleine was dazzled and delighted; Lady Blanche was surprised, and in spite of herself, pleased. The effect on the Countess of her daughter-in-law's beauty, grace, fascination, and perfect ease of manner—in which there was not a touch of insolence or want of deference, not a shade of anything which the least friendly criticism could call ill-bred—was more decided and remarkable.

When the commotion had subsided, and Lady Burnham, accompanied by Lady Madeleine, had been installed in her apartments, the Countess and her husband found themselves alone for a few minutes. Lord Marlesdale looked inquiringly, perhaps a little timidly, at his wife before he said, "Well, my dear, and what do you think of her?"

"I had no idea she was so handsome," replied Lady Marlesdale, but her tone was absent, her look *distraite*.

"I thought you would be agreeably surprised," said the Earl [illegible] did not say much about her looks, because I think one never [illegible] anything from a description. Time to get ready for dinner, is it [illegible] And then his lordship, feeling like an individual who had got [illegible] scrape with unexpected, perhaps unmerited, facility, took himself [illegible]

Lady Marlesdale sat down in her dressing-room and thought [illegible] Her face was pale and troubled, and an emotion possessed [illegible] she could not shake off, and yet resented. She was frightened [illegible] idea which had struck her, and angry with herself, first [illegible] struck her, and then because it had the power to frighten [illegible] maid found her still seated, motionless and brooding, [illegible] she were ill.

"No," said Lady Marlesdale, rousing herself [illegible] is time to dress, I see. Wait here for me, I shall [illegible] stely."

The sun had gone down, and the shadows [illegible] were spreading themselves over the house [illegible] mounted the gr[illegible]nd entered the lib[illegible] most solemn [illegible] At the upper [illegible] its hinges [illegible] is the white [illegible] of painting [illegible]

from above, and had a door at either end; but these doors, as well as three others, opening respectively from the library, the hall, and the great dining-room, were skilfully masked by pictures, so that when they were all shut there was no appearance of any entrance. The picture-gallery was lighted from the top by gas, artistically disposed and softened. The present being a gala occasion, the gallery was to be lighted, and the servants had given it precedence. When Lady Marlesdale passed through the dim library into the picture-gallery she was startled for a moment by the brilliant effect. The long line of family portraits which occupied the opposite wall could be seen from end to end with perfect distinctness, and her eye lighted without hesitation upon the picture she had come to look at. As her glance fell upon it, her hand left the heavy door, and it shut softly. She was quite alone with the lifeless thing she had come to see. For a moment she shrank back and closed her eyes, the next she stepped across the crimson carpet and stood before a large picture, inscribed upon whose frame was a date not less than two centuries old.

The painting was a remarkable one, because it was finely executed, because the portrait had the peculiar unmistakable stamp upon it of a true likeness — that inexplicable look which makes the observer feel exactly what the living face was at the time when the painter looked into it. It was also remarkable for the simplicity of its composition, for the absence of the sentimentalism and the trickery which portrait-painting of its date revelled in. The background was a garden-scene; the portrait was that of a woman, young, beautiful, and of a haughty carriage. She stood close to a rose-bush, from which she had just gathered two rich red roses, and held them carelessly in her hand. The style of her beauty was peculiar, the perfection of the brunette, brilliant, full of life and expression. In the tall full figure grace and dignity were combined, and set-off by the remarkable dress, whose material was of satin, its colour a chocolate-brown, relieved by rich lace at the neck, and ruffles of the same. The long sweeping train was flung back by a careless gesture of the disengaged hand, and the skirt, raised a little, displayed a perfect foot, incased in a high-heeled satin shoe, also of chocolate-brown, clasped at the instep by a square buckle of diamonds. A star of similar jewels was set in the lady's clustering brown hair, which was raised high off her broad brow, and fell in heavy curls on her sloping polished shoulders.

Lady Marlesdale gazed upon this portrait with a look of concentrated painful attention. Her features were rather commonplace, though passably handsome, and it required some very strong emotion to render them expressive. That strong emotion was working within her now, no one could have doubted who saw how the face changed.

"It was no fancy," she said to herself, "it was not an imagination; I did not think it merely because she has a brown complexion and wonderful brown eyes, and because I do not and cannot like a

eigner and a Papist, and feel that there is ill-luck in her coming re. It is no fancy. This girl might be the original of that picture she might be the French countess, the wicked French queen's wicked mpanion, herself as handsome, perhaps as wicked too. I never saw ything so extraordinary,—the same brow, the same eyes, the same ile, the same look of power about her, and yet of sunny youth and dishness. I wish she had never crossed Burnham's path,—I wish had taken her money and her beauty anywhere else. I dreaded her ore I saw her, and now I know why."

Lady Marlesdale twice tried to turn away from the portrait, before did so. It seemed to fascinate her; the large liquid brilliant eyes ked full at her, and seemed to read and ridicule her thoughts. She not an imaginative woman, but she was superstitious, and a fear, ne the less painful that it seemed wholly groundless and unreal, was her heart. At length, with a heavy sigh, she turned her eyes from canvas, and passed through the door by which she had entered. ere was something which thrilled her nerves in the notion of the itary brilliantly-lighted gallery, where this one picture seemed, alone all the paintings around, *to live*, the central object in the light and silence. When Lady Marlesdale reached her dressing-room, her aid was waiting her arrival. It was more than time to dress for nner. The operations of the toilette were performed in almost broken silence, much to the disappointment of the "serious" maid, ho would have liked to have ventured a little depreciation of the oridly vanities of wealth and beauty in general, and of Lady urnham's wealth and beauty in particular. But Lady Marlesdale ve her no chance, and she was obliged to reserve her moralisings r the sympathising ears of the "serious" footman. The dinner d the evening passed off with about as much pleasure to the mates of Burnham Castle as might be anticipated when a family ceives the addition of a new and unknown member, all the more a anger because of the conventional familiarity of a formal relationship. But if the enjoyment was little, the awkwardness was less. The bride's anners were so perfect that they carried the difficult position with iumphant ease. Only a "foreign person" could have made herself so uch at home, Lady Blanche felt; but even she could not blame the fect of the foreign breeding, though she was too conscientious not to ity and condemn its cause. Lord Marlesdale had all his unexpressed convictions of his daughter-in-law's good qualities confirmed; Lady adeleine rejoiced with all her heart that fate had sent such an unpeakably-charming creature into the family circle; and Lord Burnham lt that he had never loved his beautiful wife half enough before; had ver appreciated her talent, her tact, her grace, sufficiently; in short, was intoxicated with pride and delight. Lady Marlesdale did not quit herself badly in her novel and unpleasant position. There was ough of the polite and observant hostess, if there was nothing of the

affectionate relative, in her manner. But her son had not anticipated more; indeed, was pleasantly surprised at so much. The truth was that Lady Marlesdale, though she knew that she should never like her daughter-in-law, and though she had no serious intention of trying to like her, had felt rather ashamed of herself when the first painful impression of the likeness she had discovered passed away, and strove during the whole evening, to put its remembrance out of her mind. Her creed was narrow, and her nature was unamiable; but she was not a bad woman in her own little ignorant way, and she deserved some credit for her puny attempts at self-conquest. The judgment pronounced on Lady Burnham by the household was almost unanimous. She was the handsomest lady they had ever seen, for an Englishwoman even, let alone for a foreign person; and they did think his lordship was in the right; which, if the mamzell, her ladyship's maid, was only civil and agreeable, and didn't give them none of her foreign airs, everythink would be 'appy and comfortable. The serious maid and the footman to match were the only dissentients; but they were too wise to make open opposition—they merely exchanged looks and groans.

"Well, my darling, how do you like them all? And what do you think of old Burnham?" asked Lord Burnham of his beautiful wife, within the first moment of their welcome solitude. He had placed himself on a footstool beside the sofa on which she lay, in a long white dressing-gown, her brown hair hanging loosely over her shoulders. He took a long tress, and twined it round his fingers as he spoke.

"As if I could tell you all in a minute, and when I'm so tired," said his wife. "You have no reasonableness, sir; I'll tell you in a week."

"Nonsense, Adeline; tell me now. As if it ever took you a week to make up your mind about anything!"

Lady Burnham laughed. "Let my hair alone," she said; "you are pulling it out by the roots, you rough Englishman. I will tell you something about it. I like your father; and Madeleine is a perfect darling—she and I will be the greatest friends; but Blanche is very odd. Is she stupid, Burnham; or very good; or what is she?"

"I believe she is both," replied Burnham, with a smile.

"Very likely," said Adeline seriously. "At all events, I don't think I shall ever understand her, or make her understand me. But I do not think I need mind her much; if we don't coalesce, we shan't clash."

She paused here, sat up, and began to twist the rich masses of her hair. Then she covered them with a silken net, and yawned as if she had suddenly become very sleepy. This device to evade further questions did not, however, succeed.

"Come, Adeline," said Lord Burnham, "you have not told me how you like the Castle, and what you think of my mother."

There was a little embarrassment in her tone as she replied, "I

e not seen much of the Castle yet, but I am delighted with what I e seen—how could I be otherwise? It is splendid in its way, and t way is so unlike everything French, that it has the charm of elty in addition to its beauty, and to its being your home. Now go off to your dressing-room, Burnham—I am really tired, and can't k any more."

Lord Burnham sat down upon the sofa beside his wife, put his ht arm around her, and gently turned her face towards him with left hand. She did not resist him, but her eyelids drooped, and the lour deepened in her cheeks.

"Adeline," he said gently, but as if he were in earnest and meant to attend to him, "you are trying to avoid answering me: you e some reason for this. Why will you not tell me what you think my mother? Has she failed in anything towards you? You shall stay here a day if she has," he added impetuously.

"No, Burnham, no; I assure you she has not—indeed you are ong, but her manner is different from the others', and as she is of e importance to me, I did not like to judge her too soon, or to give y to any fancy about her. But since I must tell you, I don't think impressed her favourably at all. You know I have queer notions etimes, and you have more than once laughed at my reading of pressions; well, at dinner I frequently caught your mother's eye, d whenever I did so, I felt that she was looking at me with dislike—ah! let me explain—not dislike *of me* so much as the feeling with ich we look at a face which brings a disagreeable association with —a face like one which we dislike."

"Absurd, Adeline," said Lord Burnham; "how could my mother anyone have an unpleasant association with a face like yours? Noing can be less likely than that she ever saw anyone like you, my ling. You are wrong for once; and it is not like yourself, my Ade-e, to let such an idea interfere with anything so really important as t you and my mother should get on well together. She is rather judiced against everyone who is not born in her country and bred her religion—though she is far from being so great a fool as Blanche, ays remember—and she is not blessed with a particularly amiable pression of countenance. There is the whole explanation, and the tter is in your hands. My mother will no more hold out against , if you choose to conquer her, than my mother's son did."

Lady Burnham appeared to accept her husband's explanation and urance, and was genuinely glad to be relieved from any further dis-sion of the subject; but neither made the least impression on her d.

The Countess of Marlesdale was a peeress of exemplary punctuality, her house was regulated, in point of the observance of that virtue, h extreme nicety. She had expected to suffer a good deal of annoy-

beauty, and pleased with her dress. [illegible]
thrown over her arm, and had just [illegible]
her bouquet; Madeleine was looking [illegible]
your train down, Adeline," said [illegible]
st as you were when you passed [illegible]
oked at him, smiling, with her [illegible]
h folds of her white-satin train, and [illegible]
of her hand which slightly raised the [illegible]
r foot in its high-heeled satin shoe.
s it!" exclaimed Madeleine; "now I [illegible]
puzzled me; now I know who Adeline [illegible]
Burnham?—(Take care, mamma; your [illegible]
coat in a minute.)—She is the very [illegible]

LONDON THEATRES AND LONDON ACTORS

BY WALTER THORNBURY

No. III. Drury-lane Theatre (*continued*).

MISS BELLAMY—JOHN PALMER—HENDERSON—MRS. SIDDONS—KEMBLE.

SHERIDAN'S first effort for his new theatre was an alteration of Vanbrugh's licentious comedy *The Relapse*, which the more modern writer called *A Trip to Scarborough*. In 1777 he again burst the chains of indolence, and broke upon the world with that finest and most popular comedy in the English language, *The School for Scandal*. The brilliant manager was then only six-and-twenty. The play was an amalgamation of several dramatic efforts, and had been polished with incredible labour. Garrick and the best judges were enraptured, but Mrs. Candour was as busy as ever. The plot was said to have been stolen from a rejected play sent to the manager by a certain anonymous young lady, who had died of consumption, considerately and at exactly the right time, in Thames-street. Joseph and Charles, Backbite observed, were evidently Bliful and Tom Jones in new clothes; the return of Sir Oliver was traceable to *Sidney Biddulph*, a novel by Sheridan's mother; and the famous scandal scene at Lady Sneerwell's was borrowed from the *Misanthrope* of Molière.

Sheridan was daring in his denials. He asserted loudly all through his life that he had never read a line of Wycherley, had never seen Garrick act, and had never sat a play out since he was born. One thing is singular—he never published in England a corrected edition of *The School for Scandal*, and told Mr. Ridgway as an excuse (having been paid for the copyright), that he had been nineteen years trying to satisfy himself with the style, and had never succeeded. Our English play-writers borrow so remorselessly from the Gauls, that it is a satisfaction to note that Sheridan's comedy has been translated into French in countless versions, and under many different names. There is a stage tradition that Sheridan was, as usual, terribly procrastinating in producing the play. On the last slip he wrote, "Finished at last; thank God!—R. B. SHERIDAN." Below this the prompter added his devout response, "Amen.—W. HOPKINS."

In 1778 the daring financier, as reckless as Midas with his power of turning all he touched to gold, bought out Mr. Lacy for more than 45,000*l.*, and Dr. Ford for 77,000*l.*

In 1779, the year he wrote the monody on the death of Garrick, Sheridan produced the farce of *The Critic*, a play founded on the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal* and *Fielding's Pasquin and Historical*

Register. He was already as large a borrower of wit as he was of money. Moore has pointed out that Burleigh's celebrated shake of the head is to be found in *Fielding's Register;* just as Sir Fretful's famous simile about plagiarists — comparing them to gipsies, who disfigure stolen children to make them pass for their own—exists verbatim in one of Churchill's poems.

In 1792 Sheridan's affairs became hopelessly entangled. At that unfortunate crisis the prying surveyors, indifferent to the distress of the manager, who was just then agonised by the recent death of his wife, reported Drury-lane Theatre as unsafe, and incapable of repair. It was tottering, like its owner's health and credit, and it symbolised his decline. Sheridan and Linley, ever daring in such matters, at once proposed to raise 15,000*l.* by means of three hundred debentures of 50*l.* each. While paying interest for this loan, the company all the time playing at the Opera and Haymarket at an enormous expense, the reckless manager was actually maintaining three establishments—one at Wanstead for his son and his tutor, a second at Isleworth, and a third in Jermyn-street.

In 1794 a new theatre was built by Henry Holland. It was to have cost 75,000*l.*, but architects have expansive minds and receptive pockets, and the bricks and mortar eventually absorbed more than 150,000*l.*, so only part of the debt was paid off, and a claim of 70,000*l.* remained upon the property. In 1796 Sheridan, who was never very enthusiastic about Shakespeare, produced Ireland's impudent forgery of *Vortigern*, paying the lad 300*l.* down for the shameless imposture, which the manager's keen eye should have detected at the first glance.

In 1798 Kotzebue's *Stranger* appeared, and has ever since held the stage, puling and false as is its sentiment, and detestable as is its morality. Sheridan assured Mr. Rogers that he wrote every word of the play as at present acted; and in 1799 he furnished many additions to a bombastical translation of *Rolla*. Some clap-trap denunciations of Bonaparte, and a happy bit of stage-effect, secured its success.

The Drury-lane property was still wallowing in a slough of debt, Chancery-Court crows were hovering over it ceaselessly, when one February night in 1809 it took fire and was destroyed. Sheridan was at the House of Commons at the time, preparing to speak in a debate on the Spanish war, when an ominous crimson glare lit St. Stephen's windows. The House, full of sympathy, proposed at once to adjourn; but Sheridan, always chivalrous, rose and calmly said, "that whatever might be the extent of the private calamity, he hoped it would not interfere with the public business of the country." He arrived too late to save even a harpsichord of his wife's, which he specially valued. He is reported to have coolly proceeded to the Piazza Coffee-house and discussed a soothing bottle of wine. "Surely," he said, [illegible] be no harm in a man taking a glass of wine by his own fire-[illegible] every joke of those days was attributed to Sheridan.

There now grew up a scheme for building a third winter theatre, and this rivalry Sheridan had to fight tooth and nail. The projectors' arguments were, the distance of Drury Lane from the "politer streets," the small number of its side-boxes, and the inconvenient earliness of the hour of opening.

By a new agreement in 1811 Sheridan was to receive 20,000*l.* for his moiety (he paying off the Linley family), and an additional sum of 4,000*l.* for the property of the fruit-offices and the reversion of boxes and shares. His son Thomas was to be paid 12,000*l.* for his quarter of the patent property. Mr. Whitbread, the great brewer of Chiswell-street, Finsbury, was energetic in urging forward the rebuilding of Drury Lane, and disentangling the cords of debt that bound Sheridan; but Whitbread was ruthless and inflexible in his resolve not to allow the great wit to obtain any power in the new management.

For three years after the rebuilding Sheridan would never enter the theatre; but in 1815 Lord Essex one night persuaded him to go and see Kean. Missing Sheridan between the acts, Lord Essex sought him behind the scenes, and found him at last in the greenroom surrounded by the delighted actors, who were drinking bumpers to the health of the great writer of *The School for Scandal.* A week after, Dr. Bair pronounced his life in danger. He died in July 1816. A few days before his death, Sheridan had written that affecting letter to Rogers the poet, asking for 150*l.*: "They are going to put the carpets out of window, and break into Mrs. S.'s room and take me. For God's sake let me see you." Rogers and Tom Moore instantly went to Saville-row: the servant spoke to them from the area, and told them it was all safe for that night, but that the house was to be pasted with bills in the morning. Overwhelmed with debt, and worn out with drinking, Sheridan died reproaching Whitbread for not having advanced him some of the thousands of pounds still due to him, as he believed, from Drury Lane.

The new Drury-Lane Theatre, built by Mr. B. Wyatt, one of the well-known family of architects, was opened in 1812. The house held 800 persons less than its predecessor. Mr. Whitbread and a committee had erected it, and purchased the old patent's right by means of a subscription of 400,000*l.* Of this, 20,000*l.* had been paid to Sheridan, and the same sum to the other patentees. The creditors of the old house took a quarter of what they claimed in full payment, and the Duke of Bedford generously abandoned a claim for 12,000*l.* The new company consisted of Elliston, Dowton, Bannister, Wallack, Wewitzer, Mrs. Glover, Miss Kelly, and Miss Mellon. Charles Kemble and Grimaldi were in the rival house, joined in the next season by John Kemble, Conway, Terry, and Mathews. The Drury-Lane proprietors, anxious to secure an opening address equal to that written by Dr. Johnson for Garrick, advertised for a suitable poem, offered twenty guineas for the prize, and promised a free and open competition. The result was that every rhyming fool in London sent verses. The proprietors were in despair; till at

Lord Byron, at the request of Lord Holland, wrote an address. Mr. liston delivered the lines, which the critics, however, thought tame; so the scribblers had their revenge. The brothers Smith, seizing the opportunity for parody, caricatured Scott's mediævalism, Crabbe's meanness, and Wordsworth's platitudes with excellent humour. The pyright of their inimitable book, for which Mr. Murray refused to give l., was purchased by him in 1819, after the sixteenth edition, for l. So much for the perceptive faculties of authors' middlemen. The den statue of Shakespeare over the entrance of old Drury Lane was gift of Mr. Whitbread. It was executed by Cheere, the leaden-figure n of Hyde-park-corner, from a design by Scheemakers, a native of twerp, and the master of Nollekens.

About 1749, Woodward, who had been harlequin to Rich, was en-ged by Garrick to play Bobadil to his Kitely. He soon became inent in depicting fops, rascals, simpletons, and the lighter Shake-earian characters. He died in 1776 from an injury he received in mping on a table in the character of Scrub. Churchill ridiculed his oking and extravagance; but no one seems to have surpassed him as ptain Flash, Petruchio, Dick the Apprentice, Marplot, and such cha-cters.

Spanger Barry, Garrick's rival, we have before mentioned. The wn used to say of the Lear controversy, that Barry was every inch a g, but Garrick every inch King Lear. Barry was a tall, handsome, nified actor,—rather artificial, Churchill says, but undoubtedly ex-lent in the expression of love, grief, and jealous rage. He was a n of expensive tastes, and was once reproved for his lavishness by r. Pelham, the minister, whom he had invited to dinner.

The blue-eyed Bellamy, whom we have also before mentioned, was eckless woman, the wonder of the town for thirty years. To-day a *mi-monde* Cleopatra laden with jewels, to-morrow she was a poor for-en outcast, crouching in the rain on the sodden steps of Westminster idge, and brooding over a screaming leap into the dark waters. She the original Volumnia and Cleone, and could portray love with at passion. She retired in 1784.

Lucky Miss Farren, the daughter of a poor strolling-player, appeared Drury Lane in 1778. Walpole praises her "fine ladies," and that s much for her grace and fascination. She could be gay as Lady sty Modish, sentimental as Cecilia, and playful as Rosetta. In 1797 married the Earl of Derby, who had buried his first wife only six eks before. Tradition still records that when a little girl she was ped over the ice at Salisbury on her way to carry a bowl of milk to father, who was a prisoner in the lock-up.

Mrs. Robinson, the "Perdita" whom the Prince of Wales so heart-ly betrayed and so ruthlessly deserted, was driven on the stage in 76 by her husband, a squandering scamp who had run through her une. She fascinated the Prince while playing the part of Perdita.

She left the stage in 1780, and died, forgotten, poor, and paralytic, in 1800.

We must give one word to poor Samuel Reddish,—Canning's stepfather,—a reasonably good Edgar and Posthumus, who went mad in 1779. Nor can we pass unnoticed Gentleman Smith, a good Charles Surface; and Dodd, the best of fops and old men, and the finest Master Slender and Master Stephen ever known. A genteel airy coxcomb, he used to excel in tottering about the stage in Cibber's manner.

That fine actor, John Palmer, the original representative of plausible Joseph Surface, had himself by nature the plausibility requisite for the part. "Plausible," he used to say demurely, "am I? You rate me too highly. The utmost I ever did in that way was to persuade a bailiff who had arrested me to bail me out." Once, when making up a quarrel with Sheridan, Palmer exclaimed, "If you could but see my heart, Mr. Sheridan; if you could only see my heart!" Sheridan looked at him with a slow-dawning ironical smile, and replied: "Why, Jack, Jack, you forget I wrote it."

Lamb, that most appreciative of critics, says Palmer was a gentleman with a slight infusion of the footman. He had two voices, both dangerous, plausible, hypocritical, and insinuating. He fell dead on the Liverpool stage just as he had repeated the line in the third act of *The Stranger*, "There is *another* and a *better* world." The rumour at the time was, that as the passage commenced with a profane apostrophe to the Deity, conscientious agony at having to deliver it had broken Palmer's heart. When Kemble next acted the Stranger, the audience at Drury Lane was in a state of nervous alarm till he had passed the fatal line.

Henderson, the friend of Gainsborough, and engaged by Sheridan for Drury Lane in 1777, was one of the best of Falstaffs—one from whom even Mr. Mark Lemon might have learned something. Henderson's defects were a woolly voice and a disagreeable habit of sawing the air. He was one of the earliest persons to give public readings; and his recitation of *John Gilpin* much advanced the sale of Cowper's poem. He died, in the very prime of life, in 1785, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The advent of Mrs. Siddons is an epoch in the annals of Drury. She appeared there first in 1775 as Portia: but her first real triumph was in 1780 as Isabella in Southerne's tragedy. She was the daughter of a poor actor, and the wife of a poorer. Nobody at first cared for her; but after her triumph the management awarded her Garrick's dressing-room, and some legal admirers presented her with a purse of one hundred guineas. Her career after that knew no check, though she failed as Rosalind, and in comedy was only what Colman called "a drinking grig." Every spectator who has left record of the impressions of an him testifies to her grace, noble carriage, dignity, fine [illegible], and pathos. She had more feeling than

her brother; her voice was less sepulchral, her manner more spontaneous. She had more repose than Garrick, and was more natural than Mrs. Pritchard. She even made old George III. shed tears, and ladies fainted at the agonies of her Jane Shore. Genius paid her homage; Erskine studied her cadences; Dr. Johnson kissed her hand and bowed his learned head to her; Reynolds painted her as the Tragic Muse. Even in private life she moved a queen, and spoke blank verse. She was accused by some of her envious contemporaries of parsimony, and of having allowed an abandoned sister almost to perish of starvation. But there is no proof that she was ever more than justly prudent. She closed her career in 1812 with her great character, Lady Macbeth, and died in 1831.

King, the original Sir Peter Teazle, Lord Ogleby, Puff, and Dr. Cantwell, began his London career at Drury Lane in 1748. He left the stage in 1802. As Touchstone and Ranger he was always arch, rapid, and versatile. Hazlitt describes his old, hard, rough, apple-john face, and praises his neat way of uttering shrewd hints and tart replies.

A favourite low comedian from 1780 to 1805 was Dicky Suett, a tall, thin, ungainly man; very nervous and tipsy in private life, and on the stage addicted to grimacing and "gagging." Lamb describes his catch-words, "O la!" as irresistible. "He drolled upon the stock of those two syllables richer than the cuckoo." His loose shambling gait and slippery tongue reminded Lamb of Shakespeare's jesters; and Hazlitt calls him "the delightful old croaker—the everlasting Dicky Gossip of the stage." Suett was probably more colloquial and vulgar than the low comedians of Garrick's time; and Colman's and Morton's plays left him more room to improvise word and gesture than the severer comedies of earlier days.

But the chosen niche in this chapter, the place of vantage, we must give to that "noblest Roman of them all," John Philip Kemble, who first appeared at Drury Lane in 1783, in the character of Hamlet. In 1788-9 he succeeded King as manager of the theatre, and continued its director till 1801, when he went to Covent Garden. He first delighted Sheridan by the heroic way in which he delivered the rant of Rolla. Boaden says, "The noble portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence of Kemble bearing off the child expresses most accurately the vigour and picturesque beauty of his action. The herculean effort of his strength, his passing the bridge, his preservation of the infant though himself mortally wounded, excited a sensation of alarm and agony beyond anything perhaps that the stage has exhibited. But in truth, from his entrance to his death, the character was sustained with a power of elocution, a firmness of deportment, and an intensity of expression, that he alone could combine together." *Pizarro* ran thirty-one nights. Addison's *Cato* at the first was acted only eighteen times. In Coriolanus and Cato Kemble was pre-eminent; in all statuesque characters he excelled; but that in the violent passion of Richard and Sir Giles, Cooke and

Kean surpassed him, there can be no doubt. Kemble had dry humour, and made occasional essays in comedy. George Colman, who spared nobody, said of Kemble's Don Felix that there was a deuced deal too much of the Don and a d—— deal too little of the Felix. Kemble began seriously studying for Falstaff, but his courage failed him after he had already collected the costume. He once played Charles Surface, but the critics pronounced it not Charles's restoration, but Charles's martyrdom. He also attempted a jovial rakish character in one of Mrs. Aphra Behn's licentious comedies, but he was unsuccessful. As Hamlet he was romantic, dignified, and philosophic; though cruel people said his first peering look at his father's ghost gave them rather a notion he was going to use an opera-glass to be sure there was no mistake. In his Kolla he delighted even Pitt. In Octavius he drew tears from all eyes. He excelled in Cœur de Lion, Penruddock, and that lachrymose humbug Kotzebue's Stranger. He could be, however, at times tedious and monotonous. His "ponderous and marble jaws," as Mistress Kitely called them, were often moved with dull and wearisome formality. Kemble was a little of a pedant, and had some fantastic caprices about pronunciation which offended the public. Leigh Hunt, who considered his pronunciation peculiarly vicious, has handed down the following list of his attempted reformations in the English language, all of which are wrong, and some of which are preposterous, the correct words in brackets: mechanic 'mechanic,' innocent 'innocint,' [illegible] 'varetime,' fierce 'farse,' beard 'bird,' [illegible] 'perhaps.' Kemble's toadies used to [illegible] by running down Garrick. One man told him Garrick had always reminded him of a little butcher; and another [illegible] Garrick's success by reminding him that in Othello little there had been lessons in the hammer boy with the kettle in Hogarth's [illegible]. Kean, Kemble did not mention once for, but he spoke of him generously. "Your writers of nature," he said, "are so totally different, that I [illegible] not expect me to ape that of Mr. Kean; but one thing I must say in his favour—he is at all times terribly in earnest."

Kemble was a quarrelsome man, and fought two duels—one with Mr. Daly, a British manager, and another with Mr. James Atkin, an irritable [illegible]. The Hon. Mr. St. John, being angry about the [illegible] his poor tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots, grew [illegible] in the greenroom, and said Mr. Kemble with [illegible] "he was a man whom he could not call out." Mr. Kemble [illegible] with [illegible] "But you are a man whom I can call out, and therefore you will leave this place, sir, immediately." Mr. St. John [illegible], and afterwards apologised as [illegible]. It is also well known that the lady [illegible] having been [illegible] with insult by some [illegible] the gallant captain drew his sword and [illegible].

Kemble was rather addicted to wine. Cook, whom he detested, and of whom he was jealous, was never sober. Nine glasses of brandy-and-water Cook swallowed at one rehearsal of Shylock; that is on indisputable record. Kemble had to reprove him on one occasion. "Cook," he said, "you were very drunk last night. If I was you, I would avoid it when going on the stage. You should time it—you should time it, as I do." Two or three nights after (it was during the O. P. riots), Kemble, who had been absorbing port-wine to drown his troubles, staggered on the stage, and no one listening, staggered off again. Cook the next morning came to him in the greenroom, and said with all the malice of Zanga, "Kemble, you were very drunk last night. If I was you, I would avoid it when going on the stage. You should time it—you should time it, as I do."

Kemble in private life was courteous and hospitable, and his conversation was enriched by a wide range of classical and general knowledge. The following two stories present him to us in a very amiable light. One day walking down Park-lane with his friend Boaden, they came upon some chimney-sweep boys playing at marbles. (The sweeps had just lost Mrs. Montagu, their great patroness.) "Do you know, Boaden," said he, "that I think taw the best thing I play?" Boaden laughed; but Kemble, instantly taking up a marble the farthest from the ring, called out "Fain dribbling," and knuckling down, struck out sharply a distant marble at which he aimed. He rose in great glee at finding his skill still surviving, and dropping a shilling into the ring in memory of Mrs. Montagu, passed grandly on.

The second story paints still more pleasantly his grave Cervantic humour. Kemble and a friend, having dined together, went to Drury Lane, the manager wishing to give his ultimate instructions for the night. As they entered the hall of the theatre, some grenadiers standing by the fireplace, seeing the manager, respectfully took off their hats. Kemble instantly borrowed a guinea of his friend, and with a wink gravely advanced and addressed the soldiers.

"Soldiers," he said in his grand declamatory manner, "when Cato led his army across the burning deserts of Libya he found himself quite parched up with the intense drought—in plainer words, he was *very dry*. One of the soldiers, seeing this, stepped unperceived out of the ranks and brought him presently some water in a steel cap. What do you think Cato said to the soldier? I'll tell you. 'Comrade,' said he, 'drink *first yourself*.' Now I daresay Cato never in his life led braver men than I at present see before me; therefore, to follow so great an example, do *you* drink *that* for *me*." So saying he put the guinea into the hands of the sergeant; the soldiers shouting, "God bless your honour!" as Kemble and his friend walked off to the dressing-room.

A NEW GAME FOR LADIES

I SUPPOSE there is no one, even in this busy world, who does not know what it is to have a holiday. From the schoolboy who awakes on a fine Saturday morning, and lies a minute or two in bed, letting the full force of the thought gush in upon him—with that strange mysterious power with which a thing strikes us when we first become conscious after sleep—that for this day he has literally nothing to do but to enjoy himself,—to the weary old man who recognises that to-day he has not to wend his accustomed steps to the City, all know something of the charm of a holiday. Acceptable at all times in the dreary mist and misery of a wet winter's morning, when, if we cannot do anything else, we can stretch our legs out comfortably before the fire in the breakfast-room, and smoke a cigar, while we deliberately con the morning paper, or cut the leaves of our favourite magazine; on that day on which we have the Christ-child cradled close beside us, or that on which all the world is in some way celebrating the birth of a new year; or in the happy spring-time: it is doubly acceptable in those glorious days of summer, when the skies are clear, the sun is strong, and the wind breathes balmily over hill and dale, and sea and shore. All nature appears lazy; the corn and fruit are ripening slowly; the sun is loitering on his every-day journey; the night has been lingering somewhere, and is long in coming; the wind is half-asleep as it caresses a sea which is too lazy either to smile or pout at its kisses. We feel we must be idle and lazy too. Some such latent thoughts drove Ned Dalton and myself the other day away from the stir and bustle of a great city to the quiet of a seaside town, which one of us, at least, had known long. A certain gray and quaint old city by the sea—a Scottis Brighton and a Scottish Oxford all in one; the only place, it seems to me, where Englishmen escape from old Froissart's accusation that they take their pleasure sadly. A city of bright skies, and glassy sea, and glorious sunsets; of learned men, elegant loafers, and charming girls; which we shall for the present name St. Rule.

We had been there for about a week, and now sat under a pleasant veranda, attached to the comfortable "Lounge," with outstretched feet, victims to the fatigue of a couple of rounds of golf, and the calm of a summer evening. To our right, the tiny wavelets were running up a stretch of golden sand, with many a musical plash and gurgle; from our left, the quiet chattering of knots and groups of "caddies" reached us as they discussed the events of the day, and the results of the several

matches in which they had been engaged. Behind us, from the open windows of the "Lounge," came the talk of veteran players, as they made up their matches for next day; the rustle of newspapers, and the rattle of the billiard-balls. In front lay open the "links," the scene of so many a contest, on which the rays of the setting sun made patterns of light and shade. A late match or two was coming in, stopping a moment to look at the gay scene across the burn to their left, where crowds of ladies and girls were playing at the game of which we propose to give some slight description. It is the evening before the gold medal of the ladies' golf-club is played for, and everyone is very busy practising for the event, giving up, in some cases, for the time, their regular private matches, and intent only on counting the number of strokes in which they can do the round,—for to the lady who accomplishes it in the fewest is the medal assigned.

Golf, or goff, is originally and emphatically a Scotch, and, we may add, in its full and perfect form a gentleman's, game. Some doubts exist as to the exact date at which it was introduced to Scotland (from Germany it is supposed); but during the reign of James I. we find it a favourite with all classes of the community. We have some slight historical association with it when we hear that Charles I. was engaged in playing a round of Leith links in 1641, while on a visit to Scotland, when news was brought to him of the rebellion in Ireland. Keen golfer as he was, the news was too important to brook delay, and throwing up his game, he returned to Holyrood House to take measures for its suppression. A few words on golf as a game for gentlemen will enable our readers to understand the part of it that has now begun to be played by ladies, and which gives fair promise of rivalling in attraction the charms of Aunt Sally and croquet. The one thing indispensable for the game as played by gentlemen is a large roomy stretch of short grass, broad plateaus of which are often found attached to towns, and are suitable for a common recreation-ground, termed in Scotland "links," and in England commons, downs, or heaths. The ground by no means requires to be level, or in any place, with the exception of the few yards of green on which the holes are placed, smooth or flat. The greater the number of hillocks, sandpits (in golfing lingo "bunkers"), gorse- or whin-bushes, longish grass, or water, to serve as hazards in driving from one hole to another, the more exciting the game, and the better room for the display of skill. The number of holes varies with the extent of the links. In St. Andrews, which has long been the metropolis of golf, the number is eighteen, nine out and nine coming back; and the playing of these, though as the case happens little more than a semicircle is described, is invariably and by long usage termed a "round." The holes—in size about five inches in diameter, and of sufficient depth to prevent the ball from jumping out, and shallow enough to be reached easily with the hand—are cut in the turf, generally on some particular spot where the grass happens to be smooth and the ground level, at

distances varying from 150 to about 450 yards. The instruments necessary for a game are clubs of different size, form, and material, suited to the nature of the ground on which the player finds his ball—the only other necessity of the game—which is round and hard, and invariably nowadays made of gutta-percha. The object of the game—which may be played either as a single match, one against one, or as a "foursome," two against two, each partner playing the same ball alternately—is to drive from one hole to another, and *into* the hole, in as few a number of strokes as possible. As a "set" of clubs, the technical term for the number necessary to play the game with much success, includes as many as a dozen different forms of implements, the players have to provide themselves with a "caddie," or club-carrier, who hands the player the particular club he wishes, looks after his ball, gives him any advice he may stand in need of, and, in short, is his servant for the round. The caddie "tees" the ball, that is, puts it on a favourable part of the ground for striking, and often raises it a little by a pinch of sand, obtained at first starting from every hole; but this is the only part of the game at which he is allowed to touch the ball. The *teeing*-ground is on a yard or two of grass immediately in front of the hole. Both players in a single match play off from this one after the other, and start off together each after his own ball, which, if he is a good player, is lying, after describing a beautiful curve in the air, falling with some impetus, and bounding over the greensward, about the distance of a hundred or more yards. They then each strike again, and so on, till they come up to the green on which the hole is situated. They then use a short thick club, good for easy gentle shots, and play till they get the ball into the hole. If A has got in in five shots, and B in six, the hole is of course A's, and he counts "one up," or "one ahead," and they start afresh for the next hole. If both have done it in six, then the hole is halved, and no score is made.

It is at this point, where the gentleman comes to use his short club, and takes careful aim and easy stroke, when within a few yards of the hole, that the game which has been adopted by ladies begins. And this is the natural point at which any adaptation of the gentleman's game should be begun, being the only part where strength or a full swing of the club round the shoulders is not required. It follows from this that, in proportion to the extent of ground required for golf properly so called, the piece of ground necessary for a ladies' "putting-green" is small, and the distance between the holes very much less, say fifteen or twenty yards. Thus, any averagely large lawn, or any field adjoining a house, is perfectly well adapted for being turned into a putting-ground; and by a careful and clever placing of the holes, a very small piece of ground may be economised so as to contain a sufficient number of holes. Any number of holes is sufficient to make an interesting game; but, as it happens, the number of holes at St. Andrews in Scotland and North Devon in England—the only places, as

as we are aware, where ladies' golf-clubs have been started—is teen, the same as that on the regular links at St. Andrews. The ound occupied by the ladies' course at St. Andrews is circular in m, about 100 yards broad and 300 in length; and there is no occa- n for it ever being larger, while much smaller, as we have said, would ice. The game is played with a wooden club—the same as that d by the gentlemen when arrived at the green on which the hole is ated and a ball, which is the same as that used by them through- t. The holes are also of the same size and depth, and the object is course to go from one hole to another in as few strokes as possible. is, in fact, just the game of golf in miniature; and anyone who ows the points in that noble game will see at once what a fund of erest short holes, or the game in miniature, is likely to afford. The mponent parts of a club are a *shaft* and a *head*, spliced well to- ther; the shaft made of hickory or lancewood, and its handle, at e part where it is grasped by the player, is covered with leather, us insuring a firm and certain hold—an indispensable necessity in g driving. The head is in general made of apple-tree or thorn. It heavily weighted with lead behind, and thus the club acquires the wer it has. The under part of the head is protected by a facing of rn. All wooden clubs are of this character, differing only in shape d size. The putter, with which ladies alone play, is no exception. e take the following description of it from "A few rambling Re- rks on Golf," published a few years ago by the Messrs. Chambers: The putter (*u* as in 'but') is a short-shafted stiff club, with a large ush head and a square face, it is used when the ball arrives within se proximity to the hole" (which it always is, comparatively speak- g, in ladies' golf), "generally within twenty yards, with no inter- ning hazards, and is nearly invariably considered the best club for ing out the ball. It is peculiarly fitted for this purpose from its ape; but some players prefer putting with a straight-faced iron club, led a putting-iron, and possess great dexterity with the tool. To be *good putter* is what all golfers aim at, and comparatively few ever tain. Showy driving is of a much commoner occurrence than certain tting; and one who by superiority in the former can gain a full stroke om his opponent between two far-distant holes frequently loses his dvantage by missing a 'put' within a yard of the hole." These, then, e the necessities of the game: a good green, the holes well placed d sufficiently apart, hazards between the holes—gorse, bunkers, &c., hich a good player will always endeavour to avoid—a putter, and a ll.

When Ned Dalton and I strolled down to the scene of busy prac- ng for the great event of to-morrow, we found the excitement mongst the intending players to be intense, and much speculation ing hazarded as to the winner. The green was quite full, and there s a large attendance of gentlemen, associate-members of the club,

who had come down to play in matches, to select a safe lady-play to bet on, or to "coach" lady-friends in some of the difficulties of t game, and generally by their presence to encourage, as they walk about leisurely from one party to another. We caught sight of tw lady-friends just finishing a match, having arrived at the third ho before the end. We walked up to them to see them finish; and description of their play may enable our readers to form as vivid idea of the game as it is possible to put on paper. Miss X. a Miss Y.—two unknown quantities we beg to state—had been playi a match of one round, and at the point we met them were what termed "all square," or equal; that is, the number of holes taken the one was exactly the same as that taken by the other. Miss Y. having won the last hole, had what is termed the "honour," and play off first. She played a good firm shot, but not being quite straight t ball got into some longish grass, which arrested its progress. Miss played beautifully straight, and being almost strong enough, the b stopped within a foot of the hole and perfectly "dead," that is, safe be holed in the next shot. Miss Y., seeing her only chance of even half was to hole her ball from the distance, she was behind the hole little towards the right, played hard up so as to give the ball, if it we straight, a chance of catching the hole. Playing two while her partner had only played one, she played what is called the "odd," or "on more." She played a good deal too strong, however, and although th ball passed within an inch of the hole on the left side, it rolled some way past. According to the rules of the game, being still farther away from the hole than Miss X., she ought to have played two more; but Miss X., being "dead," played out; thus holing in two, which is considered fine play, and becoming "one ahead." At the next hole tables were turned. Miss X., having the honour, played first, but having taken her eye off the ball—a fatal mistake—"topped" it; that is, hit the ball near the top, rather than fairly in the middle; and rolling a little way it rested in one of the hazards—a small bunker or plate of loose sand. Miss Y. played in a good direction, but a little too strong, and not near enough to be certain of holing in two. Miss X. then played out of the bunker in which she was, but the heavy sand retarded it still, and she just succeeded in getting it out of the hazard. She then played "two more," and lay just at the edge of the hole. Miss Y. now had two strokes for the hole; she missed her second, holed her third; winning the hole, and they again became all square. The match now became exciting, as they had only one more hole to play, and whoever won it necessarily won the match. To a golfer on the large links there is perhaps no more exciting moment than this, "all square and one to play." Had any of the players been one ahead and one to play, they would have been in that comfortable and interesting position termed in golfing lingo "dormy," supposed to be derived from *dormire*, to sleep; because the one who is ahead by the same number of holes as still

remains to be played cannot be beaten, and may go to sleep if he chooses. Both our ladies played off, and as far as strength was concerned played very well; but the one went rather much to the right of the hole, and the other to the left. Miss Y. was farthest off, and played the odd—good line, but not strong enough. Miss X. then played a little too strong, and catching the bias of the hill rolled right past the hole and stopped within a few inches of it, and right in front of Miss Y.'s ball. This was a hard case, one which occurs sometimes, and considered especially grievous when occurring at a hole on which the match depends. Miss Y. could not possibly get her ball into the hole, the other being directly in front, and making what is called a *steimy*. Had there been only six inches between the balls, the one nearest the hole, according to the rules, should have been lifted, and the course would thus have been clear for the other one; but no, this was a good twelve inches, and no bias on the ground by which Miss Y. could effect a "steal" into the hole; nor was she at liberty to play with great force on her adversary's ball, so as to knock it away. My friend advised her to play so as just to shave her opponent's ball, and take the chance of some unseen bias on the ground to help it in. She played, but as might almost have been expected, hit the other ball and started off to the right. Miss X. then holed out, and thus gained the match, which but for the unfortunate steimy would in all probability have been halved.

It was now getting rather dark, and one by one the different parties left the ground. A baby moon was just kissing the waves into light as we walked past the sands, and went up to have a look at the ruins of cathedral and castle before we turned-in for the night. Talk naturally fell on the charms of the place we were living in, and the people who were visiting it. One young lady was quite astonished at the number of literary people she had met, having a few days before, within an hour or two, seen the publisher and editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*; the publisher of *Chambers's Journal*, himself a successful writer; the editor, the famous novelist, and also the illustrator, of *St. Pauls;* a certain charming lady authoress and novelist of high reputation; a famous Oxford theologian and scholar; an editor of *Plato;* the head of the University of St. Andrews, a favourite Queen's chaplain and able writer; the indefatigable essayist of *Fraser;* besides sundry other lesser lights in the literary world. And certainly for such a small place as St. Rule is, the number of celebrities congregated in it was something astonishing.

The next morning turned out as fine as anyone could desire it. Gentlemen who did not care to sacrifice their morning round, and yet wished to see the ladies' medal played for, were early astir, and got through their game in time to be present at the beginning of the ladies' match. The holes at the putting-green were already changed by the custodier of the links and champion golfer, Tom Morris, from their usual position, so that no one would have the benefit of knowing the

usual lines, and would require to study for themselves the positions of the holes and the shots they had to make. Moreover, no lady was allowed to play before the match commenced. By that time each lady had chosen her partner, and there had been a ballot for the order of starting. At twelve o'clock the first of twenty-nine couples started. The match was two rounds of a course of eighteen holes, making in all thirty-six holes. As there were only eighteen holes and twenty-nine couples, of course all the players were not engaged in the game at the same time, only one party being allowed to occupy one hole at a time, and thus the first couple were in from their first round before the last couple had started. Each lady was accompanied by a gentleman, who recorded on a card the number of strokes she took to each hole, and who was allowed to give occasional advice. As each party finished their two rounds, and handed their cards to the secretary, great interest was manifested on the part of the spectators and of those of the players who had done well, and were in hopes that their scores would not be surpassed. When the last couple were finished, it was found that the medal was won in 107 strokes, being one stroke less than an average of three to each hole, which was considered very good play. The silver cross, or second prize, was won in 108, and two were equal for the third place in 109. The medal was presented by the secretary of the club amidst the plaudits of the spectators and players, the latter of whom of course had all some kind of excuse for their bad play, with which they had to content themselves and satisfy the inquiries of their friends. Most of the ladies retired to rest before the ball in the evening, which was held under very favourable auspices. It was just like other balls; a little more lively perhaps, and partaking more of the character of a quiet dance, as everyone had somehow or another got to know every other person as well among the charms and small gaieties of St. Rule; and attention was, it may be, a little distracted among the belles of the ball and the successful players; but there was the same flirting and pretty speeches, the same hopes and fears, the same little *affaires du cœur*, and the usual amount of disappointed expectation and expectation more than fulfilled, the same headaches and heartaches after all was over—affections which do not in the least belong to the game to wind up which they had assembled.

To anyone who may think it worth their while to initiate the game of golf at their country-houses or in their neighbourhood, we may state that the necessary materials for play may be had from Tom Morris, The Links, St. Andrews, N.B., or from any place else where the noble game of golf is played.

W. W. TULLOCH, M.A.

THE EVE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW

Is the night quiet, O wife, O tenderest wife of my bosom;
Star-crowned and still, as began the night of unspeakable horror?
Say, is it only the gathering wind that moans in the branches,
Only the glow of the moonlight filling the room with its splendour?
Never, O wife of my anguish, motherless wife of my sorrow,
Never again will the coming of night bring merciful slumber,
But only a sleep dream-haunted, full of terrors phantasmal,
Memories hateful, accurst, that will torture our hearts for ever.

Tortured in fancy again, I rose to-night as the tocsin—
The great bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois tolling heavy and dooming—
Startled with hideous clangour Paris, white in the moonlight,
In the beautiful August time, on the solemn eve of the sabbath.
Again from our chamber-casement looked I forth on the housetops,
Saw the streets in commotion; lights at the windows; the marching
Of troops in orderly hasting; glitter of armour and weapon;
Waving of plumes and the flash of swords; while ever recurring
Outcries, "For God and the King," burst from infuriate voices.

Once again came the creeping of flesh, as I looked and listened;
Once again, like a stone, went down my heart in my bosom;
And thou, awaking affrighted, thou with our boy, our belovèd,
Didst, in a voice of emotion, demand the cause of my terror,
Saying, "Thou, too! Hast thou dreamed, love? Thou the Medici beholding,
Smiling and fair, till her face wrinkled and changed, and her tresses
Hissed and hissed, and in place of Catherine, lo, the Medusa?"
Dazing, I heard, but replied not, heeding rather the clamour,
Strange and unearthly, of voices blended in infinite tumult.
Still were they calling on God; but loud and hideous laughter,
Mixed with shrieking and wailing, deafened the ears of the city.

Then, as we listened confounded, thou and I and our infant,
"Kill! kill the Huguenot!" smote us, sharp as the ring of the clarion;

"Death!" We clutched at the boy, and looking forth for a moment,
Saw Nevers and Montpensier; saw, too, the multitude surging;
Saw where white-haired Coligny swung by his feet from the lantern;
Saw the slaughter of men, of the flying women and children;
Saw the flames of the torches, heard the ring of the hatchets;
Saw and heard, yet incredulous even in seeing and hearing,
Doubted yet of the worst, of the infinite compass of horror,
And only fled when the chances of flight were all but defeated.

Sharp, as branded with fire, is the picture of all that succeeded:
The stealthy flight from the house; the steps beleagured with danger;
Heavens lurid, and black with the smoke of homesteads consuming;
Shrieks and cries of the tortured, blent with the groans of the dying;
Streets with the blood of the slain ones reeking hot in the channels;
Thou by my side, and the child clinging and wailing with terror;
Ever with weapon in hand ready to strike, I protect thee,
Threading the hideous ways that are dark and unspeakably noisome.
So we elude pursuit, until, as we speed, on the instant
Out of the darkness a woman armed with a poniard confronts us;
Fierce are her ravenous eyes, cruel her mouth, and her laughter
What but a ghoul's, as her knife in the heart of our darling she plunges!

Once, and but once, have I stained my sword with the blood of a woman,
Thou looking on, wife, the while—with pitiless glances on-looking.
God, is it more than a vision? Have these things really befallen?

WILLIAM SAWYER.

FIRE AND SNOW

I.

"I TELL you he's as cunning as a little red snake, and you must take care of his biting end," said Mr. Jabez Smiley, a leading corn-merchant and banker of Chicago, to his companion in a walk up and down the Wabash Avenue, the chief promenade of that quick-growing city on the southern shore of Lake Michigan. "You are a native of the old country, mister, and may think it mere Yankee envy and sharp practice in me; but I just warn you that Daniel Sawbridge, the biggest rogue in Illinois, would be a load for one man to carry."

His companion, a young English railway contractor, newly settled in that City of the Lakes, smiled at the earnestness of his friend, and looking up at him with his frank brown eyes, merely said,

"Excuse me, but I think better of him."

"Ah! you like the father, and you like the daughter—don't be offended; everyone knows it. Lovers are like prairie-hens, they stick their heads in a bush and think no one sees them. I wish you well, and I'll loan you as many hundred dollars as you want, as I have told you half-a-dozen times; I am no enemy of yours, Mr. Castle; but I tell you again, Sawbridge is a bad egg, and so you'll find him. You should marry Colonel Docker's daughter; now she's a fine girl, and will have 50,000 dollars."

Castle was a well-made young fellow, with a quick eye, good features, and a rather massive chin that indicated strength of will and no common resolution. In dress and manner he was a gentleman, but one ready to work, and determined to succeed; his walk was resolute, his manner staccato without bluntness, and the expression of his face firm, generous, and winning.

Mr. Smiley was one of those square-faced, strong, coarse men who so often lead matters in American provincial towns: rugged forehead, short nose, bull-neck. He wore a badly-made black tail-coat, a wrinkly black-satin waistcoat, and a huge bunch of spade-guineas and seals on his watch-chain. He was a shrewd, pushing, imperturbable man of business, with a good heart, and no perception of the sensitiveness of younger men.

The young man's eyes loured.

"Mr. Smiley," he said, "you have been a good friend to me; but [illegible] too much. Whom I choose for my wife is no concern of [illegible] do not weigh hearts against dollars in England."

I *guess it's no bad way*—you very often get the love thrown

[illegible] something warmer if you get only the dollars: "a short horse is soon curried." [illegible] one more remark—have you put that [illegible] Savoringe yet?"

[illegible] his amusement as he replied with a too palpably affected [illegible]

"[illegible] I am called upon to answer such a question, [illegible] proved a friend to me, I will answer you straight [illegible] it which I believe you ask me—yes."

[illegible] shrugged his shoulders, rattled [illegible] his waistcoat-pocket, and whistled.

"[illegible] if you know pepper from gunpowder, you [illegible] down stream, that's sure. [illegible] a powder-horn, come and have a cataract [illegible] I see you're no earthly [illegible] off to the world. Good-bye, keep [illegible] I know his game better than [illegible] I never put sweetening in my tea again!"

"[illegible]" said the young Englishman to himself, as [illegible] "[illegible] against Savoringe. I am glad [illegible] Savoringe's advice."

[illegible] the railway-station at [illegible] miles from Saratoga. While waiting there for the train, a fly arrived, [illegible] marked "New York." From the carriage a lady, whose face was hidden with a veil, got out; her [illegible] stumbled in the handle of the door, Castle, who was [illegible] assisted in release it.

The lady lifted her veil to thank him, and started when she saw [illegible] It was Miss Savoringe.

"[illegible]"

"[illegible]"

"Why, where are you standing a month in, Letty?—you never told me a [illegible] real or [illegible]—really [illegible]; and all alone too!—[illegible] lady's baggage and [illegible]—Come, Letty, let us walk up and down."

There was a glow on the lady's cheek which was rather that of shame and vexation than love. The next moment a deadly pallor came over her face, and she would have fallen had not Frank Castle's strong hand [illegible]

"[illegible]," she said, "I have cruelly repaid your love. I must tell you all. [illegible] have been a mere tool to enjoy you. I am not Mr. Savoringe's daughter."

"[illegible] what matter, Letty dear? I love [illegible] you, just [illegible]"

"[illegible] mother, [illegible] marriage [illegible] have [illegible] she exclaimed, [illegible]

"*His wife!*"

It was as if a bullet had struck Frank Castle's heart; he felt as if about to fall dead. His face became like that of a corpse; a cold dew broke out on his upper lip; the blood seemed to stop circulating; he stammered "His wife!" and pressed Letty's hand convulsively.

"He has been cruel to me; he is a bad man. O, dear Frank, forgive me. As I hope for heaven, I was forced to do it. I was afraid to tell you. He would have killed me if I had refused to entrap one more victim. God forgive me for it! You will forgive me, dear Frank, for I do love you truly. This man is iron; he has no heart, no love, no pity. I am his slave—he hates me, and I hate him—but I fear him. We must part. I hear the train. He stops the bank to-morrow night—take out your money to-morrow morning. Did you not get my letter of warning?"

"No, Letty."

"Then he intercepted it. O God, send the day of retribution soon for these things! Frank, do not hate me utterly. I deserve your pity; think of me as the most wretched of women."

Frank pressed her hand silently; the train swept up. They parted. A forlorn broken man, he stood alone upon the platform, the dream of his life melted into air—hope's rainbow, as it seemed, for ever gone from the sky; a rainy evening settling down upon the horizon, and darkening the future.

The first train back took Castle to Chicago; at the station, who should come up to him but Smiley.

"Wal," said he, "there's ugly talk in town about the bank; do you believe in him now?"

"No," said Castle.

"Turned up trumps at last," said Smiley, in his dry chuckly way; "wal then, take my advice, go straight to the bank. I saw a light in the skunk's room as I passed. Knock him up, and insist on your money; I'll back you, even if you try and whip him, for I can see you're pretty mad with him. Come, let us put out for South-street, and knock into eternal smash this bogus banker, whom you thought me jealous of."

Away they went; it was just eleven o'clock. To their surprise, a crowd was round the bank. Smiley pushed through it and read aloud the notice on the shutters:

"The Great Central Michigan Bank is closed. The firm regret that the late monetary crisis has compelled them, with the deepest reluctance, to suspend payments. They hope, however, very shortly to [illegible]e business, and to pay up the deferred interest.

"DANIEL SAWBRIDGE, *Manager*."

[illegible]!" said Smiley; "I say, Castle, we're too late. I'll ham-
[illegible]. Bear up, man; you look pale; ha! you should have

Smiley did hammer, till in fact he burst a shutter in; and then an old black servant looked out of an upper window and shouted,

"Take care of de premises, jebblemen. Bank's busted, and massa is off in a trotting wagon three hours ago to de steamboat dépôt. Guess you won't catch de steamer dis time. Don't hurt de property, jebblemen, for it's all sold to de brokers, North-street."

It was no use; in spite of all Smiley and Castle could do, the mob stormed in and sacked the place.

"Burn up the rogue's bank!" was the cry of two hundred voices. In a few minutes showers of broken chairs covered the street, and on their top half a piano, and a pile of shivered chandeliers, empty desks, torn account-books, and erased ledgers.

Ten minutes later the fiery smoke of a great impromptu bonfire rose into the air above the roofs of Chicago.

II.

In America men do not sit down lazily under misfortunes. It is easy enough to change professions; and men of seventy start again with all the hopefulness of youth.

Frank Castle had given up railway contracting from want of capital, and had become chief inspecting-accountant on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. His duty was annually to inspect the books on the different stations, and to examine into all cases of defalcation.

Some important business in the railway share-market took Frank Castle one day to New York. His share-broker referred him to a Mr. Jesse M'Kirwan, 42 Wall-street, as the best man to consult as to the state of the particular railway in which he wished to make investments.

Two years had passed, and Frank Castle had long shaken off the grief of his bitter disappointment; like a brave fellow as he was, he had thrown behind him that sorrow, and sought a better store-house for his love. Overflowing with energy, rejoicing in success, he was that summer afternoon pacing the streets of New York, eager for business and buoyant with a nobler hope. Independence was the goal he aimed at, and in his future home, still in dreamland, he saw a loved, gladsome face peeping from the window. Fanny, the gentle little daughter of his worthy old friend Smiley, had that day given him her heart, and he was happy as a thousand kings, exulting as Columbus did when the New World broke upon his sight.

Wall-street is one of the grandest streets in that French Liverpool, New York. The houses are palaces of stone and marble—huge piles, fortresses of wealth and bankruptcy, staring new, barbarically grand with ornaments of all the known orders of architecture, ponderous with colossal cornices, misplaced pilasters, and exuberant pillars, extravagant balconies, hideous porches; repulsively cold in their vulgar formality, *hypocritically* respectable temples of Mammon, with Juggernaut cars

retly drawn up in the back streets to grind and crush up their ctims.

The basement-floor is much utilised in Wall-street. To some of the ndest offices you descend by stone steps into what in an English use would be either the kitchen or the cellar. Large brass-plates on e door-jambs flash up the names to the inquiring pedestrians in the adway.

To such an office, remarkable for large plate-glass windows with own-wire blinds, in which the name Jesse P. M'Kirwan appeared large white letters, Frank Castle made his way. There never as a smarter office, brighter brass-plates, more exquisite grained oak-ainscoting, more smoothly-moving green-baize doors; the desk looked ger than in other offices, the pewter inkstands more silvery. There as only one clerk, but he was dressed to perfection.

Was Mr. M'Kirwan in? Clerk seemed flurried; thought Mr. 'Kirwan was engaged; would see. The tremendously dressed clerk ppeared through a glass door into a sort of inner boudoir, whispered good deal, and returned, bowing to Frank. Mr. M'Kirwan would be d to see him. Frank Castle walked into the inner office. There, at desk, sat a pale, sharp-featured, ferret-eyed man, adorned with a long ky black beard that flowed down upon the whitest of waistcoats. r. M'Kirwan's conical head was a mass of black curls; and through se the sharebroker moved a large fat red hand loaded with coarse gs, with which from time to time he adjusted his delicate gold spec-les.

"Pray take a chair," he said. "What can I do for you, sir? Share-rket to-day in a glorious condition for buyers. Baltimore and Ohio's n again this morning to almost nothing; safe to be up next week double. Buying shares now, sir, is literally coining money."

As he uttered these oily voluble lies, Mr. M'Kirwan's face had nged slowly in expression from attention to wonder, from wonder to r, and from fear to rage and hatred. Frank Castle's eyes had changed n quicker from business anxiety to indignation and contempt. Yes, as Sawbridge, the Chicago swindler, transformed. It was Sawbridge dyed hair, darkened beard, and a false wig.

"You infernal rascal, you swindler, you plunderer of the orphan and w!" he cried, with generous warmth; "where is my 1000*l.*; I'll e it now, at once, or I'll tear it out of your desk! Thief, where ?"

Mr. M'Kirwan never rose from his papers; but a tigerish smile of icious rage moved round his yellow lips.

"Quite right," he said; "you've got the right sow by the ear this e; it's of no use saying you 'aven't, youngster. Wal, that Chicago iness was a plaguey smart, well managed affair, and I daresay it did you. If you had only been more spry, I'd have let you into half its; but *you were always full of your darned scruples*, and nohow

I couldn't tie you up to the right rack. That there cuss of a daughter of mine turning out my wife just when I was going to strip you for damages and bigamy, that was riling too. I guess, though, I should have put all that straight long ago, and paid my dividends as I promised; but things didn't go well, and the rowdies burnt up my sticks. I have to thank you for that, mister, I suppose? Wal, that squares us."

Frank Castle's blood was boiling at the coolness of the scoundrel; he was about to rush on him with his clenched fist, when there came the sound of wheels, and then a gentle tap on a side-door opening to a back-street.

Mr. M'Kirwan rose at once, as if expecting the summons, and taking several ledgers under his arm handed them through the door. Two small hands in lemon-coloured kid-gloves received them; then there was a hurried whispering.

"You mean cuss," said M'Kirwan, "go home with you, go; you're always telling me that. I tell you they know nothing yet; there's plenty of time; get home, I say, and do as I tell you."

There was a sigh and some words of expostulation, then the door closed; an instant after, it opened again, just as Mr. M'Kirwan resumed his seat, and a pale worn woman appeared wringing her hands in entreaty. She started and trembled when she saw Frank Castle. It was Letty; she knew him at once, and advanced to take his hand.

With a howl of rage and jealousy M'Kirwan raised his fist: "You stay one moment, and you'll have a reminder between your eyes, my young woman; go, or I'll give you up for that last shoplifting of yours."

With one look of surprise, bitter agony, and passionate regret at Castle, the unhappy woman closed the door behind her.

"If you mean fighting, mister," said M'Kirwan in a bland pleasant way—for he had recovered his balance in a moment—"I can do that too. Have you got any arms with you?"

"No," said Castle; "I am not a professional assassin. I carry no arms. It is not our custom in England."

"Good again," said the sharebroker, with a most viperish look of hatred and cunning; "wal, we find them useful out here in the States. I sometimes settle an account with them when cash runs short, for I can hit the pip in a ace of clubs at twenty paces, and that's not bad."

Quick as thought he opened a drawer of his knee-desk, took out two small ivory double-barrelled Derrengers, and cocked them.

"There," he said, "those are little varmints, but they've got good teeth. Now do you know, mister, I could kill you this instant just as sartin as there's a B in Boston; my clerk wouldn't let it out; and as we're a pistol-gallery just behind here, no one would notice a shooting-iron going off; then I could pack you in a large pork-hamper, cover you up with newspapers, and direct you to the depôt at Cincinnati, to be left till called for. That's been done before now; O, there are smart men in these States."

Already his hand was on the triggers with a cruel care; all at once he replaced them in his drawer and locked them up.

"No," he said, "you ain't worth the powder; besides, I had your dollars, and you lost the odd trick. Take my advice—don't show so much when you're beaten; it don't look well; you ain't rubbed about enough."

"Scoundrel!" said Castle, "I'll have redress."

"There's no legal remedy, mister; the thing's been tried over and over again; but you wait long enough, and you'll get your dividend, see if you don't."

At that moment a scuffle in the front office attracted M'Kirwan's attention. He flew at his desk, snatched out a parcel, leaped through the little side-door, and was off.

"Are you Mr. M'Kirwan?" said two men in blue uniform, with brass stars on their left breast, hurrying in and seizing Castle.

"No; my name is Castle. I'm a stranger here. M'Kirwan has just bolted through that door."

"Lost him again, Harry!" said one of the men, with a grin and a groan; "that's the cutest rascal out of Sing Sing; there's no trapping him. And his books are gone too, as usual, I'll be bound. This is a stranger; but bring that clerk along."

But he was gone too.

III.

Four years after this occurrence Frank Castle had become head clerk of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, and one of the most active and energetic men of the whole management. He had found a true and loving wife in Fanny Smiley. One day in November, as he stood in his garden at Hoboken, playing with his children and filling their toy wagons with horse-chestnuts, to their own uproarious delight and to the calm enjoyment of Fanny, Mr. Smiley came in hot and bustling from a committee-meeting.

"Fanny, my dear, how d'ye do? How are the children? Well? that's all right.—Frank, I'm very sorry to take you away; but I want you to go with me at once down into Maryland, to Cumberland and Piedmont; there are two station-masters there cheating us right and left—pretend they've had the places broken into, and send us no money. We must go and look them up. There'll be snow, I think; but that won't hurt us. It'll be a nice run for you, and you'll be of use to me. The fellow Gilmore at Cumberland mustn't be scared. We are to pretend to be satisfied with his books, and then go on to Piedmont, and try and get information there by frightening the other dog. Bags of dollars they've got out of us, and no end of dollars we mean to squeeze out of 'em. It's a bad example, stealing is; and I'd give a dozen V-notes not to be made a fool of by a set of Maryland skunks and picaroons, who take us for rich fools who'll listen to anything."

Off they went with two other directors. It threatened snow. The

[illegible] brown air was intensely cold; the wild fowl were pushing for the south in great numbers, as the station-master at Harper's Ferry reported. Snow had fallen beyond Hancocktown, where the great Indian graves were.

A few hours of fine mountain scenery, and the train swept over the long viaduct that crosses the Potomac, and darted into Cumberland.

The station-master did not expect them. He came out when he heard that three distinguished strangers had arrived and wanted to see him. Castle [illegible] would [illegible] him, for, in spite of their well-constructed [illegible] and that [illegible] and beard, he at once recognized his old friend Shandrydan. There was no disguising those red Roman-eyes, and he [illegible] relaxed lips. Shandry recognized him too.

"Why, you are [illegible]," he said, "and as you're up our way now, [illegible] you. Well, and how does the law work?"

Shandrydan, alias P'Kwem, alias Gilmore, was humbly bland; he [illegible] to blow with hearty laugh and delightful smile. He [illegible] was not afraid of any inquiry; he knew of their coming, and was [illegible].

"[illegible]," he said: "honesty is the true thing; [illegible] to the market or not pay [illegible] money to pay, but never [illegible]. Now [illegible] I'm on the right [illegible] to the longest in me. Gentlemen, my [illegible] will [illegible]. Everything shall be thrown open to you. The [illegible], and my young man here will [illegible]. Gentlemen, what I want is [illegible] the support and confidence of the great [illegible] Railway Company.—Mr. Lumsden, bring out the [illegible] and tell Mr. Fenn to bring the last of [illegible]."

Mr. [illegible] was not an engaging man, though he was well-[illegible]. He was a [illegible] and a [illegible] beach. He [illegible] of a low price [illegible]. He [illegible] the required books [illegible] with great composure and [illegible] Mr. [illegible] on the [illegible].

The [illegible] Mr. Shandry produced [illegible] to the [illegible] hotel for their [illegible] with great [illegible] at the end of that time [illegible] "I think that [illegible]

pushing on to Piedmont to-night. I've a kinder notion we may of something there that may help us with Sawbridge's accounts."

"I think," said one lantern-jawed director of the gravest physiomy that New Jersey could produce, "that there'll be snow to-t on the Alleghanies as 'll chaw up any trains that start between and Harper's Ferry. I tell you, gentlemen, the snow falls when does fall hereabouts, and I ought to know, for my father's step-her was born at the foot of the Rocky Mountains."

Castle was against starting. The night looked threatening, and the was heavy with snow. He volunteered to go and consult the por-on the station. As he passed the buffet at the station, a face nd the counter that he seemed to remember arrested him. Yes le, haggard, worn, prematurely old—it was Letty. She recognised , smiled faintly, and extended her hand. Then she looked timidly the door, and cowered as if a blow had struck her.

"Don't let that wretch see you speak to me, Frank," she said. o not stay here, but take care—he means you all mischief. Do not t him, he is capable of anything. Leave this place; but do not him know you are going. I heard him just now planning some mis-f with that clerk of his; I heard your name and Mr. Smiley's. Go, e will see you here. Farewell for ever!"

"Poor creature, half-crazed with fear and bad treatment," thought k, as he parted from the woman he had once loved so tenderly. e scarcely knows what she says. What harm can this man do what harm dare he do? I did love her once, and I fear she d me."

As Castle paced the platform, waiting for Smiley and the other two ctors, he happened to look through the window of a room next to telegraph-office; there was Sawbridge handing a rouleau of gold s meaning look to the malign clerk, who had just handed him egraphic message, over which he was laughing with the noisy in-t laugh peculiar to the man. There was nothing remarkable in ation-master handing money to a clerk, and yet the simple occur-e seemed to light up a thousand vague, undefined alarms in the d of Castle, already roused to suspicion.

"It is going to snow heavily," he said to Smiley, when they met on platform; "suppose we stop here quietly to-night."

"It'd be nothing but a sprinkling," said Sawbridge, who just then ared at the station-door dressed for a journey in a light-brown s and white hat with crape round it—a very model of thriving perability. "Don't stop for a sifting like that; besides, it is only hours' run, and we'll have the lightning express from Piedmont. k here is a first-class driver; he always takes out the special with directors. He shall take us."

"What, are you going with us?" said Castle, not very cordially.

"Yes, I feel *like going, mister.* I'm a Lincoln man thorough-

He ran in, and came back in ten minutes.

"All right, gentlemen," he said; "the road's all safe—you can do it in three-quarters of an hour. This is the lightning express from here. Mr. Johnson" (to the driver), "*mind* you're *very* particular, as particular as if you had all Congress in the train. Be sure and remember my directions."

His eye glistened, Castle remarked afterwards, as he said this and whispered to the driver.

He shook hands with the directors (especially warmly with Castle and Smiley). More brass band, more cheering and hat-waving, and then the train darted over the white country through a savage pass, where the hemlock and laurel-trees were pyramids of snow, and the black coffee-coloured Cheat river rolled along, spotted with white. And now the snow came down thicker and more blinding—it settled on the windows in large white drifts, and gradually hid them altogether. The rock grew shapeless with snow, and every undulation in the ground seemed like a giant's corpse with a white shroud over it. Down came the flakes, ceaseless, thick—thick and ceaseless as if the very atoms of the atmosphere were congealing slowly into a solid mass.

The train slackened, slackened—it seemed impeded and baffled—then it dashed on again, and again slackened; then it stopped, made one or two hopeless jerks forward, and stopped.

Every head was thrust out into the darkness.

"Where are we?"

"End of Tray Run viaduct."

The river could be heard below—a hundred feet below them.

"Can't move nohow; stuck fast in the snow, misters," cried the driver.

"Put on all steam, and go ahead," cried Smiley.

There was a jerk forward—a vigorous charge at the inert mass—then the train again stopped.

"It's done," said Smiley, "and we're all as good as buried. The cold 'll kill us all before the morning; and now I do believe" [illegible] whispered to Castle, "that skunk knew the snow would have [illegible] and the telegraph wrong."

"There is no moving," said Castle, when he had gone out [illegible] the driver's lamp inspected the state of affairs. "The snow [illegible] down the cleft in the mountain ten foot deep; it must [illegible] ing here since daybreak. The snow falls faster and [illegible] break up the benches and light a fire, or we shall [illegible] cold is dreadful."

"I'll shoot that darned skunk, if we ever get out [illegible] he savagely tore up the fourth bench.

The tr[illegible]st passed Tray Run viaduct [illegible]
[illegible]e side of the Che[illegible]
[illegible]ix hours of digging [illegible]
never have cleared [illegible]

along a mere shelf of rock—on one side a precipice, on the other a fall of a thousand feet, and the river running below.

The passengers crowded into the two middle carriages, which were of the American omnibus form, and heated the stove red-hot. Flasks were brought out; any food collected among the passengers was distributed; the few ladies there cried themselves to sleep. One by one the other passengers subsided into sleep, or, huddled up in their wrappers, waited despondingly, and trying to doze, for the morning.

It seemed hours after, that a strong smell of turpentine and of smouldering burning awoke Castle. He listened in the darkness, heard a crackling of burning wood, and saw the reflection of fierce flame. It appeared to come from both sides, and the redness grew every moment.

His shout awoke all the passengers. They threw open the doors and looked out; some, already scorched, were screaming for help; others were leaping from the windows. The train was fiercely on fire on both sides of them, and the flames were driving before the wind. It was a bright starry night; the snow had now ceased to fall. The roofs and windows of the carriages nearest the engine were blazing with the utmost fury; in half-an-hour there would be no place of shelter left.

"When did it happen?" cried a dozen voices.

"It caught from the stove; yes, that's so," said the malign driver, who had been sheltering by the engine-fire sullenly; "I saw the sparks break out ten minutes ago, and tried to extinguish them; the turpentine carboys broke and spread it. I had never thought of them."

"Gentlemen, let me speak," said the stoker, coming forward from the frightened crowd. "I know who did it. I'll tell all; save me from that man, and I'll tell all. Seize him, or he'll kill me. He wanted to bribe me, and I pretended to agree. He set the train on fire. The station-master at Cumberland hired him to do it. Put a pistol to his head and he'll confess it. I saw him pour out the turpentine and light it. Uncouple the carriages, or they'll all be burned."

The driver did not answer a word, but quick as thought he drew a revolver from his side-pocket; missing the stoker, he shot one of the directors dead. He then ran to the edge of the slope, and plunged down through the snow towards the river. A dozen shots were fired at him, each flash lighting him for a moment as he leaped desperately from rock to rock.

"Castle," said Smiley, who had been hitherto peculiarly quiet, "you fire twice and light me, and I think I can snap him."

Castle did so; at Smiley's second shot the wretch dropped dead and rolled into the river.

"That'll do; he's off the muster-roll," said Mr. Smiley, as he replaced his pistol; "and now, if we could only push back to Cumberland, we'd lynch that eternal scoundrel of ours right away."

"Uncouple the carriages quick, and save the luggage, then," said the

stoker; "there are luckily three bundles of snow-shoes in the second van; with those on, you can get back to Wingrove in two hours, taking lamps, and keeping to the rails."

"Wal, we'll do it, and reward this fellow," said Smiley; "for without him, Castle, here we should have been pretty smartly frizzled up, I guess; it was a near go—yes, sir."

Castle so incited the passengers that in a quarter of an hour the luggage-van was saved; twenty of the most resolute men were mounted on snow-shoes, and the flying army, shouting and cheering, started on their journey, led by Smiley and his son-in-law. The rest remained to build up a shed from the charred timbers, and to light fires for the ladies and children.

Two hours and a half later, the small band of snow-walkers entered the town of Wingrove, and pushed straight for the chief hotel. A dense crowd filled the streets, and torches waved below the central balcony under which three rival bands thundered out election tunes. Every window of the hotel was up, and, cold as the night was, was crowded with faces.

Mr. Sawbridge was at the close of a powerful harangue.

"Fellow-citizens," he said, "my motto is 'rectitude.' Abe Lincoln's the man to protect our cause from the unhallowed touch of the Log Roller. When Fame mounting her starry throne, and snatching at—shall—

"Silence!" cried his partisans in the crowd, as the small band headed by Smiley and Castle shouted from below that they wanted the man who'd bribed people to set their train on fire.

"Who is he?" cried the mob; "where is he?"

"That is the man," said Smiley, pointing up to the orator; "hold him fast while I tell our story."

He related it briefly but passionately.

"There are twenty of us here can prove it; he hired a man to run us into the snow, and then burn the train. Take him to gaol. What punishment should such a man have, fellow-citizens?"

"Death!" roared a hundred angry voices; "fling him down to us. No gaol for him."

They all knew Smiley, and the passengers were many of them their own townspeople.

In vain Castle and Smiley supplicated for the unhappy man; the rest of the passengers were as inexorable as the mob. There was no use to waste a trial, they said; the man had deserved death, and he shouldn't have a chance of escape.

It was swift justice; inexorable were the men. A few minutes more, and the body of the swindler swung from the hotel balcony, amidst a blaze of light, watched by a thousand fierce faces.

"He was a bad lot," said Smiley to Castle, as they turned away in horror from the yelling crowd; "but I wish he had had a fair trial,

and time to prepare for death. Yet we don't give a rattlesnake time; and if he had got off, there'd have been more pisun for someone else. It's the boys' way in Maryland, when their dander's up. I did think that fellow was one of the most etarnal scoundrels that ever put two dollars together; but I never thought he'd have been so near running us off the line with that plaguey trick of his. But it didn't pay—no, siree—and so he found it."

The swindler's unhappy wife was that night found dead in her bed at Cumberland; whether she died by poison or heart-disease, was never clearly ascertained. Enormous defalcations were discovered in Sawbridge's accounts, and the complicity of the station-master at Piedmont was clearly discovered.

WALTER THORNBURY.

ON STAGE COSTUME

WITH SOME REFLECTIONS ON MY LORD SYDNEY'S RESCRIPT

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

WONDER on what particular morning of the last past month of January was that the Lord High Chamberlain (not by any means to be confounded with the Lord Great Chamberlain) woke up and found himself virtuous. To me, to whom for many years the practice of virtue, combined with that of self-denial and asceticism, has been habitual, and I may say incessant, the manifestation of Purity in what has been termed the "Lord Chamberlain's Charge" to the theatrical managers was productive of the sincerest gratification, not unmingled with lively astonishment. That the Lord High Chamberlain was wise, handsome, witty, refined, noble, wealthy, and splendidly attired—to say nothing of his accomplishment of walking backwards on state occasions, a faculty he shares with his friends the managers, who further add to the feat the fine art of carrying a pair of lighted candles before Royalty,—of these things I had long been aware, but I had no idea that My Lord was so good. How did it all come about? When did our Sydney first awaken to a conviction of the glaring improprieties of the costume worn by the actresses and many ballet-girls, and by a great many more stage-females who can neither act nor dance? What long-latent feeling of decorum at last surged to the surface, and impelled his lordship to remonstrate with the directors of our dramatic temples on the sartorial slightnesses exhibited behind the footlights? Has any Royal Highness been shocked lately at the unseemly spectacle he may have witnessed through his double-barrelled opera-glass? Has any foreign Grand Duchess declared that she will not visit an English theatre again until the skirts of the coryphées are lengthened, or until the young ladies who sing comic songs and dance "breakdowns" in Mr. Burnand and Mr. Gilbert's extravaganzas have become less liberal in the display of their pectoral and femoral muscles, and in the suggestion of their *ultima maxima?* There must have been some cause for the sudden outbreak of prudery on the Chamberlain's part. Can it be that a Bishop has patronised, in disguise, the stalls at the Strand or the Gaiety, and has come away horrified at the revelations in the way of pink tights that there had unfolded to him? The late Charles James Blomfield, I know, was fond of attending the Italian Opera; but the Right Reverend Prelate never stayed for the ballet.

What the Lord Chamberlain has had to say to the managers of the theatres under his jurisdiction is known by all newspaper-readers—

and who is not a newspaper-reader nowadays? I need not minutely recapitulate the terms of his "charge." His Lordship has very temperately and politely hinted to the London *impresarii* that he considers the costume worn in many instances by females on the stage to be so indelicate as to border on the scandalous. The evil, he says, has been gradually augmenting, and is still growing. Many fathers and mothers, he adds, who are fond of the theatre as an amusement, will not consent to allow the juvenile members of their families to witness these indecent performances. In fine, the Chamberlain is anxious that the managers should take counsel with him and with themselves, to devise some means by which this "public scandal" may be abrogated.

This remarkable rescript from the Lord Chamberlain's Office has set me cogitating somewhat deeply. I have been delving in my memory—and there are few pleasanter pastimes, on occasion, than bone-grubbing—and disinterring sundry old facts bearing on the costume adopted on the British Stage within my time.* Let me see if the temperate marshalling of these facts, and a brief statement of the thoughts they suggest, will not help me to decide, to my own satisfaction, if not to that of my readers, three knotty questions: First, is the stage costume actually worn scandalously indecent? Second, was the Chamberlain really called upon to remonstrate with the managers on the sumptuary license which prevails in some theatres? Third and last, will his remonstrance be of any avail; and will the managers forego the cakes and ale, and the ginger hot i' the mouth, with which they supply the frequenters of the private boxes and the stalls, because Lord Sydney is virtuous?

My personal remembrance of London theatres, both before and behind the scenes, stretches back just three-and-thirty years; but my mother was on the stage long before: she "came out" in the part of the Countess Almaviva, in the *Marriage of Figaro* (Vestris playing Susanna), at old Covent Garden Theatre, under Charles Kemble's management, in the year 1827: so that I was nearly born in a prompt-box and christened by the call boy. A great court lady lent my mamma her diamonds in order to enhance the splendour of her first appearance (which I am afraid was not very successful), and I remember that as a child I used to gaze long and wistfully upon the Countess Almaviva's portrait, life-size, in crayons, by Mr. Drummond. That was my first initiation into the mysteries of stage costume; but increased familiarity with matters theatrical very speedily convinced me that real diamonds

* "When I reflect, as I frequently do, upon the felicity I have enjoyed, I sometimes say to myself, that, were the offer made to me, I would engage to run again, from beginning to end, the same course. All I would ask should be the privilege of an author, to correct, in a second edition, the errors of the first. Were this, however, denied me, still would I not decline the offer. But since a repetition of life cannot take place, there is nothing which, in my opinion, so nearly resembles it, as to call to mind all its circumstances, and, to render their remembrance more lasting, commit them to writing." BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, *Autobiography*.

on the stage are a mistake, and that the polygonal concaves of jet called "logies" (from the name, I apprehend, of a Mrs. Logie, a wonderful old lady who used to go about to actors' and actresses' lodgings, selling those ornaments) shine with even greater brilliance in the garishly-lit theatre than do stones of the first water from the mines of the Brazils.

I began to study stage costume very sedulously in the year 1836, when the St. James's Theatre was first opened, under the proprietorship and management of the famous John Braham. I say that I studied it sedulously; for, happening to have a taste for drawing, I enthusiastically reproduced every morning, in the "penny-plain-and-twopence-coloured" style, the beautiful dresses I had seen overnight. My task was a well-nigh incessant one, for my mother was a member of the operatic company of the theatre. I had a brother who was a clerk in the box-office; we lived in King-street, St. James's, opposite the playhouse, and it tended rather towards keeping us (the junior branches of the family) quiet, and economising fire and light at home, if we went to the play about four or five times a-week, and at the conclusion of the performance trotted round to the stage-door to fetch our mamma home to supper. I can assure you that persons moving in quite respectable circles of society were accustomed, in the year 1836, to sup—sometimes on pickled salmon, occasionally on tripe; and I have known really estimable people who have even drunk half-and-half without derogating in any marked degree from their social status.

This, however, is a "pantechnicon," as Artemus Ward used to call a parenthesis. Let me go back to my costumes. The St. James's opened, to the best of my recollection, with Dr. Arne's old-fashioned, but infinitely-melodious, opera of *Artaxerxes*. A kind of Bloomsbury Mozart, I take it, that *Mus. Doc.* Don't you know the soft, sweet, kindly feeling which comes over you when you hear *Batti, batti!* or *Il mio tesoro!* Well, I always feel the same kind of old-world "spoonness" when I listen to "In infancy our hopes and fears," or "Monster, away!" Let those who list pant for the "music of the future," give me the music of the past; and old Jerusalem the Golden, and the First Temple, and Miriam's timbrel and David's psaltery. We opened with *Artaxerxes*. The admirable Miss Rainforth was the Mandane; unless I am much mistaken, that excellent English *prima donna* so far deferred to the ideas then current with respect to ancient Persian costume, as to don beneath her richly "logied" tunic a pair of Turkish trousers. I know that Miss Julia Smith, who played Artaxerxes, also wore such elongated knickerbockers; but they were the discreetest "bags" imaginable: they were "mentionables," not "unmentionables." They were of some textile fabric, richly embroidered, thick enough to suppress the slightest suggestion of the shape of the limbs which they incased. In fact, they were but an orientalised version, much bespangled, of the white-muslin drawers, with frills round the ankles, which big schoolgirls used to wear in the year '36. Nowadays, if I am to *believe the evidence thrust* under my nose in the carte-de-

visite shops, when a young lady condescends to wear Turkish trousers, she has them made of the thinnest gauze in order that there may not be the slightest mistake about the conformation of the legs within. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* A numerous male and female chorus lent their aid to the development of the woes of Mandane and the villany of Arbaces (Braham himself played the flagitious satrap); but the fair choristers made no display of their pedal extremities. I suppose, in '69, if it were proposed to revive *Artaxerxes*, that great things would be done in the way of spectacle, and that an incidental ballet would be interpolated, in which at least a hundred *bayadères* in salmon-coloured fleshings would disport themselves in Sahara waltz-like gyrations, or after the manner of *poses plastiques* gone mad.

Besides *Artaxerxes*, we had a number of other operas at the St. James's: English versions of *La Dame Blanche*, *Le Domino Noir*, *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, and *L'Ambassadrice*. There were no legs in any of those pieces. There was an opera, too, called the *Village Coquettes*, ostensibly offering a grand opportunity for a pastoral *divertissement* with plenty of leg. This *Village Coquettes* was, for a wonder, a purely original work. The composer of the music was John Hullah. Mr. Braham enacted the part of a tyrannical game-preserving and tenant-evicting squire, in a scarlet-velvet tunic and top-boots. Mr. W. Bennett, I believe, came on in front of a "carpenter's scene," and sang a charming ballad about "Autumn leaves." A minor *rôle* was apportioned to a young man, who, although a wonderful musician, an accomplished artist, and a ripe humorist, seemed to have made a slight mistake in adopting the stage as a profession: John Parry junior I think they called him, then. And the libretto of the *Village Coquettes* was the work of another young man, at that time frequently to be seen behind the scenes of the St. James's, and whose long silky auburn hair, high black-satin stock, and crimson-velvet waistcoat may be familiar to you in a portrait painted by Mr. Daniel Maclise. Ary Scheffer and William Powell Frith have painted him since. They called *him* Charles Dickens. Any legs yet? Well, the charming Mrs. Stirling, then in the spring-time of her beauty and genius, she is in its golden autumn now,—came to us, and performed the part of a brigand in a dramatised version of Alexander Dumas's novel of *Pascal Bruno*. I am constrained to admit that in this picturesquely felonious character Mrs. Stirling not only wore a steeple-crowned hat with particoloured streamers, and a jacket plentifully decorated with silver sugar-loaf buttons, but that she likewise made manifest her legs, which were decorated with the customary criss-cross ligaments so dear to the dandy brigand, and that she wore finally—well, this is a candid article—a pair of brown-velvet breeches.* Those small-clothes created a sensation; but, pshaw! in this high-pressure age they would be voted

* Yes, sir, "breeches." I will not call them "continuations" or "gallignskins." The Lord Chamberlain has just solemnly informed all gentlemen who purpose at her Majesty's levées and drawing-rooms that they may wear "black silk-

tame and spiritless. They were as decorous as John Thomas the footman's plush. Remember that in 1836 we were an unsophisticated race. Only twenty years had elapsed since, according to Lord Byron, the town had gone mad after Madame Catalani in pantaloons; but, bless you! Catalani's nether garments would be accounted the lowest of the slow by a generation which has tolerated a Menken, and which applauds a Finette. Shortly after we had been favoured with the presence of Mrs. Stirling, I think Miss P. Horton came to delight the playgoers of King-street, St. James's. Miss Horton had already played Ariel in the *Tempest;* and that dainty spirit, as you may be perfectly aware, has legs. But tell me, unprejudiced critic, are there not legs and legs? I may boast that I have seen the best this age has furnished. Not alone at the St. James's, but at the Opera, and at the two (then) patent theatres of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, at the Surrey, and at the Olympic. I have studied legs lyrical, legs dramatic, legs choregraphic, the pride of the age, the wonder and admiration of contemporaries. Your Royal Highness, you are a mighty prince; your name is a tower of strength. You are greater than the great Vance, and the jollity of the jolly Nash is dull and gloomy in comparison with the radiance of your smile. You are handsome and young and rich; you are the gilt axle-box on Fortune's wheel; you can do wellnigh everything which it is in the power of mortal prince to do, but you were not born in the year 1836, and you never saw the legs of Madame Vestris. Those members were then in their full bloom. *On raffolait de ces jambes-là.* Cunning artists modelled them in wax; and the instep and ankle of the incomparable Eliza Bartolozzi were visible, under a glass-case, in a shop-window in the Quadrant. Nor was Vestris less captivating when she inwrapped her delicate *tibiæ* and *fibulæ* in the "tongs" or trousers of modern life. There was an extravaganza—poor old Moncrieff's, I think—called *Giovanni in London;* and therein Vestris played the Don, who prematurely went to the Deuce, but came back again, and played all manner of pranks in the British metropolis. Vestris, as Giovanni, had to fight a duel, I remember, in the course of this piece. I can see her now, in a braided military tunic, the very waist of the garment was a thing to go crazy about, —a pair of undress military overalls with a broad stripe of gold-lace down the seam, and the most ravishing pair of black-satin boots with pointed toes that eyes ever beheld. Patent leathers were not then invented; but dandies sometimes varnished their boots with a peculiar sticky blacking that smelt like cold pine-apple rum and water, and when dry had a very brilliant lustre. I imagine that there was a good deal of saccharine matter in this varnish; for if you happened to enter a drawing-room where there was a King Charles's spaniel, the affec-

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velvet breeches;" and after the deliberate sanction given by the London Gazette and Lord Sydney's sign-manual to the long-discredited but soundly-Saxon word "breeches," who shall make me afraid, or convict me of coarseness!

[illegible] usual usually linked all the blacking off your boots before you took [illegible].

[illegible] you were a [illegible] and [illegible] speaker once:—Chairman of [illegible], [illegible] of the Disestablishment Bills in the House of [illegible], [illegible] useful [illegible] protesting on the encroachments of [illegible] democracy as the [illegible] of the Opodeldoc [illegible]. You smile benignantly on the Midnight Meetings and Mr. Shaw. [illegible] and the [illegible] Missions look up to you [illegible]; you have read a more than some curiosities found in the [illegible] where a [illegible] Immortals; and you have written a book [illegible] the [illegible] of the Land of Nod. You are [illegible]—in the [illegible] to [illegible] in Voltaire's [illegible] "[illegible]" [illegible] in [illegible] of [illegible] a [illegible]. You are periodically [illegible] with the [illegible]; you live in [illegible]-square; and you are [illegible] [illegible]. You [illegible]-and-thirty years ago, [illegible], you were very well known about town as the Honourable [illegible]. You were in the Blues. You consorted with the [illegible], the Vaudemonts, and the Beresfords. You knew Dot [illegible]. You [illegible] Dumas, the Dumas. You were one of the [illegible]. Then you got into a little trouble, [illegible] with [illegible] about town, for painting a [illegible] [illegible], pinning him hand and foot, and [illegible] in [illegible]-square. You lost a good [illegible] [illegible]. You were a great frequenter [illegible]. [illegible] you must remember the eye of Mrs. Honey [illegible]. There were days in dream of legs to swear [illegible]. We did write sonnets about them in [illegible].

[illegible] "[illegible]." Many of those who read [illegible] Southey's [illegible] in Rosalind. Later [illegible] and I am delighted to say [illegible] unobtrusively into the [illegible] Theatre, [illegible] pleasure to listen to the musical [illegible] Mrs. Theodore Martin in Rosalind, and to see, peeping from [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible], the legs of which I had long pro[illegible] a [illegible]. Legs clad in gray hose, I approve [illegible]; legs which might have formed fit [illegible] talk to of, in his ballad upon a [illegible], [illegible] the [illegible], [illegible] the [illegible], "[illegible] in and out, like [illegible] the [illegible] for light. Come back, honest [illegible] legs that [illegible] to have, legs that suggest [illegible]. Come back, Ros and Imogen, Viola and [illegible]. Come back, the Imogen clad in [illegible], the young Daniel [illegible] the [illegible] of Venice, lad, [illegible] the Queen of Spain has, [illegible] for the [illegible]

back, Grattan, in *Cherry and Fairstar*; come back, Fortescue, in Nourmahal; come back, Emma Stanley, in Cleopatra the *débardeur* (Wright was Antony); and come back, ever-memorable Mrs. Keeley, in Jack Sheppard, in Oliver Twist, in Robin Hood, in the Young Scamp (Bouffé's *Gamin de Paris*). In all these parts, legs shone and breeches were more or less apparent, and nobody was shocked, for there was nothing to be shocked at. Celeste, again, in male attire, was a perfect, profound, and purely artistic study. There seem to me to be in Europe at the present moment only two actresses *en activité*, who can assume the attire of the ruder sex with the success proverbially attributed to Peg Wofington, who, in Sir Harry Wildair, was so finished a young spark that she made all the women in love with her, and all the men jealous. Those two actresses are Virginie Déjazet and Sarah Woolgar; but, alas, Déjazet must be nearly eighty years old by this time; and Mrs. Alfred Mellon (whose recent assumption of male attire in *Monte Cristo* was most fascinating) is but rarely suited with parts fitted to show her gracious capacity.

Retracing my steps a little, let me remark that at the period I have selected as a starting-point for these experiences—three-and-thirty years since—the vogue of "burlesques" and "extravaganzas" was just commencing. At the Olympic, under Vestris's management, Planché and Charles Dance were writing delightfully polished and witty travesties of classical stories. At the St. James's we tried first some of the old burlesques of the Georgian era, such as *Tom Thumb*,—the lamented Harley was Lord Grizzle, a grand performance; and the part of either Noodle or Doodle was played by Mr. Alfred Wigan,—and *Midas*, Gardner, a low comedian of infinite humour—or was it Adam Leffler, the *basso!*—playing Pan. But speedily these old-world satires were banished from Mr. Braham's boards by the advent of a young burlesque-writer, almost as witty as, but a great deal droller than, Planché. This new dramaturge was a briefless barrister, who had recently come to considerable grief as proprietor of a cloud of cheap periodicals, comprising such names as *The Wag*, *The Ghost*, and *The Evangelical Penny Magazine*. He lived to become a writer of leading-articles for the *Times*, a leading contributor to *Punch*, and a very clear-headed and impartial stipendiary magistrate. His name was Gilbert Abbott A'Beckett; and I own that it was not without a curious thrill that I read, a few days since, a notice of the production, at this same St. James's Theatre, of some blood-and-thunder melodrama by Gilbert A'Beckett, his son. Mr. A'Beckett wrote for the St. James's an amusing bit of drollery called *The Revolt of the Workhouse, or the Parish Revolution*, and an especially amusing extravaganza founded on Shakespeare's *King John*. Now, neither in the Olympic nor in the St. James's burlesques, nor in the cognate buffooneries at the Strand, where the late Mr. W. J. Hammond played (I think) *Othello* and *Macbeth* "travestie," was the feminine leg brought into any kind of undue prominence. Now and then, when the proper conduct of the piece required it, the part of a page

[illegible]

[illegible] page's dress [illegible] Nobody dreamt of [illegible] in such [illegible] Likewise sanc- [illegible] by females. [illegible] so sump- [illegible] were, ne- [illegible] *Night's* [illegible] comedies and [illegible] to play [illegible] piece, the [illegible] appears in an [illegible] round. [illegible] was by no [illegible] to every dra- [illegible] temporarily [illegible] pantomimes; [illegible] ballet-danc- [illegible] with [illegible] graphy, [illegible] some [illegible] short [illegible] was [illegible] but [illegible] their [illegible] it was [illegible] Mr. Gilbert [illegible] if they [illegible] so much [illegible] pieces, and, [illegible] the late Mr. [illegible] established [illegible] numerous, [illegible] that [illegible] and *La* [illegible] *rentiers* [illegible] brilliant

[illegible] possessed [illegible] Conservatory of [illegible] Taglioni, [illegible] Fanny and Herminie [illegible] Nena a [illegible] Blanchett as [illegible] on the other hand, [illegible] Rosalie, [illegible] Ferré, St. Léon, [illegible] that the French are

background of *ballerisée*, Mr. Bunn never "went in" for "leg pieces" simply as such; nor in the terrible indictment framed against him by the writers in *Punch*, and which he met with a more terrible rejoinder, was any specific charge of sanctioning indecency in costume brought against him.

A few words, ere I leave the stage costumes of the past, may be devoted to Her Majesty's Theatre. I can remember the Italian Opera-house under the management of Mr. Monk Mason, of Mr. Laporte, and of Mr. Lumley. Then came the great Costa and Persiani secession, and the bifurcation of operatic interests, and a cloud of new men, Beales, Delafields, E. T. Smiths, Maplesons, *e tutti quanti*. I need scarcely point out to a lyrical *habitué* that the Italian opera cannot get on without a certain amount of leg. Sir, I have seen the decent legs of Marie Malibran in *Fidelio*. *Judices*, twenty-two years have elapsed since, at Covent Garden (the old, not the new theatre), I first saw Alboni in the green velvet tunic and white-silk tights of Maffeo Orsini, and in the black-satin trunk-hose of the young cavalier—I have forgotten his name—in *Maria di Rohan*, who sings "*Per non istar al solo*." Sir, I have seen the legs of Brambilla as Pippo.

Sir, there is a "leg part," I believe, in the *Huguenots*; there is one in *Anna Bolena*; there is one in *Semiramide*; there is one in *Orfeo*; there is one in the *Gazza Ladra*. I never saw Giulia Grisi's legs; she was the Queen of Spain, and was legless. She was Norma; and when a Druidess showed her legs, she was as irrecoverably lost as a vestal virgin who had let the fire out. In the *Figlia del Reggimento*, and in the year 1851, just the slightest suspicion of Jenny Lind's ankles, clad in white stockings, was visible. But the curtain of devout domesticity very speedily dropped over *that* pretty sight. The Opera ballet remained, and in that department you may think, O you heedless and inconsequent young man of the period, that the female leg was rampant. I declare that it was not. There are still extant, in biscuit-china, two charming statuettes of Taglioni and Fanny Elsler. One is on view to this day, if I mistake not, at a porcelain warehouse in the Strand, and you may buy it for a trifling matter of six guineas. Go and look at it, young man. Look also at the full-length portraits of the great ballet-dancers of yore, which Chalon used to draw, which Lane lithographed, and Mitchell published. Look at the noble group of the *Pas de Quatre*, the grandest choregraphic achievement perhaps that the world has ever seen, and which was devised by the accomplished Mr. Lumley as a crowning attraction to his "Long Thursdays"—the group which Mr. John Gilbert drew, more than twenty years since, for the *Illustrated London News*.* Study these monuments of bygone stage costumes, and you must be fain to admit *that the ballet-dancers of a generation since dressed decently*, and that although the

* The original sketch for this remarkable drawing was made, I believe, by a clever Frenchman named Guys, and when I saw it, in 1847, was in the possession of Albert Smith.

[illegible] movements of the dance made brevity of skirt a thing of necessity. There was a vast difference between the fair professors of the [illegible] of modesty of dark room, and the shameless nudes who caper now in our theatres and music-halls, it serve as scandalous, and with gas [illegible] as abominable. But were they Egyptian *Almes* or *Ghoazeie*, they would have equally had themselves the objects of the attentions of the [illegible] of [illegible]. Yet, outdated as was the ballet of the past in comparison with that of the present, it was sufficient to shock the [illegible] sensibilities. Madame Sand, who described the petticoats of ballet-girls as "hinges to their waist," and is absolutely horrified Thomas Carlyle, who also went to the Opera and drew an appalling picture of [illegible] young woman "accustomed to stand on one leg, in the Devil's name." [illegible] sentiments would be caused predisposed lengthy [illegible] were "[illegible] week in St. Petersburg, the kind Empress of Russia [illegible] sum for her, and begged her "*d'allonger* [illegible]." [illegible] "[illegible]." That Charles's son came to Paris [illegible] and [illegible] his travelling-boots were green, he hurried to the [illegible] "[illegible] to behold and admire." And the Crown-Prince of [illegible], [illegible], fell immediately in love with Cora Pearl, who "[illegible]" [illegible] speedily went in agony—as Cupidon, being [illegible] stock in a war of [illegible] boots and diamonds.

[illegible] "[illegible]," Dr. from which I have striven not to vary [illegible] unfortunately demanded a digressive illustration. [illegible] and has nothing more to do with theatres [illegible] when, two members of my family happening to be [illegible] at the Princess's Theatre, I used to go behind the scenes, and [illegible] spent my evenings at the wings, in the green-[illegible] "[illegible]" [illegible] every night that the theatre was [illegible]. [illegible] of a gay, fair, handsome lad in a [illegible] behind the scenes, too, pretty frequently, [illegible] in which variety he would make, from [illegible] with a sword. Times I gravely err, the slim lad [illegible] of [illegible] of great renown, and by the [illegible] Kitbam. All our pageants at the Princess's, [illegible] well grown in my memory. [illegible] everything. [illegible] Kenney, wrote burlesques for us [illegible] for we had no "leg pieces." [illegible] and the Venus of Milo [illegible]. Neither the Medicean Venus nor the [illegible] Aphrodite that rules [illegible] Princess's during this time that [illegible] of Italian [illegible] Don Giovanni, accompanied by his [illegible] English public; [illegible] and Drury set houses [illegible]. Then I went away from

he Princess's to school again, for two or three years, and I [illegible]
1846 as a "professional"—not as an actor; I never put [illegible]
ostume or ventured on the boards but once, and that was [illegible]
ur, for the benefit of a friend. I remember that I did [illegible]
do with my arms and legs, and that the principal impression [illegible]
ind was that I was standing on a remarkably [illegible]
land of deal board, in the midst of a blazing sea of [illegible]
ssional avocations I performed at the Princess's in [illegible]
ce in the painting-room—the blue part of many radiant [illegible]
d the white portion of many stone walls on several [illegible]
lrops," are due to my pencil—the copying of pieces from [illegible]
anuscript, and the "parts" thereof, the translating of pieces [illegible]
ench, the [illegible] of a considerable amount of the [illegible]
spondence: the [illegible]-up of "orders," the [illegible]
ements for the newspapers, and the occasional [illegible]
e doors at night. These various services were [illegible] at the
odest rate of [illegible] shillings a-week: not a very [illegible]
ay opine: but I know I lived very comfortably on [illegible]
red no man [illegible] generally had a few pence [illegible]
end at a [illegible]—how I "saved-up" [illegible]
ork which [illegible] day is to me as [illegible]
ights—and [illegible] together, as [illegible]
ny surprise I was very glad [illegible]
hare two [illegible]
ng fond [illegible]
which [illegible]
he modest [illegible]
everal [illegible]
w'on [illegible] but I [illegible]
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haracters. Anna Tulloc [illegible]

the *Siren*. My familiarity with theatricals was not confined to one house. When my manager gave me a holiday, I begged an order from some dramatic friend, and went to the play somewhere else. Did not the waiter at the Albion, when *he* had a holiday, spend it in helping a friend, another waiter, to lay knives and forks at the London Tavern? I went about to the "Garden" and the "Lane," to the Surrey and the "Vic," to the Lyceum and the Strand; not idly or in quest of new amusement, however, but actuated by a then very stern and definite purpose, for I was determined to be an artist, and sketched everything that came in my way: legs included. Good lack! there is a pretty Life Academy on view now every night at the playhouses.

But the Fates determined that theatres and I were to part company. Whatever the Revolution of 1848 could have had to do with me I was never able satisfactorily to determine; but it is certain that from the political convulsion in question I must date my divorce both from the stage and from pictorial art. The first I abandoned, and the second—owing to one of my eyes going out of town, and declining to come back—abandoned me. Like many other men, unsuccessful through misfortune or through incompetence in some recognised and remunerative calling, I took up the trade of the younger son of the younger brother, of the discharged serving-man and the ostler trade-fallen, of the "stickit stibbler" and the uncertificated bankrupt. I don't mean, by this, that I enlisted in the army, or became a schoolmaster, or took to selling coals and corn on commission. No; I "turned Author."

I am, as things go at present, about as bad a playgoer as any member of the Serious Classes could well desire to see. Did theatrical managers depend on me for patronage, or look to my transactions with the box-book-keeper in the way of stalls and private boxes as a means of replenishing their treasuries, they would find that they were leaning on the rottenest of reeds, and very speedily discover themselves in Basinghall-street. It is possible that you may assume from the foregoing avowal that I am in the habit of making use of the facilities which a slight connection with literature and journalism may afford me to satisfy my theatrical longings cheaply, and go to the play for nothing. Yet I think that it is with extreme rarity that I trouble my good friends the managers for gratuitous admissions. Now and again an urgent appeal is made to me to write to Mr. So-and-so for a box, and with courteous promptitude the ticket I have asked for is sent. Then I have a hurried dinner, attended by I know not what vague odour of violet-powder and warm frizzling-tongs. Then I am deprived of my post-prandial cigar, and am dressed up in an absurd mockery of the attire of an undertaker who has a waiter for a twin brother. Afterwards I am crammed into a four-wheeled cab, and on arriving at my unhappy destination I have a row with the cabman. Then I stumble [illegible] gas-lit hall, and wander up and down corridors smelling of [illegible] neck staircases, until at last I am pushed into

a square hole, one side of which being open reveals the stage and auditorium of a theatre; and there for four or five mortal hours, sullen in consequence of my coat, and panting with indigestion, I am compelled to listen to a pack of people talking nonsense, and to whom, as in the case of the bore in a black gown who preaches sermons, there is no right of reply. I differ with almost everything the people on the stage say: but if I were to argue the point with them, there would be a commotion in the house, and I should be turned out. I hate the horribly uncomfortable chair on which I am made to sit, when I should like to be lying on a sofa, reading the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, and thinking how much more intellectually gifted I am than the gentleman who wrote that exhaustive article on the disendowment of the Irish Church. I hate the Jewish family in the next box, who, I feel persuaded, have come in with an "order" as I have. I fancy whiffs of the perfume of bear's-grease mingled with fried fish coming from that box. I chafe at the diamond shirt-studs of the Hebrew in the corner; and at the dingy white kid gloves of the giggling daughters of Jewry, who are craning their necks round the corner in an attempt to espy who the occupants of *my* box may be. I hate the bald-headed man in the box on the opposite side of the house, who levels his opera-glass at me or my belongings. I hate the dirty red-and-white opera-cloaks in the dress-circle, the monstrous tawdry head-dresses, the sham bracelets and necklaces; the five hundred temporarily animated wax dummies from the hairdressers' shops in the Burlington Arcade, simpering like one; the conceited creatures in the stalls, standing up to stroke their beards and show their watchguards. I hate the grinning acquaintance whose eye has lighted on me—he has been going to the play with orders any time these thirty years—and who comes round and knocks at the door of my box, and—confound him!—stops an hour there. If I were to meet that man in the street, I shouldn't know him, unless indeed he were in evening dress, with a white cravat like the wall of a Spanish convent; and that costume I believe is not habitually worn *in foro*, nor in broad daylight. His name is Toothly—Gumbo Toothly. He says he was at school with me; I don't believe him. At *my* school we wore rags not swallow-tailed coats and white cravats. He overflows with theatrical chit-chat. What rubbish the piece is! Don't I remember Bosville in the part of which Toobey—the overweening puppy!—has made such a mess? Have I noticed that Miss De Cobblewobble is getting old and fat? Aren't little Kate St. Maur's legs stunning? I remember the St. Maur? Yes; I remember her. Her name is Pugsby, and her mother used to keep a coal-and-potato shed in Miff's-court, Oxford-market. Gumbo Toothly goes away, but my torture continues. I am under a perpetual nervous apprehension that I shall drop my opera-glass on the head of the man who plays the big drum in a corner of the orchestra. He is a happier man than I, for he has many bars' *rest*. *It is only* occasionally that he gives the big *drum a thwack. He can read the* last edition of the evening paper.

He can take snuff; and between the acts he files out of the orchestra, with a flock of friendly fiddlers, into subterranean regions beyond the stage. I know where he is going. He is bound for the tavern "used" by the band, and there he will regale on cold gin-and-water. So the dreadful night wears through. At last hope comes in the shape of the "tag," and is consummated by the fall of the green curtain; and then come the ceremonies of shawling, and looking for one's hat, which Gumbo Toothly is pretty sure to have crushed under the weight of his overcoat, or stamped out of shape with one of his big patent-leather boots—he wears the largest dress-boots in London—during the hour he inflicted himself upon me. Then I [illegible] hustled and jostled and buffeted by a yawning crowd of people thr[illegible]ng out of the theatre, and have smelling-bottles poked in my eyes, [illegible], fans dug into my ribs, until I struggle out of the heated atmos[illegible]s of the playhouse into the raw atmosphere of the vestibule, where I [illegible] and cooling my heels and laying a fine foundation for bronchitis, [illegible] half-an-hour, till the third linkman I have bribed—two I have already fee'd unsuccessfully—fetches me another four-wheeled cab with a drunken driver. I envy the honest rogue his inebriety, for he has been enjoying himself with Tom and Bill, and has not been compelled to go to the play.

"The Countess of Doldrum's carriage stops the way;" "Mrs. Pelham Villars's carriage." *That* is Mrs. Pelham Villars, I know; the appalling woman with the hookéd beak, like that of Mr. Milton's war-chariot, protruding from the scarlet hood of her opera-cloak. I know her two shrewish daughters: Ione, who bores you with Dr. Colenso on the Pentateuch, and Idonea, who yowls Schubert's *Wanderer* until you look upon Kensal Green as a happy home. *I* know Mrs. Pelham. She doesn't speak to me now, and calls me a Philistine; but didn't she render my life a torment to me ten years ago with her three-volume novel, *Quashiana, or the Quadroon of Dutch Guiana?* Couldn't I recommend it to Messrs. Longman, or Mr. Murray of Albemarle-street? In vain did I tell this Witch of Endor of the south-western district that I didn't know either Murray or Longman,—who, under a peer or a prelate, does?—and that they never published three-volume novels. Didn't she ask me to one of her Thursdays, and introduce me to Boff of the Truefitt Fine-Arts Club, who asked me what I thought of Primaticcio—wither Primaticcio!—and Scoff, the man who is always writing essays in the *Pre-Adamite Review*, puffing the etchings of his friend Hoff, the eminent corn-cutter, who, exhausted by his pedicural labours, took to the needle and the aqua fortis, and produced a number of grubby scratches on copper, which Scoff declares to be finer than anything Rembrandt ever achieved? Ah, *I* know Mrs. P. V. Didn't she make me go through a portfolio containing seventy-seven photographs of the Ruins of Palmyra? Isn't she the philanthropist who is getting-up private theatricals for the benefit of the Penitent Maories? Isn't she Borrioboola Gha doubled with Della Crusca, and with a dash of *Bloomerism* and the *Précieuses Ridicules*? To know Mrs. Pelham

ars, and to be subject to her doleful incantations, is to go into t is called "society." I would sooner keep a stall in the Soho aar, or listen five nights a-week to Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, than w the Villarian acquaintance. Avaunt, curved proboscis! Thank nea, here is the venal linkman and the four-wheeled cab! I have ther row with the cabman, and I have had a few words with some-y else, before I reach my humble domicile. Of course my latch-has become plugged-up with the inscrutable fluff of the waistcoat-ket; of course, when I have ordered a lobster for supper, there are, this particular night, no lobsters to be had nearer than the Bight of in; of course I find three letters on the table, one containing a nest from Messrs. Sharples, Marrables, and Scragdon for the imme-e payment of eighty-seven pounds ten shillings and threepence, ith five shillings for this application;" another (anonymous), enclos-a neat little criticism from the *Walton-on-the-Naze Wasp* concern-my Essay on the Genius and Character of Professor Holloway; and hird conveying the refusal of the directors of the Ingenious Life urance Company (based on the report of their medical officer) to ct a policy on my life. And, equally of course, I have left my *gnette* on the ledge of that ill-omened private box; and the Com-nion of my Solitude has lost the stone from her bracelet, or one of gilt things that wiggle-waggle from her back-comb.

Have theatrical entertainments become thus distasteful to me, I der, because I have grown fat, and am past forty; because I am brutal, olerant, and selfish; because I envy and hate those of my fellow-crea-es who have yet some kindly sympathies and some digestive powers ? It may be so. There are people who seem never tired of going to play. The visits of our exemplary young Princes to the theatre m a standing addendum to the *Court Circular*. I hope they like it. r myself I can candidly and conscientiously say that for twenty years have never seen the theatrical curtain rise without reluctance, or ched it fall without exultation; and if there be one theatrical "en-tainment" more repugnant to me than another, it is the insufferably rse, dull, and senseless performance known as "a burlesque extra-ganza." I recognise in these deplorable tomfooleries neither the rkling wit and classical elegance of Planché, nor the happy fancies d caustic satire of Robert Brough, the broad farce and strong common se of Albert Smith, the infinite waggery of A'Beckett, the boisterous kindly fun of poor dear Frank Talfourd. I see only the production some ignorant and conceited blockhead, who, on the strength of aling jokes from the back numbers of *Punch*, or torturing the words m a dictionary into bad puns, sets up for a Wit; who ekes-out the serable poverty of his invention by blackguard nigger-songs and mi-obscene dances, and whose wearisome and idiotic piece would fall d the first night but for the services of a horde of jigging hussies, o exhibit themselves *more than* half-naked before the "haw-haw" *en of the period in the stalls.* There is no need to attend the theatres

often, to be convinced that the Chamberlain had some show of reason on his side when he remonstrated with the managers—he should not have remonstrated with *all* of them—as to the existent impropriety of stage costume. Look into the windows of the photographic shops. See the swarms of all but nude "Nellies," "Katies," "Lizzies," "Fannies," and "Lotties" cheek-by-jowl with the respectable effigies of the Reverend Mr. Spurgeon, Sor Patrocinio, Miss Nightingale, Professor Owen, Father Ignatius, and the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli. And when you *do* go to the theatre you will be constrained to own that nine out of ten of these wretched little *figurantes* and *comparses*—their legs are not even real, but are obviously padded—can neither dance nor sing, nor act, nor do anything, in fact, save show their legs. They are engaged specially to show their legs; and—what a prodigious amount of humbug there is about!—the theatres of London were never so numerous, or so continuously crowded, as they now are; and in '3[illegible] and '41, my bygone standpoints, there was generally a beggarly show of empty boxes, and managers were ruined by the score. Did Vestris, did Mathews, did Bunn, did Macready, did Phelps, did Charles Kemble, did Jullien make fortunes by their theatrical enterprises? Moralise with a modern theatrical manager of the Legations, and he will lay his finger by the side of his nose, and tell you that "there is nothing like leg."

How is this plague of leg to be stopped? Will it ever be stopped? It cannot, I should say, extend much further, for we are rapidly approaching the fig-leaf stage; but when that moderate *velarium* is removed, will reaction come, and shall we be emboldened to try a little decency by way of a change? It is impossible, I take it, to enact any definite code of sumptuary laws with reference to stage costume. If the Chamberlain, growing rabid from excess of virtue, should venture to deprive some manager, inordinately addicted to legs, of his license, there might ensue a rebellion in the theatrical world, which might sweep away the stage-censorship of the Chamberlain altogether. The reform, I trust, will be due to different means. The good taste and common sense of the public will some of these days hoot the legatrices and the "breakdown" dancers from the boards. Give the jades rope enough, and they will hang themselves at last. Already signs of the coming renaissance of common decency are visible. The genuine triumph of such dramas as *School*, as *Home*, and as *Cyril's Success*, may be regarded as eminently hopeful tokens. Somehow or another the admirably-chosen company at the Prince of Wales's, somehow or another Mr. Sothern at the Haymarket, contrive to rise in public favour without the support of suits formed of ballet-girls' legs. A revulsion of patronage seems to be promised for the comedy of manners and dialogue of wit and repartee, of character and idiosyncrasy. We must live in hope. This "chickaleary" age, this "*ces-ces*" century, may yet be destined to witness comedies which shall recall the bygone glories of *Abroad and the School*, or *Scandal*, of *Money* and the *Love-Chase*, of

[illegible] *Time* works *Wonders*.

FLIGHT OF SURAJA DOULAH'S ARMY.

BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY

OR THE

Adventures and Misadventures of Robert Ainsleigh

Chapter XXX. Treachery recoils on the Traitor.

I stood by Philip Hay's grave at midnight on the 23d-24th of June, the night after the most important victory which English arms have yet achieved in Hindostan. Short is the interval between death and burial in the summer solstice, and my poor companion's funeral rites were a little more hurried than they would have been had he died a natural death in time of peace. We buried him under the mango-trees, in that grove which has now an almost classic renown; and in default of a parson my own lips read the funeral service above his grave. This done, and a few silent tears shed for a companion whose conduct towards me had been such a strange mixture of affection and faithlessness, I went back to the business of life, which was at this crisis a most feverish excitement.

The army had gone on to Daoodpore.

At daybreak Mr. Watts and Mr. Scrafton arrived from Cutwah, and roused me from a troubled slumber.

"Dress yourself in your civilian's costume without loss of a minute," cried my patron. "I have just received a message from the Colonel, bidding me wait immediately upon Meer Jaffier, to conduct him to Daoodpore. Scrafton is to go with me, and you had better come too."

I obeyed this summons with delighted eagerness, for I knew that my attendance upon Mr. Watts would most likely introduce me to the side-scenes of the theatre in which this stirring drama of British conquest was being enacted. We went at once to the tent of Meer Jaffier, whose haggard and careworn face denoted a night spent in anxious thought, rather than in slumber. He received us with a angular air of reserve; and if we had been doomsmen sent to conduct him to the scaffold, instead of the emissaries of a victorious ally, he would scarcely have betrayed more apprehension. The fact was, that, fully conscious of his own cowardly vacillation up to the very hour of victory, he dreaded some retribution at our hands now that we had raised ourselves to power.

conducted him with all pomp to the English camp at Daood- accompanied by his son Meeran, and mounted on his elephant. entrance to the camp he alighted from this stately charger, when nards drew out and saluted him with grounded arms. This com- ent *the craven evidently* took for a movement of threatening

import; for he started back, and only recovered himself when Clive ran forward and embraced him, saluting him Nabob of Bengal, Behar, and Orixa.

This meeting was followed by a private conference in the Colonel's tent; after which Meer Jaffier returned to his troops, and hastened with them to Muxadavad, to prevent the escape of Suraja Doulah, or the plunder of the royal treasuries, which the fallen tyrant, knowing matters to be desperate, would doubtless endeavour to empty of all portable wealth.

Colonel Clive did not advance his troops immediately to Muxadavad, eager though they were to enter the royal city. The army marched in the afternoon of the 24th, and halted in the night at a place called Sydabad, about six miles from Daoodpore: while Mr. Watts and myself went on with our attendants to the capital, where we were charged with the delicate duty of inquiring into the state of the treasury, and keeping our eyes generally open to the aspect of current affairs in the interests of our honourable masters.

We arrived shortly after midnight, and found the city in extreme confusion. On going at once to Meer Jaffier's palace we heard that Suraja Doulah had fled just two hours before, under circumstances as ignominious as those that attended the flight of that parallel monster who fled from imperial Rome before the prætorian guards of Galba.

Disguised in a menial's dress, and attended only by a couple of venal favourites, male and female, the late sovereign of Bengal, Behar, and Orixa had let himself out of a window, and stolen secretly away, carrying a casket of jewels in his bosom. He did not thus abandon himself to ignominy without some waverings. A midnight council had been held after the battle, and the Lamp of Riches had sought the advice of his servants. Some had bid him throw himself upon the honour of the English; but these he set down as traitors. Others urged that he should encourage the army by great rewards, and appear again at their head in the morning. This he seemed to approve, and ordered an instant distribution of three months' pay to the troops; but the craven wretch had no sooner returned to his seraglio than panic again seized him, and at daybreak next morning he sent away his women, and fifty elephants laden with their furniture and necessaries, and a considerable portion of his jewels. There is little doubt that he had ere this resolved upon flight, and waited only for nightfall to cover his departure.

The tidings of Meer Jaffier's arrival in the city struck the last blow to this dastard spirit, and at ten o'clock the grandson and grandnephew of that dauntless soldier Allaverdy had crept in secret from the capital where his predecessor had reigned so prosperously.

Next morning beheld the city in supreme confusion. The hapless Lamp of Riches was not permitted to depart to safety. Meer Jaffier, who owed his advancement in life to the favour of Allaverdy, was quick

to despatch pursuers on the track of his dead benefactor's adopted son. Mohun Lall and other low favourites of the fallen despot were seized at noon while trying to escape from the city, where their profligate pleasures and undeserved exaltation had been so vile a scandal. The women and the elephants were stopped next day, some fifteen miles from the capital.

On the 25th, Colonel Clive entered Muxadavad, attended by a hundred sepoys, and paid a state visit to Meer Jaffier, on which Mr. Watts and I had the honour to accompany him. The inhabitants of the city, who until now had been doubtful to whom they should look as their ruler, perceived by this visit in which quarter the wind lay; and Meer Jaffier, supported by his British allies, now ventured to proclaim himself Nabob. Early next day was held a solemn conference between Meer Jaffier, Roydoolub, and Mr. Watts, attended by me, at the house of those great Gentoo bankers, the Seths. And now was revealed to us the somewhat unpleasant fact that the entire contents of the Nabob's treasury would not suffice for the performance of those splendid promises which we had obtained from our Mahometan ally. The restitution of confiscated fortunes at Calcutta, with the donations to the squadron, army, and committee, amounted to near three millions sterling; a heavy demand upon even a princely treasury.

A period of doubt and some apprehension followed this discovery, and next day a rumour reached us that a midnight council had been held between Roydoolub, Meer Jaffier's son Meeran, and an officer of distinction, in which it had been proposed to assassinate our colonel. Whether this dark report was true or false I dare not say; but as it was in no manner inconsistent with the oriental character, I rode off at once to Mandipoor, where the army had halted on the 25th, and went straight to the commander's tent, where I related the story.

Clive heard me with a smile of contempt.

"Upon my soul, Mr. Ainsleigh, I believe these fellows capable of anything. Now that our arms have won Meer Jaffier a throne, I have no doubt he is inclined to grumble at the price he has to pay for it, and would perhaps consider a bullet through my brain the shortest way to cancel his debt to us. You did wisely in bringing me this news. I was to have entered the city to-morrow, but will now defer my visit for a little, in order to discover whether there is any plot hatching against me. That youth Meeran has a brutal truculent countenance that indicates a natural bent for murder."

The next day brought us no further hint of the plot, though we had our spies on the watch for any indication of danger; and on the morning of the 29th our English hero entered the city with an escort five hundred strong, and rode at once to the palace that had been prepared for him, which, with its gardens, was spacious enough to accommodate all the troops.

Here came Meeran to visit and welcome our conqueror, and im-

mediately conducted him to Suraja Doulah's palace, where Meer Jaffier awaited his ally, surrounded by his officers of state, and with all imaginable pomp and splendour. To assist at such a scene seemed to me like a dream of the Arabian Nights, rather than one of life's realities; and as I stood amongst the little knot of civilians, at a respectful distance from the hero of the day, I could scarce convince myself that I was awake.

The musnud or throne was fixed in the hall of audience, and this seat of power Meer Jaffier avoided with somewhat demonstrative humility until Colonel Clive, perceiving this, conducted him to the spot where it stood, and in a manner installed him in his royal office. This done, he beckoned to me, and bade me speak to the great men in Persian, bidding them rejoice in the downfall of so black a tyrant as Suraja Doulah, and the elevation of so good a prince in his stead. So here stood I, Robert Ainsleigh, the waif and castaway of cruel Fortune, by the side of a throne, interpreting the desires of this modern king-maker, Robert Clive; and I could but think, as this great English soldier installed the Moorish usurper on the throne our arms had won, it would have been as easy for him to have seated himself there, a new Tamerlane, conqueror and ruler of this Paradise of nations, Bengal,—a wealthy centre from which he might have extended his power wide as the dominions of Aurungzebe.

Sure I am that no such ambitious thought ever flashed across the brain of Robert Clive. From first to last he was a faithful servant of those obscure English traders whom he called his honourable masters. The time came when he told *them* that the hour had arrived in which they might sweep away the shadowy royalties that were supported only by their arms, and reign by themselves alone; but of personal aggrandisement, or the brilliant possibilities of an independent career as ruler of those native forces he so well could wield, I am convinced he never thought. As an apostate to Leadenhall-street, he might have been the Cæsar of this eastern world; as a faithful servant, he was the object of malignity and suspicion to the end of his days.

On the day after this installation of Meer Jaffier another meeting was held at the house of the Seths. Colonel Clive, Jaffier, Meeran, Roydoolub, Mr. Watts, Mr. Scrafton, and myself were all present; and with us came Omichund, who had hastened back to the city on hearing of our success, and who hung with fawning affection upon the steps of the Colonel, in whose favour the fond, deluded wretch believed himself firmly established. Arrived at the banker's house, however, he found himself excluded from the carpet where Clive and the rest sat in conference, and perforce withdrew to a distant seat, whence I saw him watch us with eager eyes throughout the council. All went smoothly. The treaties, in English and Persic, were read; and after some little discussion it was agreed that one-half of the money-stipulations should be paid immediately,—two-thirds of this half in coin, and the remaining

third in jewels, plate, and effects, at a valuation,—and that the other half should be discharged in three annual instalments.

This concluded, there remained nothing to do but to undeceive Omichund, whose looks I had observed to grow more restless and eager as the conference proceeded, and whom, despite his falsehood, I could not but pity. Colonel Clive was the first to refer to this matter.

"O, by the bye, Mr. Ainsleigh," he said, looking suddenly up at me as I stood behind my patron's seat, "there's Omichund waiting yonder. Doubtless the poor wretch is eager to know his fate. You had best tell him the truth."

"O, sir," I exclaimed, "there is no task I would not sooner perform."

"What, are you so squeamish as that? I thought you had better sense than to compassionate such a scoundrel.—Here, Scrafton, you can tell him."

Mr. Scrafton bowed, and rose to do the Colonel's bidding, but with no willing air. It was indeed a task which no man could perform without repugnance, however convinced of its necessity. He crossed the spacious chamber, we all following, towards the spot where Omichund was now standing, in an attitude of profoundest humility, yet with eager expectancy gleaming in his sharp black eyes. Alas, poor wretch, he fancied we were coming to congratulate him on the wealth which the treaty assured him.

I am fain to confess that Mr. Scrafton fulfilled his mission somewhat awkwardly. For a few moments he stood silent, looking at the old Gentoo, and but too evidently utterly embarrassed by his obnoxious task. Then with a clumsy abruptness he stammered out, in Hindoostanee,

"Omichund, the red paper is a trick. You are to have nothing."

Never shall I forget the awful effect of these words. For some moments the Gentoo stood transfixed, regarding us with a questioning stare, as if he sought to discover whether this abrupt announcement might not be some foolish joke, planned for the amusement of the English. Then, suddenly convinced by the seriousness of our countenances, he flung his arms above his head with a sharp cry as of mortal agony, and fell back senseless into the arms of his attendants.

"May I go with him to his house, sir?" I asked of Mr. Watts, as they carried this martyr of disappointed avarice away to his palanquin.

My patron nodded assent, and I hastened to accompany the dismal procession, for on my poor Tara's account I was anxious to discover how the old man would bear this bitter blow. He was taken to a luxurious chamber, shaded from the noontide heat, and cooled by blinds which were kept constantly watered. Here he was laid upon a pile of cushions, beside which I sat for several hours; but he remained in a kind of stupor during all that time, and when I left him there were yet no signs of improvement in his state.

Juggernaut Sing, the husband of my Gentoo maid, came to look upon his lord, and standing by the prostrate figure, pronounced a bitter invective against the English traitors who had thus abused his confidence. I made no attempt to dispute with this wretch, with whom hatred of the English was a sort of monomania, but quietly departed, convinced that I could have no chance of seeing Tara while her tyrant husband was in the way.

It was two days later than this that the tidings of Suraja Doulah's capture reached Muxadavad. The rowers of his boat, failing from fatigue, stopped in the night at Raj [illegible]thal, where the wretched fugitive and his female companion had taken shelter in a deserted garden. Here he was discovered at daybreak by a man whom he had ill-treated at this very place more than a year ago, and who ran at once to Meer Jaffier's brother, a resident in the place, to betray his fallen persecutor. The cry of pursuit was instantly raised, the soldiers rushed to seize their victim, and hurried him back to the capital, beguiling the tedium of the journey by the infliction of all imaginable insult and indignity upon their helpless charge. The poor wretch survived even this last ignominy, and was brought at midnight to the palace, where he had so lately played the despot, bound like a common felon, and trembling before the usurper.

I was told that Meer Jaffier seemed somewhat touched by this pitiable sight; and indeed it would have been hard for humanity to behold unmoved a creature so fallen. Suraja Doulah humiliated himself to the dust before his enemy's feet, imploring for life, and life alone; and I think this scene can scarce fail to recall a picture in our own history, when Monmouth, a youth of about the age of this Indian prince, sued to his uncle, James the Second, for the bare privilege of existence. Both James and Meer Jaffier refused the boon that might so safely have been granted; both lived to forfeit the power which their inclement natures had abused.

Whether the usurper was really moved by his helpless kinsman's humiliation, it is hard to say, so skilled in hypocrisy is this people. If he were inclined to melt, there was one at hand who knew not mercy, —Meeran, a youth of seventeen, who urged the instant slaughter of the fallen despot. Meer Jaffier, apparently reluctant to adopt so severe a course, dismissed his late master to a convenient dungeon, and retired to take counsel of his officers. Some, with a touch of humanity, argued against the murder of so mean a foe, and advised that the late Nabob should be allowed to end his days in the peaceful solitude of a prison; others, more anxious to flatter their new lord than to obey the dictates of compassion, agreed with Meeran that there could be no safety for the state while this wretch breathed. Jaffier wavered between these two opinions, but expressed none himself, too cautious to betray a wish [illegible] would fain see realised without his bidding.

[illegible] in this critical situation read his father's mind aright, and

with tender solicitude urged him to retire to rest, assured that he, Meeran, would take care of the prisoner. To this Jaffier assented, pretending to be relieved by an assurance conveyed in words of such doubtful meaning. He had no sooner departed than the word was given for slaughter. A gang of ruffians burst into the dungeon where Suraja Doulah tremblingly awaited his doom. In an agony of terror he grovelled at the feet of his doomsmen imploring a brief respite, only sufficient time to say his prayers, to perform his pious ablutions; but a jar of water happening to stand near, one of the assassins flung it rudely over the victim, and thus gave the death-signal to his colleagues, who instantly set upon their unresisting quarry and hacked him piecemeal.

His mangled remains were paraded through the city next morning upon an elephant. I chanced to meet the dread procession, and never did these eyes look upon a more odious spectacle. It struck terror even to the hearts of an oriental populace, accustomed as they are to horrors, and an awful silence reigned that day throughout the city of Muxadavad.

Thus violently was extinguished the Lamp of Riches, after having illuminated this world for just twenty years. It was but a brief life in which to illustrate all the vices of man; but I think Allaverdy's favourite had left few species of wickedness unexemplified in his short career.

Chapter XXXI.

I MAKE A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

Amongst those who entered Muxadavad with the English troops was our prisoner of war, the French captain, Sinfray, whose wounds proved to be very slight, and who was lodged in a large building near the river used as a hospital for our own sick. Here he was detained as a prisoner until Colonel Clive and his counsellors should decide what to do with him. He had small claim upon our kindness except the common claim of a brave soldier, for he and his little band had given us nearly as much trouble as all the rest of the late Nabob's army.

We heard about this time that Mr. Law, with a party of Frenchmen, had advanced from Boglipore in response to Suraja Doulah's summons, but had been stopped on their way by a vague report of our victory at Plassy. Had they pushed on despite these ill news, they might have met and saved Suraja Doulah; but while they lingered irresolute, arrived the tidings of the tyrant's capture, on which they marched back to Behar, there to ally themselves with Ramnarain, vice-nabob of the province, a Gentoo, and a notorious enemy of Meer Jaffier. Such an alliance, which threatened danger to the new Nabob, must needs be distasteful to us; and Colonel Clive was by no means disposed to regard Monsieur Sinfray with an indulgent eye.

The man's desperate valour in the defence of one post after another

had impressed me, even in that hour of confusion. I had beheld with amazement the almost superhuman activity of his movements, the demoniac fire of his eyes, as they flashed vivid lightnings on his assailants. Strangely had his image haunted me as I saw him standing high above the crowd on the summit of an earthwork, waving a sword above his head, and urging his men with wild cries and frantic oaths.

Some association of the past, some recollection vague as the memory of a dream, had flashed upon me as I saw him thus. Yet what association could this man convey to my mind, what memory of mine could be linked with the image of this stranger?

The man's face had haunted me even in the busy days that succeeded our return to Muxadavad; and I was at once startled and pleased when Mr. Watts intrusted me with a mission that would bring me into immediate contact with the stranger who had thus occupied my thoughts.

Monsieur Sinfray was to be released from the close confinement of the hospital, and be suffered to do what he pleased with himself within the boundaries of the capital, provided he were willing to give his parole against any attempt at escape. I was sent to act as interpreter for Captain Hammerton, one of the officers in Clive's command, who went to announce this favour, and to exact the usual formalities; but whose English prejudices had hindered his acquirement of Monsieur Sinfray's native tongue. We found the Frenchman standing at an open window, gazing out on the broad river and green expanse of rice-fields with a most impatient expression of countenance. He was a man of from forty to forty-five years of age, tall, slim, muscular, and with a face which indicated a surprising energy of mind, a very fever of mental vitality.

He turned upon us suddenly as we entered the room, his face lighted with animation, as if relieved by any interruption to the dismal monotony of his confinement. He invited us, with a careless wave of his hand, to be seated, and then flung himself on a couch opposite to our own. In all his movements I observed a kind of savage grace, which resembled rather the inborn dignity of an Arab chief than the acquired polish of a European gentleman.

"I am glad to see you," he said in French. "The solitude and confinement of this place have almost driven me mad. Great Heaven, what a fool and a craven Bussy must be to let you English win so easy a victory, while he dawdles in the Northern Circars! Had Dupleix remained in India, this could never have happened; I congratulate the French Government on the wisdom that recalled him."

He kissed the tips of his fingers and waved them westward with a contemptuous motion.

"What the deuce is the frog-eating scoundrel jabbering?" asked my companion angrily.

I took no notice of Monsieur Sinfray's rhapsody, but proceeded to

explain our mission and my own office as interpreter to his military visitor.

"Tell him he can say what he has to say in English," replied Monsieur Sinfray, still in French. "I understand that language, but do not speak it."

I interpreted this to Captain Hammerton, who seemed to regard the fact as an almost incredible phenomenon. He consented, however, to address the prisoner in his own tongue, and the parole was given and accepted with all due formality on both sides.

This being done, Captain Hammerton was in haste to be gone.

"Come, Ainsleigh," he said, "I've half a dozen other duties to get through this morning."

I rose to follow him, with a parting bow to the Frenchman; but as I thus saluted M. Sinfray, I saw him gazing upon me with a fixed amazement that was most startling.

"Ainsleigh!" he exclaimed; "do you call yourself Ainsleigh?"

"I have the honour to bear that name," I replied, not without a faint blush, for, alas, I knew not how just was my legal right to it.

"O, come, I say," cried the Captain, "I must be off. I can't stay parley-vooing here all day."

"Let me not detain your too courteous companion," said Monsieur Sinfray; "but you, Mr. —— Ainsleigh, be good enough to remain with me for a few minutes."

"I am in no hurry to be gone, sir," I replied; and having explained his desire to the Captain, that gentleman departed, leaving me *tête-à-tête* with M. Sinfray, whose countenance seemed to grow every instant more familiar to me, and about whom there still hung that indefinable association which had attracted and perplexed me even amid the tumult of battle.

"Ainsleigh! And your name is Ainsleigh!" he said, now addressing me in excellent English, though he had but a few minutes before declared himself unable to speak that language. "To what branch of the Ainsleighs do you belong? It is a good old name, and no doubt the family tree has put out many a new bud since the count of its blossoming."

I could not repress a movement of surprise at his English, which was exceptionally good.

"You speak my language like an Englishman, M[illegible]," I said.

"That is quite possible," he answered, with a smile. "I am of no race, and of no nation; a cosmopolitan, soldier of fortune, citizen of the world, what you will. But you do not [illegible] bad—well, a kind of interest in this Ainsleigh family. [illegible] To which of them do you belong?"

"My grandfather was a Colonel Ainsleigh, who married [illegible] Hammerton. *My father was their only son—[illegible]*

To my utter astonishment Monsieur Sinfray burst into a loud laugh, then crossing the room suddenly, he planted his hands upon my shoulders, and looked me in the face with a more searching gaze than I think I had ever encountered before.

"Am I mad, or are you a rogue and a liar?" he cried. "Roderick Ainsleigh's son! Do I hear aright? You call yourself the son of Roderick Ainsleigh?"

"I have never known any other name, sir."

"Great heavens, can this be true? Yes, your face tells me that it is! You are an Ainsleigh!"

"AND YOU?" I cried, overwhelmed by a sudden conviction. "'Twas *that* I saw in your face yonder, at Plassy, when you stood on the breastwork of the tank fighting as if possessed by a hundred devils;—'twas *that* I saw—the likeness to a picture at Hauteville—the portrait of my father. O, sir, you are my kinsman! The word chokes me. I thought myself quite alone in the world."

I grasped his hand and kissed it passionately. Renegade, adventurer, whatever he might be, it was with rapture I welcomed him to my affection. This foolish eagerness may well surprise those who boast a long list of blood-relations; but to me, for whom the word "kindred" had been no more than an empty sound, the revelation of any family-tie was delightful.

"Heavens, what a fool the boy is!" exclaimed my new-found kinsman, not without a touch of softness. "And you kiss my hand like a lover, and offer me your honest young heart, and never stop to ask whether I am a scoundrel."

"I cannot believe you that, sir; you are of my father's blood. And now pray tell me the tie between us. My father was an only son, but Colonel Ainsleigh may have had brothers of whom I never heard. You must needs descend from one of them."

"'Sdeath, how fast the boy talks! I have not yet confessed myself an Ainsleigh. My name is Sangfroid, which you ignorant British corrupt into Sinfray; and I am a captain in the service of his most Christian Majesty Louis the Fifteenth."

"Nay, sir, whatever name it may have suited your convenience to adopt in your adopted country, you are by birth an Ainsleigh. It is written upon your face. Due allowance made for the difference in ages, you are the image of my father, whom I know only by his portrait at Hauteville."

"His portrait at Hauteville," repeated my kinsman, with a wonderful softness of tone. "Did that still hang in the post of honour when you saw it?"

"Alas, no, sir; it had been thrust out of sight long before I looked upon it. But it seems you know Hauteville?"

"I knew your father. You speak of him with a kind of tenderness. *Have you any reason to love him?*"

"I have much reason to pity him, sir."

"Ay, that is truly spoken; for if ever evil Fortune discharged her bitterest storms on one ill-fated head, 'twas that of Roderick Ainsleigh."

"Yes, sir, his life was a mistaken, an unhappy one; his fate most tragic."

"His fate a tragic one, was it?" asked my kinsman, with that eager look of scrutiny so natural to him. "I do not know the circumstances of his death."

"He was stabbed in a tavern brawl, sir, while my mother lay on her deathbed. It is the saddest story. The particulars of his murder—for murder it doubtless was—were not known till a fortnight after the event."

"How was he identified?"

"Only by a letter addressed to my mother which was found upon him. He lies in a nameless grave; but my cousin and benefactress, Lady Barbara Lestrange, erected a small tablet to his memory in the Church of St. Anne, Soho."

"She did that, did she? Barbara Lestrange did that? Bless her for that tender humanity! she is a noble soul."

"There is no purer spirit among the elect in heaven, sir. But, alas, she lives no more on earth."

"Dead!" he cried, with profound emotion. "Is Barbara dead?"

"She has been dead some years. You knew her, sir?"

"Yes, I knew and loved her—loved her passionately, truly, foolishly, jealously, unreasonably; was loved by her, and forfeited her love; played fast-and-loose with high fortune; was too proud to try to recover the affection my folly had forfeited; went my own headstrong way and lost her; and so deserved to become the wretch that loss made me. Look you, Robert,—I am not good at mystifications,—your face is an honest one, and draws me to you. The man who fell in that tavern-brawl was not Roderick Ainsleigh. Your father gave his farewell letter to a low acquaintance, to carry to your mother; and having done this went to seek his fortune abroad, confiding the poor sick creature in Monk's-alley to Providence, which would do nothing for his pleading, and yet might save so harmless an unfortunate as she. He went, and for nigh a year Fate was against him; then came a gleam of sunshine. Fortune flung a handful of guineas into his lap, and he went back to the lodging where he had left his wife and child. Both were gone. The mother to the graveyard, the child to a prosperous home, and honourable adoption by the woman he loved best in the world. He himself was thought to be dead. What motive had he to proclaim himself among the living? His wife was gone beyond his help. His child was in a better home, and amongst more powerful friends than he, who was at best an adventurer, could hope to give him. *So Roderick Ainsleigh went back to France*, an exile for life,

took a strange name, and was lost among the crowd of absentees whom your Hanoverian dynasty had driven thither. Do you understand me now, Robert?"

I was on my knees at his feet.

"I do, father!"

He bade me rise, and took me to his breast, in a brief soldier-like embrace.

"My only son!" he said. "What can I seem to you but the basest of men? Yet even when I went back to France I did not mean to desert you. If ever Fortune had favoured me, I should have reclaimed my own flesh and blood. Fortune never has favoured me, or those on whose side I have fought. I have lived: that is the most I can say for my prosperity."

"O, sir," I cried, "to me it is the truest, purest joy to find you. I have been so long alone in the world, the sport of enemies so bitter. Let me not malign Providence: I have found friends and patrons, and have been in more ways favoured by Fortune. But I will tell you my story by and by. And now, father, let me ask you one question—it is of all questions nearest my heart. Bitter words have been flung at me—taunts that have stung me to the quick; and though I have ever resented, I could not always gainsay, them. Among the papers Lady Barbara found in Monk's-alley, there was no certificate of my mother's marriage. Her stepson, Mr. Lestrange, doubtless knew this fact, and has taken advantage of it to call me—"

"Stop!" exclaimed my father. "If he called you by any foul name, or slandered your dead mother by so much as one reproachful word, he was a liar. You are my legitimate son. When my fortune was at its highest, a chance acquaintance with old parson Lester threw me in the way of his pretty daughter. I was scarce more than a boy, and it was natural to me to pay a kind of court to every pretty woman who fell in my way. Miss Lester was rustic simplicity itself. She took my compliments more seriously than I meant them. Barbara was told of our acquaintance, and resented it; not by open jealousy, which would have brought about an explanation, but by haughty avoidance that galled my soul. Provoked by this, I paraded my admiration of Miss Lester, never meaning, so help me, Heaven! that it should go beyond common gallantry. And thus matters went on until my uncle and I quarrelled, and I was banished eternally. 'Twas a year after this, when I had fallen into a state of the direst poverty, and was lying sick in a low London lodging-house, that Miss Lester, having heard by a strange accident of my condition, abandoned her home and came to succour me. It was a wild and foolish act, doubtless, in the opinion of the worldly-wise; but if it were so, the angels who descend to comfort fallen man are wild and foolish. For several weeks I hovered betwixt life and death, and my faithful Milly watched my sick-bed. When I was strong enough to crawl out into the sunshine, I took her straight

to an old city church, where we were married. Heaven knows what became of the certificate. It never struck me that the document could be of use to anyone. But O, Robert, how could you believe your father such a scoundrel as to betray the woman who trusted him?"

"Your enemies and my own persuaded me to think ill of you, sir. Thank God, I wronged you! You can never comprehend what a burden you have lifted from my soul. And now, sir, command my duty; I am your son, and obedient humble servant. Tell me what I can do to prove my fidelity. It is hard that we should be fighting on opposite sides."

"I shall never fight on your side, Robert; be sure of that; though I have little feeling for or against your trading companies of either nation. But for George of Hanover my sword shall never be drawn. I was with Charles Edward Stuart through the campaign of '45; and but for that fatal wavering of spirit which made him yield to evil counsel at Derby, I might now be serving him at his court in London. Fortune favoured my escape after Culloden, where I fought as captain of a company. I was left among the dead upon that fatal field, and woke at daybreak from a state of stupor to find my arm pierced by a bullet, and to crawl as best I might to the nearest shelter, a shepherd's cottage, where I was taken good care of, and whence I departed, a month afterwards, in the guise of a travelling hawker. In this character I got back to France, and here began my military career under Saxe, with such good fortune that I came to India several years ago a corporal, and have since won my captaincy. I am a Jacobite to the core of my heart, Robert; and if ever Fortune favours me here, I shall send her golden fruits to Rome. England has not seen the last of her rightful king, though the white horse of Hanover has ridden rampant over your liberties for the last twelve years. Do not think that the old loyal spirit is extinct there. I have friends at Rome who write me news of England."

"English news that comes to you through Rome may scarcely be trustworthy, sir. It is pretty sure to take a Jacobite flavour in that city."

"What, Robert, are you so determined a Whig?"

"I have scarce any politics, sir. I had my Jacobite fever, and survived it. I think it is a natural disease of youth, like measles. But I do not believe the English nation will ever again welcome an invader, let him come with what pretensions he may. The age of adventure is past, sir, and we are become a trading nation. We have too much to hazard by rebellion. Where idle townsmen and rabble turned out to welcome the Chevalier and his Highlanders, looms are humming and whirling, and cotton-spinning. Be assured, England's loyalty will never endanger her trade interests. We are a nation eager for peace at any price, and value commercial prosperity above the divine right of kings."

My father heard me with a gloomy countenance.

"You talk like a draper's apprentice, Robert," he said.

"I belong to a trading company, sir; and I do not believe in the Stuarts. A man who could turn back at Derby was never created to govern a great nation. Imagine Cæsar turning back on the Roman side of the Rubicon, bidding his legions recross the stream, because some weak-souled counsellor assures him success in Rome is impossible. Are you were in the struggle of '45, sir? I am proud to hear that, though I am no Jacobite."

"Yes, Robert, I came over with Charles Edward, and was through it all."

"Unhurt?"

"Not quite. I got a wound, as I told you, at Culloden. That disabled me for months; and I had my share of peril and hardship before I got back to France, which was henceforward in a manner my native country. I fought at Fontenoy, and in many another skirmish, and then came to this country a year ago, after the recall of Dupleix. Sangfroid is a kind of nickname my comrades chose to bestow on me when I was a corporal, and I have stuck to it ever since, for one name is as good as another for a man who has neither kindred nor estate. Yet had you changed your name, Robert, the chances are we should never have known each other. Father and son would have met, and passed on their several ways unconscious, and the voice of Nature would have said nothing."

"Pardon me, sir; Nature cried very sharply to me when I saw you defending the tank."

And hereupon I described to him that strange feeling which had seized me in the moment of first beholding him, and had haunted me ever since, even amid scenes of excitement calculated to extinguish every common feeling. Then followed a long conversation, in which my father opened his heart to me. I showed him Lady Barbara's picture, which he kissed and wept over. I told him my own story, and the motives that urged my return to England; and when the history of the past had been related, I ventured to question him as to the future.

"Are we but to meet and part, sir, like travellers journeying in opposite directions?" I asked.

"Alas, yes, Robert; I must go where duty calls me."

"And if I can persuade my friends to set you at liberty, you will rejoin Mr. Law?"

"Yes, Robert, such would be my duty."

"And if I accept the rank of ensign in the Company's service, which Colonel Clive has promised me—I was but a volunteer at Plassy—we may meet again as enemies."

"It is the fatal chance of our lives, Robert. But why not remain in your present position, where you are more likely to make a fortune?"

"I have acquired a taste for powder, sir, since Plassy; and—and

there is something more honourable in military service than in the most trusted capacity a civil servant can occupy. Mr. Everard Lestrange might refuse to cross swords with a clerk; but he cannot withhold satisfaction from a junior officer of Clive's. And I am bent on going back to England whenever I can obtain leave."

"To fight Everard Lestrange?"

"I think, sir, mine is a case in which it would be worse than cowardice to forego revenge."

"By Heaven, I believe you are right, Robert! That Everard Lestrange is a consummate scoundrel, and I doubt his father is little better. O Barbara, my divinity, my angel, why didst thou throw thyself away upon a cold-blooded, time-serving diplomatist! And she is dead! Good God, how often in the darkness of the midnight halt I have conjured her image from the mist of a swamp, or the smoke of a watch-fire, and fancied her radiant, and smiling on me! And she is dead! In my farthest wanderings, in my most despondent moments, I have always believed in the coming of a day when she and I would meet, hand to hand and heart to heart, with no cloud of pride or jealousy between us."

"And you may yet so meet, sir, in a better world."

"Hush, Robert! Am I fit for a better world?"

There came a silence after this, during which my father paced the room with a mournful shadow upon his countenance. It needed no words to tell me his thoughts had gone back to the past.

We had been for some hours together, and I knew not what need Mr. Watts might have had of my services in the interval. I rose softly to depart, and stood looking at my watch, when my father roused himself from that long reverie.

"You are going to leave me, Robert?"

"Yes, sir; I am bound to return to my duties. But I will come back in a few hours; and I will do my uttermost to procure your liberty. Yet I wish to Heaven you were in our own service. Do you set much value on your captaincy in the French army?"

"It is all that forty-seven years of existence have earned for me, Robert; and again I tell you I would not enter the service of your Hanoverian Elector. I have served my rightful king, and am serving his friend and ally. Yes, his secret ally; in spite of that shameful treaty, which was but a sop to your Hanoverian Cerberus. I am too old to turn my coat."

"And have you no thought of returning to England?"

"For what should I return?"

"To revisit the old scenes."

"To revisit the old scenes! Do you think the sight of them could ever cause anything but bitterness of heart to me? The old scenes! Shall I go there to meet the ghosts of the dead, the phantom of my own youth? I did once revisit Hauteville."

"On the night of your uncle's funeral?"

"What! was my visit known?" he asked, surprised.

"It was suspected; Mr. Grimshaw told me as much."

"Tony Grimshaw, a faithful soul who was ever true to my interests! But, Robert, answer me this. When I heard that Barbara Lestrange had carried you to Hauteville as the child of her adoption, I thought your fortune secured for life; for I knew her to be rich, and generous as the sun itself. How is it she left you unprovided for?"

"I know not. She died intestate, and all her wealth went to her husband. It is possible that, when I had been safely put out of the way, she was taught to believe me a villain, and for that reason destroyed any will in which she may have provided for me. Again it is possible that death took her by surprise, ere she had considered the destination of her wealth; or she may have left a will, to be destroyed by the agents of my deadly foe."

And then I told my father the history of the burglarious attack upon Hauteville, which, happening within twenty-four hours of Lady Barbara's death, I had ever considered an inexplicable circumstance that was likely to involve a deeper mystery than commonly belongs to such deeds.

"The occurrence at such a time was a strange coincidence," said my father; "yet it may have been no more than a coincidence. The matter will be worthy of investigation whenever you return to England."

"I mean to investigate it, sir. The possible loss of a fortune would affect me little; but I would fain fathom the uttermost depths of Everard Lestrange's iniquity."

Soon after this I left my new-found father, with a most affectionate leave-taking; but not till I had obtained his consent to Mr. Walsh being admitted to the secret of our relationship. How novel were the feelings as I walked homeward after this strange interview! A father found, whom I had thought buried in an obscure grave twenty years ago—found, and to be lost again, perhaps, in a few days; since what possibility of frequent communion could there be between us two soldiers of fortune in the service of different and unfriendly nations?

Even this meeting lacked the joy that should have belonged to it. It was sweet enough in the present, but offered no promise of happiness in the future. To such a mere waif and stray as myself, life was but a tangle of broken threads, a thing without sequence, a labyrinth of petty winding ways that led I knew not whither. For me existence had no fair highway on which I might hope to meet my father again. Nor was his career a more settled one. The reckless spirit of the adventurer was stronger in him than in me; and he had no sense of loss in his homeless, friendless state. On him the past had lost its hold; and that rudder of memory by which some men steer their course over life's troubled ocean had by him been cast away, leaving

him to drift upon his careless course, the veriest plaything of the wind and waves.

I told my story to Mr. Watts, who was at once surprised and interested by so romantic an occurrence.

"You are quite convinced this Captain Sangfroid is no other than Roderick Ainsleigh," he asked, "and that you have not been made the subject of an imposture?"

"What motive could there be for imposture, sir? My father desires nothing from me; it was I who volunteered to ask for his liberty. None but my father could be familiar with the events of which this man spoke to-day. Truth has a language of its own, sir, that the veriest blockhead understands. Nor do I depend on words alone; Nature has set her mark upon us. I think, could you but see us together, you would have little doubt of our relationship."

Upon this my kind patron promised that he would do his utmost to secure the prisoner's release; a task which would be far from easy, since Clive was much provoked against the late Nabob's French contingent, who were thought to be fugitives from Chandernagore, by whose hands the English factory at Cassimbazar had been burned and destroyed some short time before.

I went on the same day to make inquiries about Omichund, whom I had left in so piteous a condition. On entering the house he occupied when resident in this city, I was told that he was no better. Native doctors had been in attendance upon him for some days and nights, and an English surgeon sent by Colonel Clive had also been with him.

I begged to be allowed to see him, and the servants conducted me to a room which I judged to belong to the women's apartments, where I found the unhappy wretch sitting on the floor, with Tara standing over him, her hands clasped, her eyes fixed upon him with mournful solicitude. Juggernaut Sing was absent from the city, or I should assuredly have been refused admittance to this chamber.

The old man's countenance and attitude most perfectly embodied the idea of despair. I think, could David Garrick have seen him at this moment, the picture might have afforded some suggestion even to that great artist, who has perhaps little need to copy reality, having so profound an imagination from which to draw the correct image of every passion. I stood lost in the contemplation of that awful figure—the fixed and death-like countenance, in which the eyes alone seemed yet alive, and these flashed a preternatural fire, an unholy brightness, as of a spirit in hell—the attenuated hands lying open on the carpet, the palms upwards, the fingers slowly closing and opening every moment, as if in the act of clutching that sordid dross for which this mean soul so hungered.

For some minutes I gazed at him in silence; then, turning to Tara, I inquired *how long he had* remained in this condition.

"From the hour in which they brought him home, on that miserable day. Ah, saheb, was it well to deceive the old man? If he claimed too much, you could surely have refused his claim. Was it wise, or brave, or noble, to use him thus?"

"State policy has cruel necessities, Tara; your grandfather threatened us."

"But he would never have fulfilled his threat. His fortunes were bound up with yours. It was but an old man's foolish anger."

"And the doctors can do nothing for him?"

"Nothing, saheb; it is the mind that has gone. Their medicines cannot bring that back. They come and gaze upon him, watch and listen, and then leave us, shaking their heads mournfully. They give him medicines to make him sleep; but the relief of slumber is not granted to him. His eyes have never closed in sleep since that day."

"Is he always thus?"

"With but little change. He has never been his old self, not for one moment, since they brought him home. He talks sometimes to himself, not to us. His thoughts are always on the same subject."

My eyes were upon him as she told me this. Though we stood close to him, it was but too evident our voices produced not the faintest impression upon his sense. The bony fingers still continued their unvarying motions, now spreading themselves wide, now clutched convulsively, as if they held the wealth of an empire. Looking upon the old man thus, I was struck by something which I had not before observed, namely, the richness of his dress, which was such as I had never seen him wear before. The costliest embroideries of gold and gems covered his loose robe; his habitual skull-cap of greasy silk was exchanged for a jewelled head-dress which the proudest of Indian rajahs might have worn at a royal wedding-feast; and wherever it was possible to place a jewel about the old man's dress, there shone a gem of imperial splendour.

Nothing could have been more ghastly than the contrast between this splendour of apparel and the cadaverous visage of the wearer. Idiotcy in its rags and crown of straw may present a deplorable picture; but madness in royal state has a surpassing awfulness not to be described.

"Why have they decked him with these gewgaws?" I asked Tara.

"By his own wish. He insisted upon wearing his richest robes and would not rest until they were brought to him. We are but too glad to humour every whim, in the hope of improving his condition."

"He must have some fancy in connection with these robes," I said.

"Yes," answered the girl, with a reproachful gaze; "he fancies that the English have kept their promises to him. You will hear him speak so presently, doubtless, for it is of that alone he talks. He believes himself rich, and wears these garments as a token of his state."

"And he *is* rich, Tara; he must be a wealthy man without the exorbitant price which he would fain have exacted from the English for a fidelity which we had a right to expect without payment. Your grandfather is still a rich man. He has obtained restitution of his losses at Calcutta, he has obtained the payment of moneys lent by him to the Rajah of Purneah, and I know not what hoards he may not have besides. Why, those very jewels with which he has decked himself are worth a fortune. Are the English to blame because his greed of gain is insatiable?"

"They are to blame for having deluded him with a false promise. They are to blame for *this*."

She pointed at him with an expressive gesture, as if she would have said, "O England, behold this wreck of humanity! It is your work."

At this moment the old man's eyes rolled slowly towards me, and for the first time since I had entered the room he seemed conscious of my presence.

"Yes," he said, nodding at me with an idiotic smile; "the English are a just people. They keep faith—they keep faith! Omichund trusted them, and he has his reward. A whisper, a look from him might have ruined all; for the Nabob's suspicions never slept. A look from Omichund might have been ruin and death to the English. But he was true; and they—they have been true!"

After this came a pause, during which he looked downward at a necklace of pearls and uncut garnets that hung upon his breast.

"These robes and jewels are not rich enough for a man of my wealth," he said; "they are paltry. Let me have embroidery of gold and diamonds only, rich as the Mogul wore when Delhi was great. What, you do not know how rich I am! You cannot guess the reward these English have given me. Crores of rupees! 'Twas written in the sealed treaty. 'I swear by God, and the Prophet of God!' so runs the Persian oath. I say it was in the treaty. I made them promise that, lest by some chance I should be cheated at the last. It was written on red paper, the colour of the English blood that would have been shed if the old Gentoo had turned traitor. Blood! I could have flooded the streets of Muxadavad with blood, had I betrayed the English and their ally, Meer Jaffier!"

Thus he rambled on at intervals as long as I remained with him, always harping on his wealth and the good faith of the English. I need scarce say that every word struck a sharp blow to my heart; for whatever justification there may have been for the act that had overthrown Omichund's reason, this melancholy result was none the less to be deplored. Strange that the massacre of his household should leave his intellect unimpaired, and the disappointment of his avarice reduce him to idiotcy! He was indeed a creature in whom the love of gold had ever been a passion but one step removed from madness.

GROOVES

ADMIRABLE Crichtons, absolute and comparative, have for a long time been an extinct race in real life. In novels, indeed, the young gentleman of five-and-twenty, perfect in manly exercises and accomplishments, and qualified to write a treatise *de omni scibili*, may occasionally be met with, though even in this field he is becoming a rarity. At first sight, the balance seems against our age, in favour of the days when such creatures were possible. For that they were actual facts, and not mere poetic fictions like centaurs and griffins, seems undeniable. Making all allowance for exaggerations, there remains ample evidence that at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries there really were men—not recluse students, but statesmen, courtiers, and men of the world—who might fairly be said to have mastered the whole field of knowledge of their day. To take examples from England alone, the extent of the acquirements of Bacon and Milton is well known; and though in genius these two stand unapproached, in this point they were probably not so far above the level of the more distinguished of their contemporaries. Of course we do not attempt to deny that these acquirements were of very doubtful quality. The theology of that day may seem to us stiff and unreal, its philosophy manifestly unsound, its history worthless in point of accuracy, and its science simply nil. The world both of nature and man as then understood was a creature of the brain, a system mainly of assumptions, fancies, and myths. A little thought will show us that the completeness they attained was possible only by reason of the limits of its field. It is not that our minds are narrower or weaker, but that the things to be known have increased enormously both in number and in difficulty. The scientific spirit, which at that date can hardly be said to have been over the world, has in one sphere after another substituted for the early acceptance of hypotheses the careful examination and [illegible] of facts. The question may be raised, whether this increase in the subject-matter of our knowledge, without a proportionate increase in our powers of knowing, may not, like most other [illegible] have its [illegible]; but this question is [illegible] anyone thinks that the extension in the sphere of things to be known has its drawbacks, he cannot deny the fact [illegible] that mastery over all things held to be wit[illegible] the sphere of the human intellect, which seems to have been reached [illegible] we have spoken of two or three hundred years ago, is [illegible] we are obliged to renounce that ideal of the m[illegible] which our forefathers had before their ey[illegible]

and devote ourselves to some special branch of labour, either in the field of knowledge or in practical life; becoming men of science, or scholars, or historians, or lawyers, or men of business, according to the bent of our minds and the direction in which circumstances lead us; and can take no interest at all, or at best a feeble interest, in subjects apart from our own pursuits. In other words, we get into a groove.

Now although most men are apt to be somewhat indignant if this "grooviness" is formally imputed to them, manifest as the fact may be, it is undeniable that there is a great deal to be said for it. In the first place, it can advance the grand and irrefragable argument, *il faut vivre*. There are few so situated that they can afford to follow the doctrine without a view to the loaves and fishes. They have to think how their knowledge can be made a marketable article; and they will be more likely to find purchasers if they can offer what no one else can, at any rate in so high a state of perfection. The man who has studied both law and medicine commands a wider intellectual horizon than the man who has studied only one; but inasmuch as each branch of knowledge now demands the labour of a lifetime, it is scarcely in the nature of things that the one should equal the other in a knowledge of details. He might mistake the special form of disease his patient was suffering from, and administer an alkali when he ought to have employed a tonic; he might not be accurately "posted up" in the last bankruptcy act, or the law of executory devises. But it is precisely this knowledge of details, by which science is immediately applied to "the relief of man's estate," that people want to buy. Enlarged views on law and physic, and their mutual relations, they either care nothing about, or think that they are quite capable of forming for themselves. An intellectual jack-of-all-trades who had to live by his wits would stand as good a chance of starving as a mechanical. But this argument is not needed for the defence of the state of mind we are considering. It may take credit to itself for the greater part of the positive additions that are daily made to our knowledge on all sides. Though he who stands on the plain commands a narrower sweep of country than he who stands on the hill, he sees what lies before him with greater distinctness, and the limitation of his vision induces a more careful inspection within its scope. His eye will be caught by trees and plants unnoticed before, and he will for his own pleasure or convenience seek to discover new pathways and spots of interest in ground of which the general features are familiar. Most of the steps in advance gained in every branch of knowledge have been brought about in a similar fashion. Men habitually engaged in the manipulation of its details have lighted on something strange, and at first sight inexplicable, which has wooed them on to investigate and understand. Some of the most brilliant discoveries of Faraday were due to chance—to some accident which caused the phenomena he was at the moment investigating to present *themselves* under a new aspect, and thereby

opened a vista to still more general and important truths. Thus in scholarship and history, the results we boast of have been attained principally by one-sided men with imperfect views as to the relative importance of things, who have been content to spend years of patient and unnoticed toil, if so they might succeed in re-creating out of the chaos into which it had fallen an almost unintelligible chorus of Æschylus, or striving, from the scanty and often contradictory materials at their command, to construct a consistent view of the state of England under the Heptarchy. "Why is it," Elmsley was once asked, "that the Germans are better scholars than we?" "Because they don't go out to tea," was his answer. German professors are apt to be regardless of the social amenities, to be shabby, snuffy, redolent of tobacco, and generally unpresentable; but if we would learn, we must go to them, for they stand at the very fountain-head of knowledge. They will suffer nothing to draw them away from the one study to which they have devoted themselves; and, like Mr. Tennyson's Amphion, they feel amply repaid, if,

> "at the end of all,
> A little garden blossom."

Granting that this application of the principle of the division of labour to knowledge is of benefit to the race generally, what is its effect on the individual man? From this point of view, we must admit that "grooviness" possesses many considerable advantages. The groove—the profession or pursuit, whatever it may be—furnishes a moral backbone on which the character can form and develop itself; through its influence the whole inner man gets "set." This is especially true if the groove is one which, as in the case of a clergyman or doctor, brings a man into close contact with active life. The sense of a settled work and purpose in life gives an activity and decision to his manner and bearing which is in itself a power. He knows what he has to do, how to do it, and what result to look for; and does not fritter himself away in vague aspirations after the unattainable, or "trying back" from quests that lead to nothing. The man who is not clear as to his special vocation, or has not succeeded in getting himself settled at work in it, though often really of deeper and subtler nature, is apt to bear an appearance of being perpetually *in statu pupillari* in the university of life. He rarely, to use a rowing phrase, "puts his back" into his strokes, for he is not enough committed to any one line to make him feel that he must succeed in that or fail altogether. His interest is so secure and easy, that he does not feel it necessary to defend his position to the uttermost. Distinctness of aim compensates for many deficiencies.

All grooves, moral as well as mental, may be regarded as the unmodernized roads of life. In travelling along them we must be content to miss variety and adventure, not go out of our way to look at

picturesque scenery, and aim more at getting to our journey's end with despatch than at enjoying ourselves on the way. But without some such recognised highways it is difficult to see how the world could go on. To the majority of mankind, liberty to form opinions and establish modes of life for themselves would be an intolerable burden. They are no more equal to such a task than to find their way across an untravelled country by the sole aid of the pole-star. So we find settled forms for our reception into life and departure from it, for courtship and marriage, even for our amusements; and each part in the drama has to be played according to its own traditions, and in its appropriate stage costume. That immense groove, for instance, the London "season," with its hackneyed routine of dinner-parties and balls and "at homes," may not impress an outsider with much admiration; but in bringing certain classes of society together, and keeping the common standard of tone and manner up to the mark, its result is unquestionably beneficial. After all, we must be born, and make love, and marry, and entertain our friends, and at the last die *somehow*, and to have the fashion settled beforehand is a great saving of time and energy. Nor is it difficult for a man of adequate calibre to sit sufficiently loose to all these observances to be able to [illegible] their yoke, if they chance to become inconveniently oppressive, and easily and gracefully emancipate himself and "go the road of his own will."

But while granting the usefulness and *quasi* necessity of grooves, we are not inclined to admit that they form an [illegible] that there are two sides to every question. [illegible] reason of our infirmity; and the irritation manifested [illegible] told that *they* are in a groove betrays consciousness that [illegible] position falls short of perfection. Without doubt [illegible] with a heavy alloy of evil. It tends to stunt and [illegible] and unduly to develop special faculties. These [illegible] worth while to foster, but the prominence given [illegible] by the absence of the checks and balances [illegible] culture produces a sort of mental deformity. [illegible] fitted into his groove is not so much a man as a [illegible] with tastes and interests, and often with a [illegible] altogether peculiar and unmistakable. We [illegible] tages of a groove, that thereby the character [illegible] advantage, but it is attended by the [illegible] too soon, and the immediate gain in [illegible] balanced by the impossibility of future [illegible] of freshness and flexibility in the man. [illegible] date himself to new lights—in fact, [illegible] are presented to him. He has got [illegible] smoothly in it, and is not in the least [illegible] whether it is *the best conceivable*, [illegible]

to exist at all. We don't find successful barristers ardent law-reformers or physicians in large practice eager to welcome new theories of medicine. The proverb, that rolling stones gather no moss, may be interpreted in a good sense as well as a bad. If they have but few solid fruits of success to exhibit, they are likely to be freer from restraints and hindrances to growth and progress. The groove ages. There is a certain buoyancy and youthfulness about those who have never abandoned themselves to one pursuit or aim, which the most successful plodder along a beaten path cannot but envy. Life for them is large in possibilities; and if in journeying through it, they come on a pleasant wayside inn, they can afford to halt for the night there, without vexing their souls because it is unsuitable as a permanent abode. Nor is it just to deem these "unattached" spirits mere butterfly flutterers over the field of knowledge, sunning themselves, sipping sweets, and perishing with nothing to show for their existence. Many of us can remember how, in early days, after labouring till, perhaps, far into the small hours at some problem of mathematics defying solution, or passage of Greek of exceptional crabbedness, we have at last resolved to give it up, and "sleep on it." The morning would come, we would return to our task, and at once see our way through difficulties which had seemed insurmountable. Even so the men most deeply versed in the minutiæ of the pursuit to which they have consecrated their lives will confess how often they have been indebted to some *aperçu* of a stranger to its special mysteries, but who brings the methods of other fields of knowledge to bear on this, and gazes on the phenomena with eyes clear and fresh, precisely because he has *not* looked till they have dazzled and blinded him. The careful study of details is, of course, essential; there can be no real knowledge without it; but it has for many minds a perilous fascination, leading them to lose all sense of the comparative values of great and small, and to look on the universe through a distorting medium. "Philosophy," says Dr. Newman, "never views any part of the extended subject-matter of knowledge without recollecting that it is but a part, or without the associations which spring from this recollection." The tendency of the groove is to make us forget this truth, and put a part for the whole. Our valley may be a very pretty and picturesque spot, and worthy of the interest we take in it; but it is not the whole world, and if we fancy it is, we are at a disadvantage as compared with our friend on the hill, who, though he does not see our pet beauties as clearly as we do, yet sees more. The consciousness of commanding a wide field of intellectual vision gives a breadth and power to the mind which mere accurate acquaintance with the details of one or two subjects can never impart. If accuracy were to be our measure of a man's station, a modern medical student might claim precedence over Aristotle.

Is it on the whole, then, well to be in a groove or not? it may be asked. There is much to be said for each view, nor do we think

e so to balance and weigh the arguments as to arrive at a con- of much practical value. Fortunately, questions like this gene- ettle themselves on the *solvitur ambulando* principle. No one ly ever got into a groove, or abstained from entering into one, of rpose. But it does not therefore follow that our speculations e looked on as barren of result. In the present state of our dge, we must often be content with merely stating the conditions oblem. The step, it is true, only takes us a little way, but it is it must be made, if the solution is ever to be reached.

GEORGE STOTT.

WHITE GUNPOWDER

For seven hundred years and more, even granting the invention to have been Roger Bacon's, the dull black mixture of sulphur, nitre, and charcoal—it is only a mixture, not a chemical compound—has had the monopoly of guns, large and small. It has answered every purpose moderately well, perhaps more than moderately. Nevertheless, from time to time the desire has arisen to evolve out of chemical stores some new compound, mechanical or chemical, that should do better duty. Somewhat extraordinary, indeed, the case seems that, amidst all the improvements of guns and gunnery, all the advancement of chemistry and mechanism, the gaseous motor for gun projectiles should be composed as at first. The explanation is not difficult. Gunpowder occupies a sort of half-way ground between things innocent and things dangerous; a medium quality favouring its many applications. Exploding readily enough for all convenient needs, it never spontaneously explodes—a great point in its favour. Then, its power of water-absorption not being very great, it stores tolerably well. But, more than anything else, gunpowder has held its long and almost exclusive sway over guns and gunners owing to the two following circumstances: it can be made of any desired percentage composition, and it may be corned or grained to any degree of coarseness or fineness. As employed for different purposes, it is necessary that gunpowder should have various strengths: not that strength is a wholly unobjectionable word, but, without circumlocution, we should have difficulty in finding a better. To a considerable extent the strength of gunpowder, by varying the relative amount of its components, can be modified; but the great adjustive resource consists in increasing or lessening the dimension of its grains. Much was once hoped and expected of certain explosive chemical compounds—fulminating gold, silver, and mercury, for example—as well as certain more recent explosive developments. If pyroxyline, or gun-cotton, be excepted—and this for a special reason to be adduced by and by—no chemical compound has justified, or gone far to justify, the expectation of coming up to gunpowder for projectile purposes, and partly for the reason of its being a chemical compound. It is one of the very first principles of chemistry that the percentage composition of the same chemical compound is fixed and invariable. As nature makes a chemical compound, and force determines, so, for better, for worse, must man take it. An explosive chemical compound will have, popularly speaking, the same composition strength to-day as to-morrow, to-morrow as through-

all time. Neither do chemical compounds, with perhaps only one ception (pyroxyline), admit of any variation of strength by the device graining or any treatment functionally analogous. In this way do recognise in chemical explosives an unyielding, unadaptive nature, itting them for the multifarious requirements of gunnery.

Having taken account of certain special good qualities of gun-der, we now come to certain of its bad qualities. Safe it indeed is the sense of not igniting spontaneously; but it deteriorates by keep-, the more especially if in a moist atmosphere. If gunpowder be roughly wetted, then may it be considered wholly spoilt. In burn-, gunpowder evolves much heat, much smoke; it also deposits much iness. On the debtor side of gunpowder must be reckoned, also, danger attendant on manufacture. It would be a great advantage possible to devise a gunpowder that should acquire its usefully-gerous qualities with the very last manufacturing touch, whereby every incipient stage it might be stored without possibility of . Reverting to the enormous heat developed by gunpowder igni-, this is a function of especial disadvantage now that breechloading arms have come so much into use, and promise to come still more. avails nothing that the mechanical adaptations of a breechloading arm admit of opening and shutting, loading and firing, some fabu-ly-frequent number of times in the minute, if, long before the me-ical limit be reached, the breeching has grown too hot to handle; hot, perhaps, as to cause unwonted explosion of a powder-charge. er less this defect of heating has made its disadvantages felt in y system of breechloading yet devised. The Prussians, using their tional military firearm, the *Zündnadel-gewehr*, or needle-gun, obviate difficulty as best they can by a manual expedient. A Prussian dier can load and fire, *does* commonly load and fire, without handling barrel of his weapon at all. Bending the left arm, and grasping barrel between arm and fore-arm, he can load and fire with only l inconvenience from heat developed. All danger incidental to mature explosion is obviously as great under this system of manage-t as under any other. The needle-gun might be loaded and fired, a fresh charge would explode of itself, to the shooter's probable truction.

It will have been gathered, then, that gunpowder, ordinary black powder, though it has seen some service and done some hard duty its time, is not so perfect as to fulfil all requisitions desired; where-from time to time experiments have been directed to the manufac-of a substitute.

To indicate a tithe of the explosive mixtures chemists have pre-d, or can prepare, would be tedious and to no avail. The explosive action is by no means so simple an affair as popular belief accredits with being. The only fundamental quality whereby members of explosive or detonating *family* are allied is the evolution of gas

or gases, as the result of sudden chemical energy, the latter gen rally, though not invariably, one of combustion. The power of ex plosives is of various kinds. Whereas some detonating bodies p forth enormous shattering power, visited upon materials in cont with them or in their immediate vicinity, the projectile or propelli energy of the same being inconsiderable, other explosives transpose th relation of these functions. Obviously, for projectile uses the desi ratum is not to shatter the gun, but to propel the gun-charge; a ne that at once determines theoretically the quality of propelling agen All explosive force is dependent on the sudden evolution of gas gases; and according as the volume of gases set free is smaller larger, more or less tardy, so will the explosive function vary betw the extreme and practically unattainable limits of shattering with propulsion, and propulsion without shattering. Contrary to wh might have been imagined, some of the most violent of explo bodies do not evolve most gas. Neither chloride of nitrogen nor th fulminates of gold, silver, or mercury, gun-cotton, nor nitro-glycer for example, evolve, weight for weight, so much gas as gunpowder.

Then, further, examining the known varieties of black gunpowd experiment has proved that best rifle-powder evolves a smaller volum of gas than does coarse blasting and cannon gunpowder. More ex traordinary still, the finest sporting-powder manufactured (finest as to quality, not grain, which may be large or small, for one and the sam composition, at the manufacturer's will) deposits more solid residue o foulness than coarse common or blasting-powder. This fact is mad evident by the result of some masterly experiments a few years ag undertaken by Bunsen and Schiskoff, and is amply explained by analysis. The gravity of fouling does not so much depend on th quantity as the sort of foulness. If of such nature as to easily di lodge, then the fouling matter is less prejudicial than if it stick mo tightly. Bunsen and Schiskoff have proved, amongst other point that not only do no two varieties of gunpowder (ordinary blas powder) give the same combustive results, but that one and the sam variety of gunpowder will yield different results, according to th degree of pressure and other circumstances under which it may b exploded. Fine rifle-powder yields considerable residue or foulne truly; but in this deposit carbonate of potash, or of "*potassium*," modern chemistry will now have it, preponderates. This material form soap with the lubricant employed, and hence the explanation.

However adapted, in respect to definite gas evolution, in defin units of time, an explosive material may be to projectile usage, sti without one property superadded—the property of grainage, or equiv lent of grainage, to wit—it must remain for ever inapplicable to pu poses of gunnery. To this conclusion all practical gunners have lo since come, the opinions of chemists notwithstanding. Slight co *sideration will* prove why this must be. From the following postula

the conclusion is arrived at. There certainly does not exist one substance otherwise applicable as a gunnery-projectile the velocity of whose explosion is not in some degree influenced by the closeness of its impaction. This is well manifested by different modes of treating ordinary black gunpowder. If confined in a gun in such manner that air-spaces may intervene between various portions of the material, and then fired, combustion is very rapid, as the most inexperienced in these matters well know. If, on the other hand, the same material as to percentage composition be rammed hard, as into a rocket-case, the combustion is tardy and non-eruptive. Now, for all gunnery-projectile purposes, the first condition is needed. The combustion must be rapid, yet not too rapid. A constant has, in mathematical language, to be evolved once as for all, otherwise the projectile urged by different qualities and amounts of force would fly in a trajectory defying all calculation. The device of grainage is well nigh the only one capable of evolving this constant. True, in the case of gun-cotton, and under the ingenious manipulation of Baron Lenk, and still later Mr. Abel, an equivalent to grainage has been found, so as on the score of definite combustion that material leaves little, if anything, to be desired. If gun-cotton were not self-explosive and destructible by time, it might enter the category of hopeful, if not acknowledged, gunnery-projectile forces.

These necessary preliminaries bring us to the point at which we have been steadily aiming, viz. a description of the white, or rather, tawny-coloured powder lately devised by Captain Schultze of the Prussian service, and which, under the auspices of at least one London gunmaker, is finding large application amongst English sportsmen. The process of manufacture is most safe, as it is most ingenious. Only at the final stage of making this gunpowder is the process subject to any explosive contingency. In illustration of this, the following circumstance should be stated: in July 1868 the manufactory of Captain Schultze at Potsdam, near Berlin, was consumed, *burned quietly to the ground*—burned, not exploded. The accident is altogether unprecedented; nothing like it could have happened to a manufactory of common black gunpowder.

We now come to the process of manufacture. The inventor begins by taking any of the common woods (he keeps the wood steeped in water) which have acquired celebrity for yielding gunpowder-charcoal, and saws them transversely into plates of the required thickness by a veneer-saw. The plates, when sliced, are laid under a manifold punch and submitted to pressure, whereby grains of not merely definite and unvarying size, but definite and unvarying shape (a matter of some moment as influencing the constancy of impaction), result. Grains are thus evolved at the very commencement of the manufacturing operation, unlike what happens in the case of black gunpowder, wherein the operation of grainage *is the last operation* but one—glazing; and some-

times, powder not being invariably glazed, the last absolutely. T punched grains, being collected in a mass, are subjected to a treatm of chemical washing, whereby calcareous and various other impuri are separated, leaving hardly anything behind save pure woody matt cellulose or lignine. The next operation has for its end the con sion of these cellulose grains into a sort of incipient xyloidine, or gu cotton material, by digestion with a mixture of sulphuric and ni acids. Practically it is found that absolutely perfected xyloidine which ordinary gun-cotton is the purest type) not only decomp spontaneously by time, the chief products of combustion being g and oxalic acid, but it is moreover able to combustion of a sort may be practically called spontaneous, so slight and so uncontroll are the causes sufficing to bring it about. Cellulose or woody m ter, otherwise termed lignine, parti y converted to xyloidine, is, C tain Schultze affirms, subject to ne her of those contingencies. C mists will understand that, inasm as the wood used as a constit of the Schultze gunpowder is not red, its original hydrogen is l and by and by, at the time of firin ill be necessarily utilised tow the gaseous propulsive resultant. ext, washed with carbonate-of-so solution and dried, an important circumstance is now recognisable.

The grains, brought to the condition just described, are stor away in bulk, not necessarily to be endowed with final explos energy until the time of package, transport, and consignment. On one treatment has to be carried out, and it is very simple. The ligneo grains have to be charged with a certain definite percentage of so nitrate, which is done by steeping them in the nitrate solution a drying. Ordinarily a solution of nitrate of potash (common saltpe is employed; but in elaborating certain varieties of white pow Captain Schultze prefers and uses nitrate of baryta.

Having traced the new powder to its final stage, we may conte plate it under the light of two distinct scrutinies—theoretical a practical. Review of the chemical agencies involved, or that may evolved, suggests the reaction, especially under prolonged moisture, the sulphur and nitre of ordinary powder, whereby sulphide of pot sium should result. Practice is confirmatory: under the conditi indicated sulphide of potassium, more or less, does result, and p portionate to the extent of decomposition is the powder deteriorat Inasmuch as the Schultze gunpowder is wholly devoid of sulphur, is the particular decomposition adverted to impossible; and theo at least, fails to suggest any other decomposition as probable or ev possible.

The specific gravity of the Schultze gunpowder may be roun taken at half the specific gravity of ordinary gunpowder; or, in ot words, for equal weights of the two, the bulk of Schultze's powder w be double that of its rival. Hereupon an important question is rais e drift of which will be obvious to any practical gunner. Is

available projectile force of one volume of Schultze's powder equivalent to the available projectile force of two volumes of black powder? If not, it may be averred with tolerable confidence that the new material could never come into extensive practical use as a gunnery-projectile. If the era of breechloading had not so completely set in, the exact length of column in any gun-barrel occupied by any powder-charge would not perhaps of itself determine the issue of acceptance or rejection. But the question of length of column occupied by any explosive gun-charge is one of the most vital importance in all that concerns breechloaders. If by chance an otherwise efficient substitute for gunpowder should be discovered, occupying, power for power, less space than gunpowder, then intrinsically would it be better in direct ratio to the diminution. Having regard, however, to existing systems of breechloading, the intrinsic superiority contemplated would prove a bar to utilisation. The breeching-gear of every breechloader is laid out to a scale of very minute fractions of an inch. The breeching-chamber must be full of material—it can be no more than full. The breech slot, screw, hole, or other contrivance for admitting the charge, is equally amenable to minute scales of measurement.

Assuming the ratios of volume reversed, theoretical advantages of variation depart, and fundamental objections make themselves manifest. It is a settled conviction in the minds of military authorities that the shorter a military cartridge admits of being made, the better. Thereby not merely is the gunmaker's labour facilitated, it being easier to fashion short than long breeching-gear, but the cartridge itself is more strong and serviceable. From time to time the question has arisen, whether the small-bore type of weapon may not be advantageously substituted for the regulation Enfield type. Nobody doubts the increased accuracy and far-shooting of small bores; and the defect of their more speedy fouling, often adduced, hardly applies to the case of breechloading small bores. Still, various military men oppose the military use of small bores; not the objection of least weight being the necessarily inconvenient length of cartridge. A small-bore cartridge, they say, is too much like a pencil-case, too delicate for rough military usage.

These considerations would seem to have had due weight with Captain Schultze. His powder is so devised and elaborated that each effective charge shall occupy equally the same space as a charge of common powder would have occupied. All his gunnery arrangements, therefore, are taken on the basis of matching volume against volume, the equivalent in weight to one volume of his powder being two volumes of ordinary gunpowder.

I have made no experiments with the Schultze powder, either by fire-arm practice or by chemical analysis. All that I know of it comes from conversation with gunmakers, and observation of general appearances. It has taken fair hold on the English sportsman's appreciation,

as before stated; but, as may be assumed, drawbacks, real or alleged, to its use there are, otherwise it would have gone further than it has to displace ordinary black powder. The chief disparagement I have heard alleged against it, is the difficulty—rather, the impossibility—of measuring-out charges with the accuracy needful to practice. It is necessary to weigh the charges, gunmakers aver, if identity of result be contemplated. This allegation, if well borne out, implies a serious defect. Practical people will grasp its full purport, however much the unpractised may make light of it.

A few words of explanation now relative to a point some way back adverted to. It was stated that gun-cotton, under the ingenious manipulation of Baron Lenk, was subjected to a treatment that obviated the necessity of grainage. The treatment is this: inasmuch as the filamentary structure of gun-cotton incompatible with the formation of grains, Baron Lenk seeks and finds an equivalent in threads of varying degrees of fineness and closeness. A close-spun yarn of gun-cotton undergoes more rapid combustion than its opposite; taking advantage of this fact and applying it, Baron Lenk thereby secures any amount of combustive velocity. A still further modification on gun-cotton has been lately effected by Mr. Abel. He reduces his xyloidine to a sort of paper pulp. His process has been made known since this article was written, or further reference would have been made to a device which has the merit of ingenuity, though the gunnery value of gun-cotton in this or any other state would seem to be small, if any.

JOHN SCOFFERN, M.B.

BELGRAVIA

APRIL 1869

MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY

AUTHOR OF "PAUL MASSIE," "THE WATERDALE NEIGHBOURS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI. AGAIN—AT LAST!

THIS is not a story of the struggles of a poor artist and adventurer, though so much of my life was indeed just such a story. But lives like mine have been told so often before, that I could add little new by dwelling on the professional and adventurous part of my existence, even if I had the art to tell such things as other men have told them. Therefore I frankly intimated to my readers long ago that I do not mean to enter into the details of my struggles, my disappointments, my privations, my temporary success. Of all these I shall only say, like the fair dame pressed to explain the duties of the *cicisbeo*, "I beseech you to suppose them." In brief, the professional story of my life is this: I struggled long and wearily. At last I succeeded, for a time. Then I lost the best of my voice, and I faded back into quiet obscurity, not without comfort. For what Carlyle calls four-and-twenty resplendent months, I was a brilliant success in the popular sense. I know myself, and I know that I never was or could be a great singer. I never was in the high sense an artist. I never had a genius for music, or for anything; but I had my run of success—I had my day. It was a short one, and it is over; and I don't regret it. "I cease to live," says the poet's Egmont; "but I have lived!"

In my days of swift success I came to know a great many authors, sculptors, painters, critics, artists of every class, who had all more or less succeeded in life; and I found that the actor or the singer has some splendid chances which are denied to any other adventurer after popular favour. Worst off of all his brethren I rate the literary adventurer, although Thackeray, with the complacency of recognised and triumphant genius, pointed out the immense advantage the author enjoys in requiring neither patronage nor capital, but only a few sheets

of paper and a steel pen. Where is his arena, his tribune? He has written his grand tragedy. Very good. Who is going to play it?—nay, what manager is going to read it? He has finished every chapter of his novel; and then begins the dreariest part of his business. I remember literary friends of mine used to say, when sometimes the author of *Vanity Fair* showed his grand white head among us, that he had had toil enough to persuade the public to read what he had written, that he had hawked about his great book long enough before any publisher could be induced to run the risk of printing it. The difficulty was to get any publisher to read it. Change *Vanity Fair* into a picture or a statue, and it would at least have found a place in an exhibition, where a crowd, coming for the sole purpose of looking at pictures and statues, would have seen it, and some eye would surely have found out its worth. To read through thousands on thousands of scrawled MS. pages in the hope of sometime coming on a literary treasure is a wearisome diving process which only stubborn souls long endure; but to hunt through an art-exhibition is a pleasant and easy work. I rate the chances of the painter or the sculptor, then, rather above those of the literary man. But while it is true that not everyone can get a chance of exhibiting his picture in any gallery, it is also true that even in the gallery it may pass unnoticed of the crowd, who only run to look at the pictures of men with names, or pictures they have been forewarned to look at. Suppose, however, that everyone going into the gallery were compelled to look at every picture in turn—were compelled at least to stand before it, and look at that or nothing for a certain number of minutes, would not the obscure artist's chances be immensely increased in value? But this is precisely the condition of the actor or the singer. Once, at the very least, in his three or five acts he is in absolute possession of the audience. No one may speak or sing but he. It is his chance. If he can speak or sing in any way worth listening to, there is his opportunity of doing it. I have known scores of men in other professions who only wanted just one such chance to crown their ambition, or, at all events, to crush it, and who never got the chance, but went along through life disappointed and embittered, girding at the successful, snarling at popular favour, wailing against destiny, and always convinced that if the world could but have seen or heard them, it would have fallen in homage at their feet. The public, indeed, will not go fishing for talent, like pearl-divers. It is enough to ask that they shall recognise it when set before them. "Genius," says Murger, "is the sun; and the world sees it. Talent is the diamond in the mine; it is prized when discovered." This was my chance. I got an opportunity of holding up my poor little artistic diamond. The opening came; I had the stage all to myself for a few moments, and I really had been gifted by Nature with a voice which then, at least, could hardly have *failed to* make an impression. It made its impression, and I succeeded

This was in Italy. I came home to England, after an absence relatively very short, a success. My way began to be clear before I began to have friends, admirers, rivals, detractors, satellites, fans, and enemies. I grew familiar with my own name in print; became accustomed to the receipt of anonymous letters—some full of vice, not a few full of love, a great many breathing contempt and hatred. I began to judge of journals and critics only according to their way of dealing with myself.

I must say that hardly any kind of life seems to be more corrupting to independent and generous manhood than that which depends upon public admiration. It is hardly a whit better than that which lives on princes' favour. The miserable jealousies, the paltry rivalries and spites, the mean, imperious triumph over somebody else's loss or humiliation, the pitiful exultation over one's own passing success, the womanish anxiety to know what is said of one, the child-like succession of exaltation and depression, the absorbing vanity, the craving love of praise, and the nauseous capacity for swallowing it—these seem to be as strictly the disease and danger of artistic life as yellow fever is of the West Indies, or dysentery of the East. I have indeed known strong natures both in men and women which could defy the contagion, and retain their healthy and self-reliant sanity to the last. I have seen, even in stage-life, virgins who could tread those hideous hot ploughshares of vanity and jealousy, and come out unscathed. I have known men who to the last kept the sweetness of their souls, and never felt a pang of mean joy over another's failure, or of unmanly pride or unmanly grief at success or failure of their own. But such natures are indeed the rarest of phenomena, and only make the general character of the race show more relatively. You can't help it; I mean, we common natures cannot help it. Some of us go in resolving that we will not be like the rest, that we will not lay down our manhood, and our courage, and our generosity, and succumb to the poisonous atmosphere of praise, rivalry, and jealousy. But we soon grow like the rest; we rage at a disparaging word; we swell with pride over the most outrageous lies; our bosoms burst with gall when some new rival is spoken of favourably or applauded too loudly; we rejoice with a base and cold joy, which our lying lips dare not confess, when someone whom we call a friend makes a failure and falls down. Our nature becomes positively sexless; and man detests woman if she outshines him, just as rival beauties of a fribble season may hate each other. I feel that I did not, until I came in for some little artistic success, ever have it possible I could hate—or, in deed, that any man could hate—an attractive and pretty woman who had never either slighted or betrayed me. I soon learned that the wretched creature who lives on the breath of the public can get to envy and detest any being that stands between him and the sun of his existence.

From my soul I detested the whole thing. I distinctly saw my moral nature becoming contaminated by it, and I despised myself even for the momentary pang of pride and envy which I honestly did my best to crush and conquer. I sometimes thought to myself, "The time must soon come, if one of us does not die meanwhile, when I shall meet Christina. Shall I find her even as one of these? Shall I find that her heart swells with pitiful pride and rankles with paltry spleen; that she hates her rivals; that she can swallow any amount of praise, and gladden in it; that she can cry when some critic disparages her or praises someone else?"

I could not believe it; yet I could not but fear; I could not but sometimes wish that I had been less fortunate in my personal ambition, and that I were still far removed in obscurity out of her possible path.

I heard of her often. She was soon to return to England, where her sudden departure and long absence, after so sudden a success, lent new attraction to her. People said she was married. I had heard the statement almost with composure. She had become like a dream to me. When I saw her last I was little more than a boy; I stood now on the latest verge of my youth: a whole working lifetime lay between. I believed that I had so far disciplined my nature and subordinated early and disappointed passion, that I could meet her now again with unmoved politeness, and even on our first meeting look calmly in her face, touch her hand without tremor, and congratulate her becomingly upon her great success.

Yes, they said she was married; and it was certain that she now described herself as Madame Reichstein, not Mademoiselle Reichstein. Indeed, some maintained that she was not only a wife, but actually a widow. But they said all manner of things about her. Her husband was an *entrepreneur;* he was an Australian adventurer; he was a rich Yankee speculator; he was a scion of a noble Austrian family, who never would look at him after his *mésalliance;* whoever he was, he had deserted her: no, it was she who had run away from him while they were living at Nice, and actually in their honeymoon; he used to beat her; she once tried to stab him: at all events, he was dead now. Nay, there was not a word of truth in all that; the real fact was, that she never was married at all; the young nobleman killed himself for love of her, and left her all his property; and so forth, and so forth. These and countless other stories—equally incoherent, extravagant, and contradictory—passed from mouth to mouth among the people I met who talked about Christina Reichstein.

I found Ned Lambert, when I returned to England, quite established as the household friend of the Lyndons. He used to come and dine with them almost every Sunday, having made a definite arrange-
that effect with Mrs. Lyndon, who was ready enough and re-
out her housekeeping by such a mode of contribution,

who had indeed quite a genius for cookery. Lambert liked the nge immensely. He said he was fond of a good dinner on Sunday, that when he dined alone at his own lodgings, he never ven- ed to ask his landlady for anything beyond the cold corpse of a cooked on the Saturday. But it was not his relish for a savoury le dinner which brought him all the way to our dreary district; I saw a marked change, both in him and in Lilla, when I once re joined the little circle. Lilla was more thoughtful, more melan- ly, less pleasure-loving than before; he, on the other hand, was erally brighter and more animated, unless when he was study- manners and deportment, which indeed he almost always was. ny a time I saw him furtively glance under his eyes at Lilla, as if learn from her expression whether he had accomplished a triumph or mitted a solecism of etiquette. I could not resist the temptation make an inquiry once in Lilla's presence about his Sunday-evening f from coat sleeves; whereat he looked so distressed and confused Lilla insisted on having the whole story, and had it accordingly, laughed very much; and Lambert at last gave way, and like- laughed; and we all laughed a good deal longer than the story rved. I was glad to have made Lilla laugh at anyone's expense, poor girl, she laughed less now than of old days, and her face ked pale and anxious. I soon found out the reason.

Between Lambert and myself we had boxes, stalls, and so forth for e theatre almost at will. One night we went—Lilla, her mother, mbert, and myself. Lambert would not stir without Mrs. Lyndon— e a new performer as Claude Melnotte. He, the new Claude Mel- e, was the idol of one of the colonies, and was a statuesque, hand- e, deep-voiced, energetic, wooden-headed sort of actor. I thought whole thing dreadfully tiresome, and Lambert thought so too; but a was quite melted by it, and streamed with tears. A year before I w that she would have laughed at the business, or yawned over it. w Lambert's eyes resting on her with profound admiration and pathy; and he looked up and caught my eye, and gave me a glance, tly whimsical, partly sentimental, partly bashful and apologetic, ch would have made quite a picture in itself. She had her depths sensibility, then, this poor girl, whose bloom the hard coarse grit London life had so nearly rubbed away. Never did she shed tears theatre when I was her companion, or care for any performance ch was supposed to demand tear-shedding as its tribute.

I spoke of the change to Lambert himself that night.

"It s true," he replied slowly and sententiously; "I have often ght that the best test you could have of a woman's intelligence f her sympathies would be to watch her demeanour at a theatre. ar her comments, and observe how she looks; and the fellow who s not know her then is an idiot, who never could know anything of You can't imagine, *Temple*, how I hate some women I see at a

play: they look so cold and stolid and severely proper and self-contained, that I should like to have them expelled from the presence of art altogether. I wonder how you will feel at the sight of such people when you come on our stage, before our unimpassioned creatures here. It is not like Italy, Temple—at least, I fancy so; and indeed I have heard it from—O, from many who have felt it."

"From Madame Reichstein, for example?"

I was determined not to shrink from that name, or allow him to suppose that I faltered at it.

"Yes, from her in especial. She was dreadfully chilled here in London, although they gave her quite unusual honours."

"She would be. Her enthusiasm and her really lyric nature would naturally chafe against our British composure."

He glanced at me inquiringly, as if he meant to ask whether this calmness was real or put on. If I had been asked then, I could have answered in all sincerity that I believed it real. I know now that it was but an effort of self-discipline.

"We had a sort of scene at a theatre one night," he said, rapidly changing the subject; "I mean Lilla—Miss Lyndon—and I."

"Indeed! What happened?"

"Some fellow—mad, I think—seized her by the arm, just as I was handing her into a cab—her mother was already in—and jabbered some insane nonsense at her. I pushed him away, and the wretched creature flew at me like a wild-cat, and there was quite a disturbance."

"Who was he? What was he like?"

"Oh, quite an *entré*, mad-looking creature, small and old, with a black wig. I could have crushed him; but, of course, I wasn't going to hit a poor little old bloke—old man, I mean; and so I only dragged him away, and asked a policeman to take charge of him. But he was near raising a perfect mob about us, shrieking out that I was carrying off his daughter, and I don't know what other rubbish; and he cut my lip so that I was a pretty sight, I can tell you."

"What became of Lilla?"

"She conducted herself most bravely: neither screamed nor fainted. I got rid of my [illegible] as soon as I could."

"Did Mrs. Lyndon see him?"

"No, she didn't. It so happened that she never got a glimpse of [illegible] good. She is a nervous woman, and would have [illegible] by the sight of so extraordinary a creature. Of course I [illegible] of it, and I never heard any more about it."

"You never found out anything about him?"

"Never—and I never cared to."

I [illegible] more on the subject: I needed no further explanation.

[illegible] a few of us—Lambert, myself, and one or [illegible] — gave a little fête to some of our

friends at Richmond. It was very early in the season. We dined, of course, at the Star and Garter. Lilla Lyndon was of the company. We were all very pleasant. I was as happy as a bright sun, delicious air, and joyous company could make any man; and I, at least, never could be insensible to the mere joy of living, of barely living, under such sun and in such air. I was a sort of rising star too, in a very small way, and might have flirted and been flattered a good deal; and did on this occasion accept my opportunities. I walked through the gardens, after dinner, with a pretty, vivacious girl leaning on my arm; a girl who had just made a brilliant success in light comedy, and promised indeed to be another Abington or Nisbett, until she married, poor thing, and died in her first confinement. Her people lived not far from Norwood; and a short time since, walking out from the Crystal Palace all ringing with music, I strayed into a churchyard, and came upon a tombstone bearing the name of my poor young friend. This Richmond day, however, of which I speak, was darkened by no shadow from the future, and we were all very bright and happy.

"Look there!" said my companion suddenly, and with a joyous laugh. "See how people make love off the stage."

She directed my attention to two figures in a shady little alley of shrubs and trees, not far from us. They were Lambert and Lilla Lyndon. She was leaning on his arm; her eyes were downcast, her cheeks were crimson, her step was slow. He bent his tall figure over her; he was pleading earnestly, passionately—that anyone could see—into her ear. It had come, then, just as I thought it would. He loved her; and now he was telling her so; and I could not doubt what her answer would be.

Queer pangs shot through me. I was rejoiced at the prospect of the happiness of both my friends. I thought with delight that Lilla would no longer be poor; that she would have a true home to shelter her, a manly heart to lean on; that he would have a life made warm by love; and I longed to congratulate them both, and tell them how sincerely I gladdened in their love and their happiness. And yet the sight brought with it too a keen sense of isolation and loneliness. I had felt for Lilla just that warm and tender friendship which is to love "as the moonlight to the sunlight." She had been a friend to me when friends were most precious and most rare. She had cared for me when I was sick, confided in me always; begged for me, unasked and almost unthanked, of one who probably despised her and me only all the more for it. And now I was about to lose her; the only woman from whom I could expect a greeting that was more than formal, a glance that was at once friendly and sincere. I don't say that this made me sad. I know I was sincerely glad that things were to be so; but it made me thoughtful. I was moody enough to wish to be alone for a little; and ungallant enough to get gradually rid of my fair and joyous companion. I felt a twinge of remorse at the recollection when

I came the other day upon the stone which bore the record of her name, her birth, her marriage, her death, and the inconsolable grief of her afflicted husband—who is now alive and merry with his third wife.

I was glad to be alone. I stretched myself on the grass. The evening was glowingly, gloriously hot. I heard the voices of singers not far away, and the notes of a piano. I saw nothing but the unflecked sky of blue above my head, and the slender spiral vapour of my cigar. Was I happy? Was I miserable? Happy or miserable, those moments were ecstatic. Are not the sensations produced by extreme heat and extreme cold so much alike that the African brought for the first time into contact with snow fancies it has burnt him? I think there are pangs of delight and of pain—where the soul is the medium, not the nerves—which are not easily to be distinguished from each other.

I started at an approaching step. Lilla was close beside me; she looked pale, and much distressed. I jumped to my feet.

"I have been looking for you everywhere," she said; "I want you to take me home."

"Home so soon? Are you going home already?"

"Yes. I should like to, very much; if you don't mind leaving so early. Or I will wait longer, as long as you like, if you will promise to leave a little before the rest, and to come with me."

"Certainly, Lilla, when you please. But where is Lambert?"

"Mr. Lambert? I don't know; at least, I saw him not long since."

"Will Lambert not wish to see you home?"

"If you can't or won't come with me, Emanuel," she said petulantly, "if you must wait on somebody else, of course I must not worry you about me."

"Why, Lilla, my dear girl, you know very well I will go with you when you please. But I only thought—"

"Dear Emanuel, please don't think anything; at least, at present. Only do oblige me this once; I am so tired, and I want to get away."

"We will go this instant."

"Thank you; that is kind. And I should like to get quietly out, quite unnoticed, if you please."

"This way, then."

I gave her my arm, and I felt her arm tremble on mine; and could feel that her bosom beat heavily as she leaned on me. Violet circles were round her eyes; and every time she spoke it seemed as if she must break into tears.

There were several hansoms at the door, in which some of our company had come. I meant to take one of them, and convey Lilla home in it. Young ladies don't usually go in hansoms, I believe, with young men; that is, where Respectability reigns. We had no such etiquette in our free and gladsome world. One of Lilla's special *delights* was, or used to be, a hansom.

But the gardens were full of company. There were many parties there as well as ours. Lilla and I, threading our way outward, were always coming on some brilliant group. It was significant of my poor young friend's state of mind, that she did not even cast a scrutinising glance at the dresses of the ladies. We hardly spoke at all.

I brought her into a narrow side-path between flowers and plants. We were nearly out now. Towards us there came a group of four or five ladies and gentlemen, straggling along as the width of the path allowed them. One voice struck on my ear, and I knew its sharp and strident tone. I knew it to be the voice of Lilla's uncle. Eminently disagreeable I thought such a meeting would be in a place so narrow that recognition could not be avoided. It was now too late to go back, so we drew up to let the group stream by.

Lilla saw her uncle. She coloured, and was a little confused. He did not seem particularly delighted at the meeting.

"Why, Lilla, *you* here?" He gave her his hand rather coldly.

I had been standing silent and stiffly, looking at nothing and feeling highly uncomfortable.

"Yes, uncle; but I am going away now. I have asked this gentleman—don't you know Mr. Temple, uncle?—to take me home."

"Indeed! Yes.—How do you do, Mr. Temple?"

I made a formal acknowledgment of his enforced salutation, and in doing so I became conscious that the light of two deep, dark, soft eyes was turned full on me. I became conscious of it—I can use no other phrase—for up to this moment I had positively seen none of the group but Mr. Lyndon alone, and had never looked at the lady who was by his side, and who stopped when he did. But I felt that the light of those eyes was on me, and an electrical thrill ran through me, with which the blood rushed heavily and fiercely to my head, and the pulses of my heart seemed to stand still, and the grass for a moment flickered with changing colours, and the sinking sun appeared to reel in the sky.

And looking up, I saw that Christina Reichstein stood before me.

Not my Lisette! Not my Christina! Beautiful, stately, in the full glow of developed loveliness—no longer a girl; nay, now that the westering sunbeams fell upon her face, I saw that there was something even of the melancholy beauty of a sunset in her own features and expression. Far more beautiful, far more stately, far more attractive, than when I knew her, but not with the fresh and passionate youth which was her exquisite charm long ago. Long ago! A whole life seemed to lie between that time and this. I thought there was something sad, something even of a prematurely wasted look about those glorious eyes. Youth, and early love, and early struggle lay buried in those lustrous hollows. They were as mirrors to me, in which I *saw my own dead* youth and disappointed love. I turned

towards her, and our eyes met and rested upon each other in an instant of unspeakable emotion never to be forgotten in this world.

Christina recovered her composure in a moment.

"We are fortunate, Mr. Lyndon," she said, in her clear musical voice, with the old dash of foreign accent still perceptible in it, "we are fortunate in not having left so soon as I wished; for we meet —at least, I do—two unexpected friends. Your niece I know already, though she seems to have quite forgotten me; and in this gentleman I meet a very old friend."

She gave her hand first to Lilla, and then to me. Not the lightest faintest pressure of her glove indicated to me that I was anything to her but an old acquaintance.

"Indeed," said Mr. Lyndon, drily, "I did not know that you were acquainted with this — ah, this — gentleman, Mr. Temple, before."

"Did you not? O yes; we were old acquaintances ever so many years ago.—How long ago, Mr. Temple?"

"Several centuries ago at least, Madame Reichstein."

"Yes; it must be many, many centuries ago," she said, slightly shrugging her shoulders.

"A good way of evading any confession of the number of years," remarked Mr. Lyndon, with a short dry laugh.—"If you are going home, Lilla, I think you had better come with us."

"Thank you, uncle. If you can take me, I shall be very glad; and then Mr. Temple need not be dragged away to take care of me."

"No; we need not trouble Mr. Temple to leave so early. Come, Lilla."

"Good-night, Emanuel," said Lilla, holding out her hand to me. "I am so much obliged to you for offering to come with me; and I am glad that I have not to take you away."

"Then I think I shall not go just yet," said Madame Reichstein. "I will go in Mrs. Levison's carriage; she is not leaving for a few minutes. I have not had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Temple for so many years that I cannot leave him now, at least until I have exchanged a few words with him, and told him how and when he may see me again.—Will you give me your arm, Mr. Temple?"

I offered her my arm without a word. Lilla looked at us both with wondering eyes. This was all the wildest of mystery to her. She forgot for a moment apparently even the trouble that was oppressing her, in the surprise of seeing this unexpected acquaintanceship revealed itself.

"Remember you promised to accept a seat in my carriage," said Mr. Lyndon. "We are in no haste; we can wait as long as you please."

"But I don't like the idea of anybody waiting for me. No, Mr. Lyndon; pray excuse me this once. Your niece, too, looks quite tired *and ill, and I think* the sooner you take her out of this the better."

Lyndon scowled and contracted his brow, and looked at Lilla as if he could have found it in his heart to say something rather sharp of her illness, and her presence, and her existence altogether.

"O, Lilla's very well," he snarled.—"Are you not?"

"Quite well, uncle.—I am quite well, indeed, dear Madame Reichstein."

"You don't look so, child. No, you must go home, dear; you will come and see me, will you not? I have scolded your uncle before now for not bringing you to me. Good-night, dear." She kissed Lilla quite affectionately.—"Good-night, Mr. Lyndon, and thank you very much."

"Good-night. But you will be at Mrs. Levison's to-night, will you not?"

"Really, I had quite forgotten. O yes, certainly—at least, I think so. *Au revoir*, then."

Mr. Lyndon saluted *me* very slightly and formally, and I saw him cast an appealing, disappointed, impatient glance at Christina. It was vain, however. She bowed graciously, smiled sweetly, and then turned and led me away.

All this time I was like one paralysed of speech. Not even that fiercest stimulus a man's power of self-control can receive, the consciousness that he is making himself ridiculous, could spur me to the mastery of my feelings and the faculty of unmeaning talk. Lately, when it had become apparently certain that I must some time, and that soon, meet Christina, I had rehearsed over and over again the manner in which I should demean myself. Sometimes it was to be a dignified and haughty coldness, sometimes an air of polite, genial, easy indifference. But the one way in which I was never on any account to greet her for the first time was just that which I now found myself driven into—confusion, embarrassment, constraint, and awkward silence.

My throat was dry, my lips were parched; the trail of her rustling dress along the walk was the only sound that seemed to reach my ears; the fragrance of perfumes came faintly from around her; her hand rested on my arm. I did not venture to look at her, lest I should meet her eyes, and, stricken by them, give out my soul in some wild outbreak of love or anger.

"Emanuel!"

The word came up low, sweet, and thrilling to my ears. It pierced my heart. It seemed as if between that word and the "*Ade!*" I had heard her call from the window years and years ago there was only an utter void.

"Emanuel!"

"Madame—Madame Reichstein."

"No; not that name, Emanuel. Call me by the name you always gave me—*long ago. That at least* is mine still."

"Christina!"

"Yes. I am still Christina. You must not think harshly of me, Emanuel."

"I do not. Heaven knows I do not."

"You cannot judge me, and you must not attempt to do so. I know by your manner now that you think I have injured you."

"Think you have injured me! Think! I look back on so many years of a life worse ten times than any death, and you wonder whether I think you have injured me!"

"Emanuel, if we begin reproaching, I too have something to reproach. If we begin talking of years of suffering, do you think life has been all a pleasure and a joy to me? If you were disappointed, was not I? If you were deceived, was not I?"

"By me, Christina? Never. I—I—loved you, you only, and with all my soul—"

"Hush, hush, my friend, no more of that. No, not one word. All that is dead and gone long ago. Let it sleep. Why should we begin raking up the past, and reproaching each other, and making each other miserable? I did not wish or mean to do so. I wished that we should meet like old friends long separated, who are friends in heart still. I have heard of your success, Emanuel, and I congratulate you. I heard of it but now in Italy, where, look you, you have friends. Greater success too you will have yet. I was not surprised; I always knew it. And me—look at me. Well, I have not failed."

"No. You have indeed succeeded. You, Christina, have realised your highest dreams; you have all you ever longed or prayed for."

"And you envy me, perhaps? And look coldly at me? And wonder why I have succeeded so much better than others? And will join with my enemies in finding defects, and blaming the prejudiced public which overrates? No; I do not think you would do that. That would not be like you."

"Christina, that you could even suggest it shows that you do not know me. But, indeed, you never did."

"Did I not? But we will not talk of that. Well, then, I have succeeded; and you are just on the verge of full success. They tell me we are to sing together soon."

"So they tell me."

"Yes, I believe so; I suppose it will be. In fact, I will have it so, although Mr. Lyndon does not seem much to like it."

"What right of judgment has he?"

"Well, you know the right he has"—and she shrugged her shoulders—"the right of the man with the money who stands quietly in the shadow behind the manager whose name is on the bill. That right he has. But to me it matters little; I have my own way, or—"

"Mr. Lyndon is a close friend of yours?"

"I suppose so. I have a great many close friends, and I hope I

ıe them all exactly as they deserve. You look coldly and strangely ne, Emanuel," she said, suddenly changing her tone of flippancy cynicism, for the old friendly pathetic voice, "and you seem as if too would judge me only by words, and ways, and externals. If will, I tell you frankly beforehand that you will judge me harshly , perhaps, others do—and you will judge me wrongly, and I shall isappointed. Do not; O, do not! We shall have to see each other ı in the future, and I should like dearly to have one friend and ıer."

'oices were close behind us; and I heard Madame Reichstein's ; mentioned as if she were sought for.

This way, Emanuel, please; I see my friends, and I must go with . Is it not all like a dream that we have met again? Thank you, Temple; you will come and see me?—Now, dear Mrs. Levison.— l-night, Mr. Temple."

he gave me her hand, and said in a lower tone, "Good-night, nuel;" and left me.

sauntered vacuously back into the garden. My brain was all in irl. I put between my lips the cigar long since extinguished, and for a while unconscious that it did not burn. A sense of disintment mingled with all the confused feelings that came up in nind. The Christina I had found was not like the Christina I lost. Something of sharpness, of worldliness, of flippancy, seemed r which jarred and grated on me; and yet now and then some l or tone brought back all the old memories, the ideal Christina, strong love. I tried to remember and dwell on only the one ious, pathetic sound which came from her lips when she spoke my e, and to put aside all association of her with the common world— Lyndon's coarse and purse-proud ways, with the kind of society which Lyndon strove to be a dictator, with the paltry spites of ies and the mean jealousies of rivals. I tried to do this; I my best to succeed; but the sense of disappointment outlived my ts.

Chapter XVII.

A BREAKING-UP.

I DID not want to meet Lambert or any of my friends any more night; I had no motive for wishing to be home early; I had no ive, indeed, for wishing to do anything, except to get away from the place where I was: so I lighted a cigar and took to the road. alked from Richmond, choosing all the byeways and circuitous plicated "short-cuts" that could well be found, so that by the time rived in town I was pretty well tired. I looked into a theatre, and d it very dull; I dropped into a small and modest club of artists journalists and young authors, of which I had lately become a ıber, *and listened to some of the* ordinary gabble in the smoking-

room, about this man's piece and that man's novel, and this other's overdone "business" in the comic part, and somebody else's anger at the malignity of the critics, who don't see the merit of his wife's novel, and all the rest of the kind of thing which one hears in such a place. It was weary, or I was weary, and I hardly talked to anybody.

At last it grew late, and I went home. I had resolved to stay out long enough to be certain that I should find nobody stirring; I was disappointed, however. There were lights in the little parlour; I let myself in with my latchkey, and would have gone upstairs, if I could without seeing anybody. As I passed the parlour-door, however, Lilla's voice called me; I went in, and found her looking very pale and weary and sad. She was still in the dress she had worn that day at Richmond.

"Not in bed yet, Lilla?"

"Not yet; I have been waiting up partly to see you. Mamma is up too. I am going away to-morrow, Emanuel."

"Going away! Going where?"

"I am going to Paris. I am going to have a hand in a school there—in a kind of partnership with a person I know, a very clever sort of woman, a Miss Whitelocke, who took quite a liking to me and has a very good opinion of my capacity—no great proof of her cleverness is that, certainly."

"But this is very sudden; you never spoke a word to me of this before."

"No. Because nothing was certain, and I hadn't made up my mind; and we both have our secrets, Mr Temple, have we not? You always spoke of me as your sister, Emanuel; but you seem to have had something from me which you would not have kept from your sister, and you allowed me once to exhibit myself in a very ridiculous light."

"Lilla, my dear girl, indeed there was nothing to tell. I did not know myself who she was; who Madame—"

"I don't want to know your secrets, Emanuel, and don't look put out about it, for I am not at all angry, and I think you showed only your good sense in not trusting so silly a creature as I have always proved myself to be."

"Indeed, indeed, Lilla, you don't understand me; you can't understand why I could not be as frank with you as I could have wished to be."

"Please let us not talk any more of that just now. I am going away, Emanuel; I must go from this place. I must try to do something for my mother, and make a home for her. O, she has needed every help, and she has no one but me—no one. Everyone despises her—and us both—and I don't wonder."

"Your uncle, Lilla; does he know?"

"My uncle? Yes, he does. He scolded me to-day, and—and told me we were a disgrace to him; and so we are. And do you know why

he offered, Emanuel? He offered to take me into his house and keep me like a lady like one of his own daughters, he said—if I would leave my mother, and promise not to see her any more, except once a month, or something of that kind. My poor dear, loving, foolish old mother! She has made a slave of herself all her life for me; and little return I ever gave her."

"What did you tell him?"

"Well, I told him what he will remember. I flashed out upon him, and told him just what I felt; not a word did I spare. I told him I scorned his money and his kindness, and that, please God, I would stand by my mother while she lived; and I am afraid I added that perhaps some day one of his own daughters might be invited to leave him, and might give a different answer from mine. He was quite white with anger. I didn't care—I don't care. I am glad I spoke out, it did me good; perhaps it will do him good."

"Lilla, I always thought you had a fine noble nature; now I know it."

"Noble nature! nonsense. I am not going to desert my poor mother—now especially—that's all. But I waited up to tell you all this, and I want you not to say anything to her about the condition my uncle offered, for I haven't told her that; she would worry me to death, poor soul, about sacrificing myself, and stuff. And I want you to back me up; to say that everything I do is right and wise, and for the best, and all that. You will do this, Emanuel, like a kind, dear fellow, will you not? And don't speak of anything else, anything you may know or guess, or that—O, you *must* understand me; but just tell her you think I am doing the most sensible thing possible in going to Paris."

"But, Lilla, tell me—do let me ask you—why are you doing this? Do confide in me. You may do so; I know all."

"All?" she said, flushing up.

"Yes, my dear, all. I know, for instance, what happened to-day. I knew it was coming. Now, why can you not stay and make Ned Lambert—that true-hearted, manly, clever fellow—as happy as he asks to be?"

"Emanuel, you have said you know all. If so, you know my reason. I cannot bring disgraceful vexation on Edward Lambert; and to marry me just now would bring disgrace on any man. O, I am so unhappy, so wretched; and I have been crying all the evening. I have been silly and deceived all my life through, and filled up with foolish and false notions and expectations; and at last I know the whole truth. It is enough to crush anyone." And the poor girl burst into tears.

"Have you told Lambert your reason," I asked; "the reason of your leaving London?"

"I have not, I have not; and I am ashamed to say that I have still idle pride enough *left in me to* conceal the truth from him."

"But really, Lilla, I must ask you—is the thing so bad as all this? Are you not far too sensitive? You can't suppose Ned Lambert could be affected for a moment in his feelings towards you by the fact that—" I stopped, rather embarrassed. What was I to say of her father? This, of course, was the obstacle and the disgrace of which she had spoken.

"No, Emanuel, I don't. Ah, I know him too well; and for that very reason I will not allow him to be victimised."

"But would you not allow him to judge for himself?"

"No, Emanuel, no, no. Don't speak of it to me, pray don't. And O, I beseech of you, I implore of you, don't tell him! Don't let us seem disgraceful in his eyes. Listen: I have not been brought up well, Emanuel; I need not tell you that. I have not been made to care much for truth and religion, and anything of that sort; and I am not religious, or particularly good; but somehow I never did see this so plainly as of late, when I came to contrast myself with others—and with *him*. I don't think I should have been fit for Edward Lambert at my very best. I don't think poor mother and myself are much the sort of people to make a very delightful home for so good and noble a man. But this last thing I have come to know has decided me. Emanuel, have you seen my father?"

"I have. I have known him for some time."

"And known who he was?"

"Yes, Lilla."

"Yes. And you kept it to yourself, because you did not wish to shame me?"

"No, Lilla; because I did not wish to pain you when there seemed no need of it, or no good likely to come of your knowing it. It does not shame *you;* it cannot."

"Not in your eyes, perhaps, for you know us; and you know it is no fault of ours—at least, of mine. Not in your eyes."

"Nor, surely, in *his*."

"O no, no; I know that. But it would bring on him endless vexation and humiliation; and I should be a scandal to him, even though he did not say it, or think it; and I cannot bring him or myself to such a pass. I could bring him nothing but disgrace, and that I won't bring him; I think too highly of him. I feel that I am doing right; and I think it is the first time in my life I ever resolved upon doing anything just because it was right. I have been silly and frivolous enough; but I have my feelings, Emanuel, and my sense of honour, and my pride, like other people."

"Lilla, my own," called her mother's voice from below, "it is late, my dear, and you ought to be in bed."

"Yes, mother, I daresay I ought; and accordingly I am not."

Lilla was going to make—nay, actually had made, and in very spirited fashion too—a great sacrifice for her mother, but she could *not keep* from occasionally snubbing her. Good Mrs. Lyndon was

metimes a trying dispensation to a quick, impatient young woman; deed, she was one of those good people who seem made to be snubbed.

She came up herself presently, looking very shaky and flustered.

"We're going away; we're all breaking-up, Emanuel," she said, king inquiringly at me. "Lilla's going in the morning."

"I know, Mrs. Lyndon."

"It seems sudden, don't it? And we were just getting all to rights re, after such trouble and difficulty and work. But Lilla thinks it's the best."

"Yes, mamma; we've argued the point already quite enough, I nk."

"She won't give in to her uncle, Emanuel; although you know t he's been so good to her."

"Stuff, mamma! Now do stop, there's a good woman."

"And you've heard something else, Emanuel?—Have you told him, lly?"

"O yes, mamma—yes."

"She's refused him, although he is so good and kind, and so fond her. Of course he is not what I should have liked, and what I ould once have thought only right and proper for Lilla to have. e ought to be a lady, and of course Mr. Lambert isn't the sort of rson one had a right to expect. O dear, there was a time when, if yone had told me that a person in his position would have thought asking my Lilla to marry him, I shouldn't have thought he could be his senses—I shouldn't indeed! But you know, after all, people st yield to their circumstances; and what I say is, I never knew a tter or more worthy young man—and doing so well too. I do think a pity; but Lilla's so wilful."

"I suppose I was always wilful, mamma, wasn't I?"

"Yes, my own, that you were; and such a troublesome girl, many ime."

"Yet you were always fond of me, you dear old woman."

"Fond of you, my love? Ah, fond is no name for it!"

"Well, then, you will continue to be fond of me still, though I am re wilful now than ever. Besides, if I was always so, it isn't much trying to be anything else now. 'What's bred in the bone,' mother; d all the rest of it."

Lilla was doing her best to carry it lightly, saucily off. The effort not very successful.

"Have you advised at all with Mr. Temple, Lilly?" And the ther threw an appealing glance at me.

"I have, mamma." And the daughter threw an appealing glance me.

"Yes, Mrs. Lyndon, I have talked with Lilla. I did at first speak her as you have done; that is, to something like the same effect. I think she *might have married* poor Ned Lambert at once, instead

of postponing it. But I must say that she has spoken to me in a way which shows me that she has clear and strong reasons, and a feeling that we must not try to counteract. You must let her have her way, Mrs. Lyndon. I think we may trust her that she is guided right; and I hope and believe I shall see her and you, and Ned Lambert too, happy, quite happy, before long."

"If it please God," said Mrs. Lyndon with a half-querulous sigh, which seemed to say that one couldn't always rely upon Providence to do exactly the sort of thing one wanted.

"You don't mean to see him again, Lilla?" I said, turning back as I was about to leave them for the night; "not in the morning, before you go?"

"O no, Emanuel; it would do no good. I don't want him to know until after I am gone. You will give him this little packet, please, from me; it's only a poor little keepsake; and you may tell him, if you like, how sorry I was for going; and you will put it in the best light you can, and make him see that it can't be helped. And you may tell him, if you like, of my gratitude to him, and—and—of my unchanging love."

She fairly broke down at last into sobs, and signed for me to leave her.

I left her with deep regret, and sympathy, and pity. I confess it seemed to me that she was making a needless and quixotic sacrifice; but from her point of view what she was doing was clearly right, and I could not but admire the quiet, resolute spirit with which she had chosen her way and walked whither it led her. I felt in this regard a thorough admiration for her. A sort of pariah myself, I always feel a special and natural pride in any brave good deed done by one of my caste. It is the business and the inheritance of the Brahmins to be brave and good, and to think no little of their own bravery and goodness; and they do not want the admiration of such as I am. But when the courage and virtue are shown by one of those from whom we do not expect anything of the kind, then I am inclined to wave my cap and cheer. We hear of all sorts of self-sacrifice in books, and even in real life; some of it of a very stony, implacable, and self-tormenting kind, which I at least cannot find it in my heart either to love or pity, but only shudder at, and pray to be kept for ever out of the presence of its silent icy rebuke and self-assertion. Self-sacrifice is indeed the model and pet virtue of the age; and some of us are always inclined to rebel against models and pets. Moreover, it is almost always exhibited by somebody from whom it is naturally to be expected—the *noblesse* of whose virtue, personal and inherited, obliges its owner to such deeds of devotion; it is done under the impulse of lofty religious inspirings, it is preached up by good and authorised preachers, it is sanctified with holy texts, it is illumined and encouraged by hopes of everlasting reward and the eternal society of harps and seraphs. My

e London pagan had no such stimulants and encouragements. ifice was not made as a slave performs a duty, or as a courtier imself now that he may have the greater thanks hereafter. It gether the impulse of native honour and nobleness and love— l, love. It thought of no reward, here or beyond; it was all It was foolish, perhaps, in one sense; but there are some of ose eyes even Virtue looks most attractive when she is a little and unorthodox in her ways.

Chapter XVIII.

"Thou hast it, all!"

r dreams had come true at last; our wildest hopes had been We had both succeeded. Christina and I sang together dur- emainder of that season at the best house. She was the great and idol of the hour; I was, in my own way, a success too— han I had ever expected. Just think of the changes time had r me with unthought-of liberality. Only a little while ago I — horribly, bitterly poor; a man to whom the fare of a hansom xpense to be avoided and fought against. Now I had, for a plenty of money, and spent sovereigns heedlessly where even ago I dared not lay out shillings. Now I had a name that n pretty well everywhere—that is, where people talk about Now I was once more restored to the society of Christina. together; our names were constantly and of necessity coupled. almost every night. We were applauded together; I led her curtain at every recall; I gathered up her bouquets for her. tage I was always associated with her; off the stage I could hen I pleased. We were now in very reality swimming to- d side by side—the success we used to dream of and rave rs ago.

ver mortal so blessed of the gods as I?

me answer in a sentence. My life was unhappy, and I was very day in my own estimation deeper and deeper. I was demoralised.

already said that during my long separation from Christina ory was my preservation from anything mean or low or de- How did it happen that association with her now seemed to ust the opposite effect?

gin with, I could not any longer understand either her or my- was no longer my Lisette. All the freshness of her nature to have been washed away. Her soul seemed somehow to racted; the brand of the world was on her. The bloom was ek, and, as I believed, off her heart. Yet she fascinated me others; and I clung to her, and walked in her shadow, and *y without her, and unhappy* and disappointed with her.

Except when on the stage. There, and only there, I saw my Christina. I have avoided, and shall avoid, a cold and lengthened description of her as a singer and an actress. But she delighted me, and, I could have almost said, she surprised me. Her voice was as it had always been, more remarkable perhaps for its clear, bright, vibrating strength than for the softer and sweeter tones; but the great charm about her was the perfect unity and harmony of her acting and her singing. She did not quite belong to that grand and classical line of singers which seems for the present to have closed with Grisi; neither had she anything in common with the school of the pretty musical humming-top, the warbling butterfly, which is just now our pet ideal. Her voice and her style expressed romantic, not classic, passion and love and tragedy. She was always a woman; never a goddess. But her whole soul was infused into what she sang. She was to the grand classic singers what Victor Hugo is to Racine. Into mere piquancy and prettiness she never degenerated.

I admired her greatly, wholly. In everything she did there was the unmistakable presence of genius. But when I strove to criticise her calmly, putting myself into the position, as well as I could, of the average public, and asked myself, "Will her fame last?" I was forced to reply, "I do not think so."

In the first place, she was not careful of her voice. She exerted its powers with a generous carelessness, a splendid indiscretion. Each time she appeared on the stage she seemed to have said to herself, "This night I will do my very best, no matter what my state of health or strength: let to-morrow care for itself."

But, again, I doubted for the permanence of her noble, natural, thrilling style in its hold on public favour. It was not the lofty, the goddess-like, the terrible, which made other great singers irresistible in their power; and it had nothing to do with the saucy fascinations and joyous little nightingale trillings which set vulgar audiences, no matter how high their social rank, into ecstasies. There was neither terror nor trick about it.

It was difficult for me to criticise even thus far, for I hung upon her voice and her successes like the most devoted lover. The first time we sang together I was almost indifferent about my own success, so completely was I wrapped up in hers.

On the stage, then, she was all I could have expected, the real danger which I feared for her coming only from the truth and integrity of her artistic genius. But the moment she ceased to be a lyric queen and became Christina Reichstein—I could hardly now call her, even to myself, Christina Braun—she disappointed me while she most fascinated me. I had to go away from her in order to bring the true Christina back into my mind.

She coquetted with anybody—everybody who paid her homage—*with, for a long time*, one exception, myself. Of course I hung on to

like an idiot; I did indeed still passionately love her; but it a long time before one glance of encouragement invited me on. derstand that this in itself was often to me a flattering and a mad- ing incitement. She seemed, I sometimes thought, to hold me apart m all the rest—seemed to say, "I may flirt with others and play with m, but not with *you*. We stand on different ground. We must be ers—or nothing." I now believe Christina acted in this from a high berate motive; I do believe she thought the memory of our past too red to be profaned by any contact with the commonplace and frivo- flirtations in which it was sometimes her humour to indulge. Then thought, according to my mood, that she was resolved to repel me erly, or resolved to make me her slave; and I sometimes adored and metimes hated her.

Perhaps I might have taken heart of grace and broken loose alto- her from her, and stood up and been free, but for the expression with ich I sometimes—only sometimes—caught her eye resting on mine. d, sweet, sad memories seemed to shine in it, and to bring our hearts gether for the moment once again. This happened more often when were on the stage than at any other time. Always the moment my thus met hers she turned away, and her expression and manner nged; and when next I met her she was sure to be colder than ever me, and perhaps to be more ostentatiously friendly than ever to some- dy else whom I especially disliked. There were many whom I dis- d on her account, believing one week that she surely cared about m, and finding out the week after that she held them in the most olute and supreme indifference.

Thus, then, the season mooned away. Thus it came about that, ugh I had succeeded, was the tenor of the season, and at the best se; sang with Christina Reichstein, helped towards her success, and red it; saw her frequently off the stage,—she received her friends at lodgings in Jermyn-street on Sunday evenings, and one or two off ernoons in the week,—was a constant visitor, and perhaps ought to very happy—I was distracted, disappointed, and miserable.

What, on earth, was the reason why I so hated to see Christina ting and singing with anybody but myself? What was it to me? vertheless I always felt keenly annoyed when the chances of the uation flung her literally into the arms of some stout basso, who pro- bly felt no emotion whatever except anxiety about his own part, and effect on the audience. She acted with such genuine and artistic ect, that I sometimes became ridiculously annoyed. She clasped her eratic fathers and lovers with a clasp apparently as fervent and im- sioned as if they were genuine fathers or lovers, or only lay and ngless figures. She never thought of them at the moment, as I new well who had to embrace her publicly a dozen times a-week per- ps, and knew how utterly absorbed in her lyrical art, and how abso- tely indifferent *to me, she was all* the time.

It would be idle to deny that stories of her past life were whispered about which it was torture to hear, even though I knew that there was no word of truth in them. I was got into a silly row with a fellow who named the very year in which he knew, he said, that she was living, *au cinquième* in a house in the Quartier Latin, with a young artist whom she afterwards threw over, and who accordingly took to absinthe, and finally to the Montmartre Cemetery. The story-teller fixed upon the very year before Christina's father died, and when she was living peaceably and working hard, for a girl, in our quiet old town by the sea—before ever she had set foot on Paris pavement. I hardly ever indeed heard any story, good or bad, told about her which my own personal and certain knowledge did not enable me to contradict. One reason for this was, that so far as her recent years—her years of growing celebrity—were concerned, nobody had a word to say against her. Her life had left no opening for suspicion, or even for calumny. But a beautiful and attractive woman in that line of life, who has cruelly sinned by her sudden and signal success, must have done wrong some time or other, you know; and as there is nothing to be said against her during the years which were passed under our own observation and those of our associates, the inference is obvious—the error must have been committed in the obscurer years before we came to know anything about her. Therefore three out of every four of the stories whispered about her referred to those old dear early days when her life surely was one of the calmest and purest that even a German girl could live.

There was apparently some mystery about her marriage. That she was married appeared to be certain: most people said she was a widow. Ned Lambert did not know; he said he always took it for granted that she had married the Italian who had her educated and brought out, and that he had died, or they had separated somehow. This was the only scrap of mystery—if it was mystery—about her; and she lived an open, frank, and fearless life, absolutely like one who had nothing to conceal. A steady, elderly German woman always lived with her: a woman of some intelligence and education, with a great eye for artistic make-up, and a good business memory,—a sort of compound of poor relation, paid companion, and lady's maid.

Christina never talked to anybody of her past life, or indeed much of herself at all. She had a great many friends, and was free, friendly, and joyous with most of them.

I made slight allusions several times to the old town of her early life and mine; but she did not seem inclined to go back to any such memories, although she showed not the slightest embarrassment on the subject. Once, at last, when I had again made allusion to it, she seated herself at the piano and sang, as her only answer—I believe to an air of her own composition—a little ill-humoured ballad by a German poetess whose name I now forget, expressing entire disregard and contempt for all the associations of the poetess's native town and early days

kept for the memory of an old tree which pleasantly shaded her childhood. I ceased after that to say any word which might remind her of that past from which she had evidently made up her mind to be wholly severed.

What I detested most was to see her haunted by the presence of Mr. Lyndon, M.P. He was always in attendance on her; and I hated him. He ignored my existence when he could; I avoided meeting him when I could. There was something about his manner to me which was always strangely irritating; all the more so because there was nothing in it on which a man could reasonably found any cause of offence. His manner ever seemed to say, "*You* are not a person to be received by me as an equal. I know what you were, and that is what I always choose to think you. Others may regard you as a successful artist, and so, being like myself professed patrons of art, they admit you to their intimacy. I don't choose to see your success, or to care about it. You may be tolerated by Madame Reichstein; that is no reason why you should be tolerated by me. I may make myself a slave to her openly and ostentatiously; that is no reason why I should be so condescending to *you*." I am afraid there was something man in my dislike of him; my detestation of his cold arrogance, his insolent money-pride, his bearing even among those of our artist's circle whom he specially favoured. His very homage to Christina I thought had something offensive in its ostentation. It always seemed to say, "Behold what so great and grand a personage as I can do for beauty and art. I can come down from my serene respectability and be the cavalier in service of a singing-woman."

Christina, however, did not seem to regard his attentions in that light. She encouraged him, flattered him, trifled with him, coquetted with him; sometimes had long and serious talks with him in the corners of crowded rooms. He took her to the Ladies' Gallery to hear the debates on nights when there was no opera. He hardly ever spoke himself, or intended to do so; but he was a steadfast Whig party-man; and people said ministers thought a great deal of him, and that he might have been in office if he liked. He was often on the platform—sometimes in the chair—at Bible-society meetings and missionary meetings; and he was dead against opening places of amusement—or even the British Museum—on Sundays. He had his vices, but they were very quiet and decorous. His looks and his ways with women—the women I usually saw him with—had a cold, consuming sensuousness about them which I thought detestable. He had been married twice, and now had long been a widower; and he had the repute of being the very best of fathers, especially devoted to his younger daughter, who never thwarted him, as her rigidly religious sisters did, on the score of his operas and his singers and his liking for the ballet. I never could quite understand how a man could be greatly devoted to his *daughter, and wholly* unscrupulous as regarded her sex in general.

But it seemed Mr. Lyndon was so. People admired him for the former peculiarity, and thought none the worse of him for the latter. He was commonly set down as an excellent man, of great ability and influence; and most persons paid court to him accordingly.

He was, I discovered, a great patron of revolution. Refugees from disturbed continental countries were constantly seeking him out and being taken up and patronised by him. Christina too seemed always interested in that sort of thing; and they evidently used to have semi-official conferences about it. Observing this, I of course began to detest and despise all continental refugees; to regard them as humbugs, like Mr. Lyndon, and to think oppressed nationalities nuisances and shams. I could not believe that Christina really cared much about such business; and for Mr. Lyndon I set it down at once that he had no other interest in it but that it ministered to his own consequence and importance. In fact, he was a patron, and only kind or even civil to those who approached him as such,—except of course women, who, when they were good-looking, carried claims of their own about with them which commended them to Mr. Lyndon's attention. Moreover, he seemed to take a sort of pleasure in watching the smallness of human nature even in those he paid court to; and he laughed a short and sharp little laugh over any small humiliation to which his closest favourite might happen to be put.

Thus the man presented himself to my observation. I never knew anything worse of him than just what I have told or indicated; but I strongly disliked him; and as, thank Heaven, I never approached him as one approaches a patron, or recognised his right of patronage, he never was anything better than coldly civil to me—and not even that when he could with decency avoid it. If afterwards I may have pained or injured the man, not quite without malice, I may at least explain why it was that from the first and to the last I detested and despised him.

Christina sometimes gave suppers at her rooms (please to remember that I am describing the ways of ten or a dozen years ago), and I used to meet some of her sister-singers there, and one or two military men, and a few of the leading critics, whom no actor or singer is ever indifferent about conciliating. I was generally found at these gatherings, chiefly because, although I hated to be there, I could not help myself, and had not the spirit to stay away. They seemed to me entirely frivolous, hollow, heartless. Christina herself appeared to have sunk quite down to the level of her surroundings. The conversation was for the most part mere gabble and gossip and satire. Everyone paid court to the ruling artists who happened to be present by sneering at their absent rivals. Hostile critics were denounced and no doubt calumniated. Stories were told of the presents made by such a tenor to such a critic to explain the tremendous puffs with which this or that *journal*, defying all audiences and musical science and common sense

orehead of the morning sky. Counter-insinuations were
diamond-rings, and other temptations yet more bewitch-
h this or that soprano or contralto had vainly sought
impregnable honour of another critic who happened
company.

y gentlemen did not appear to have much more *esprit*
the singers. If the latter babbled all manner of hiss-
inst their rivals, the former listened complacently and
ly to the keenest insinuations against the honour and
iness of brother critics. The critics seemed to have an
mate of their own power; and not an unreasonable esti-
from the court paid to them by those who ought to
o appreciate their influence. No one seemed to think
he public at all. It was quite a matter between the
critics. If these approved of and wrote up those, the
to be done.

own point of view it did not thus appear to me. I had
on the audience rather than on the critics, and indeed
what ignored by the latter. I owe them no ill-will on
Frankly, they were right. Even then I had arrived at
imate of my own merits. I knew even then that I had
nothing else. My soul was not in the art; and I felt
ome time or other this must be found out by the public.
aware that I had not one ray of the inspiration which
al and the eyes of Christina Reichstein in some of her
I knew that I was little better than a musical automaton;
ccess with the audiences for all that. The opera-house
rt-room filled for me; and had my voice only endured
ade a fortune. The critics could not do much to serve
seemed rather too puzzled by my success to go boldly in
me.

ag I remember in particular. Some dozen or so supped
rooms. It so happened that this night she took hardly
me, certainly distinguished me in no way from the most
of her ordinary visitors. Mr. Lyndon sat at her right
d her devoted and undisguised attention, which she took
sent that half-maddened me. On her left sat a distin-
and *littérateur*, who had written successful plays and
la, published capital translations of various foreign works,
volumes, compiled biographies, and even varied the more
ations of his life by appearing occasionally as an amateur
an astonishing power of conversation; he could talk
fluency and vivacity on all subjects, and almost in all
uages. To this gentleman Christina always intimated
a great deal. He had been, it would appear, one of the
to welcome her success. He was too, as I afterwards

heard from her many a time, one of the few who understood th was something more than a mere singer. Indeed, the criticisms b published about her did show a deep and genuine appreciation those qualities of her voice, her lyrical style, her dramatic power, were most truly great and peculiar. There was nothing in him was not apparently sincere and manly. It did not even then s me that he had manifested no particular admiration for *my* geni merits. He had taken my success, such as it was, quietly, and whom nothing on the part of the public could astonish; and he h nothing ill-natured, or satirical, or even distinctly depreciatory only said just as little of me as might be—habitually recorded th that I won applause, and so let me go on my way.

Ordinarily I should have felt little of anger towards anybody like myself, did not think me a great singer. But this particular I felt altogether out of humour with myself, and naturally th inclined to be put easily out of humour with everybody else. beginning of late (for reasons to be more fully explained pres doubt myself, to suspect that I was capable of playing a mean a noble part, to look on myself as capable of servile love and low-m rancour. I was beginning to be ashamed of my slavish hanging Christina's skirts, and to feel abashed and perplexed by other nesses too. I thought I saw myself sinking, and that others too see it. So I came prepared, despising myself, to resent any sligh another.

I soon became exasperated when I saw that to the critic I spoken of, Madame Reichstein ostentatiously paid special attenti night. She flirted with him in the most fearless and determined ner; it appeared to me, with some definite purpose: whether for th comfiture of myself or Mr. Lyndon I could not determine. The who had flirted doubtless with all the *prima donnas* of the previo years, entered very vivaciously into the game, and of course too precisely the spirit in which it was started. But I chose to be offended; and the more deeply I felt, the more deeply I drank fo fort and desperation. I paid extravagant attention to a little F woman (a new singer) beside me, who was herself drinking cham with amazing zest. I either saw, or thought I saw, some smiles p around at both of us, and especially it seemed to me that a look prise and contempt came up on the face of Christina's pet critic. pelled by Heaven knows what idiotic impulse, I jumped on my f proceeded to address the astonished little company. I complaine I had been insulted; I poured out some frantic nonsense, esp composed of denunciations of critics and literary men. I sa Lyndon raise his double-eyeglass, survey me coolly for a mome then drop his glass and resume his conversation with his nei as if nothing I could do ought to be surprising or worth any par *notice*. Looks of anger, contempt, pity, or disgust were on eve

and one I could see even then wore an expression of such surprise and shame and sorrow, that it might almost have brought me back to my senses.

I believe I displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting. But I really am not quite certain how the matter ended, except that I was assisted to a cab by a brother artist and the very critic I had been so absurdly denouncing. And I have a pretty clear idea, as shame flashed a gleam of consciousness over me, that I heard the former say to the latter, "Never saw him like this before, I'm sure; can't think what came over him. He is a very good fellow generally, I can assure you."

And the critic replied: "Yes; I have no doubt he is a good fellow, and he has an uncommonly fine voice; but what a confounded fool he must be!"

TAKING THINGS EASY

We all of us know pretty well what is meant by "earnest-minde ness"—at any rate, if we don't, it is not from not having heard enou about it. It was very well at first, but its apostles have been workin it to death. All men, as far as our experience goes, in the most hop lessly unconverted condition, are earnest-minded in the daily routi of their lives, and never think of treating their business or their dru as a joke. Our present concern, however, is with the tone of mind th exact opposite to this, which has no one word to express it, but may b styled "taking things easy." That there is a very widely-spread a preciation of it there can be no doubt whatever, but it is in some so *sub rosâ*, and people rather shrink from avowing it as a principle o action. To be "earnest-minded" sounds more proper and respectab However, we venture to affirm that in spite of its somewhat Bohemi character, "taking things easy" is sound doctrine, quite intelligib and defensible in theory, and healthy and satisfactory in practice.

We shall very likely be met with the objection *in limine*, that th easy-going spirit springs from indifference, and betrays a want of a preciation of the importance of life, and a lowness of moral tone worth of the gravest condemnation. Well, perhaps it may not be quite alli to the magnitude of the issues involved in much that is going o with great stir and bustle among us, and yet be none the worse. Ma hotly engaged in a contest are not likely to make a dispassionate est mate of its value. The eyes of the civilised world are always by loo politicians supposed to be fixed on the election for Little Pedlingto and there is not a cricket-match that is not deemed by the rival eleve a matter of at least national importance. However, we do not de that if analysed back to its first principle, "taking things easy" wi be found rooted in a strong, though in most cases only half-conscio sense of the vanity and triviality of human life. But if this is a sin, a any rate it is a sin committed in very good company. Judge how w will of the fact, the deepest thinkers on life have ended with being mo impressed with the insignificance than the importance of its achiev ments, interests, and endeavours. On this ground Christian asceticis stoicism, and cynicism shake hands, widely different as are the co clusions they draw from it. No doubt "taking things easy," if carri to the full extent, does involve some infusion of cynicism—of the spiri that is, which being cast, such as it is, into such a world as it se around, acquiesces perforce in its lot, and lives its life, neither qui *contented* nor quite repining, limiting expectation and checking m

t, basking joyfully in any stray gleams of sunshine, and taking the ing frosts and drenching rains with as little complaint as possible. t then there is no appreciable danger that the most easy-going of rtals will carry their principles to a depressing or enervating ex- t. The conviction that "it doesn't much signify" may be very ent in theory, but the mere fact of living generally contributes ments sufficiently strong to hold it in solution. And just as Mrs. laprop thought it safest in matrimony to begin with a little aver- n, so, in the qualified state in which we meet with it, this slightly paraging and contemptuous temper seems no unfit one in which to roach many, if not most, of the political and social questions ich from time to time come to the surface. It may be, and pro- bly is, a very good thing that we have bestowed the franchise on rate-paying householders, or that the United States have abolished gro slavery; and no doubt it would be a very good thing if we could on some means of insuring a competent education to every boy girl in the kingdom. At the same time, perhaps a little more ss" is made about such measures than is absolutely called for. It natural enough that the men who have striven for years to bring m about, when they at last find the object attained, should sing Deums, and hold monster meetings, and announce to their enrap- ed followers that the good time has finally set in. But the cardinal ts of life remain the same, and its long tale of pain and sorrow, and fled hopes, and wasted energies, does not seem lighter in one century n another. Whilst these things last, human life must in the main a hard and bitter journey, and no abundance of ballot-boxes, or public etings, or penny papers can make it a pathway strewn with flowers. eful as these may be in their way, they are, as Mr. Arnold says, only machinery" towards the true end of life, not life itself. But it must t be supposed that this distaste for exaggeration and for losing one's ntal balance works only in the direction of descrying spots in the n, in criticising and cavilling at what other men accept with admi- ion. Earnest-minded people are just as prone to get "off the rails" their blame as their praise, and show just the same tendency to make lehills into mountains. Censure of the vices and follies of the age y happened to live in, and sighings after the simpler and more tuous manners of some vague past, seems to have been a favourite upation of satirists from time immemorial—we suppose on the great ciple, that it pleased themselves and hurt nobody else. No doubt r age is not faultless, no age ever was that we have heard of; but we ongly suspect that, on a fair comparison, we could hold our own l enough. Very likely we are not better than our fathers, but we 't believe we are worse. Besides, in taking things so much *au ieux*, these censors miss their mark. For instance, that very well- entioned and not unfrequently able paper, the *Tomahawk*, would *really harder if it would* consent to "take things easy" a little

more, and not in a manner cast dust on its head and sit in sackcloth and ashes over some social imperfections and improprieties for which a shrug of qualified disapproval would be quite sufficient condemnation. And a far more illustrious contemporary, the *Saturday Review*, lately evinced a disposition to sin in the same line, in the "damnable iteration" of that series of misogynistic articles which became at last so intolerable a weariness to the spirit. The efforts too of both prophets, major and minor, have seemed so often directed to no object of more importance than breaking a fly on the wheel. The hearts of both have burned within them because just now it is the fashion for ladies in evening toilette to wear their dresses an inch or so shorter than a few years ago. Their strictures hereon would be wholly laughable, were it not that they may have made many a woman as innocent of evil as a new-born infant feel occasionally very uncomfortable, and as if guilty of some heinous indecorum. Surely when such things are, *ne quid nimis* is a wholesome doctrine. Life is not long enough to be for ever playing at "much ado about nothing." If "taking things easy" does make us unduly sceptical of new gods when such have truly arisen, it at least saves us from losing our wits at bugbears and scarecrows.

But this "taking things easy," this cast of thought we are speaking of, does not show itself only in a man's speculative opinions and general views of life, but in his affections and relations with others and in his habits and manner of bearing himself. People under its influence make their way through life with far fewer stumblings and abrasions and awkward collisions than fall to the lot of their "earnest-minded" brethren. Naturally, they are less exacting, readier to make allowances, and to take things as they find them. The strength of conviction of the "earnest-minded" is apt to become a serious nuisance to their unconverted neighbours. They are so absolutely convinced of the inestimable merits and importance of their pet hobby, that nothing will satisfy them but cramming it bodily down everyone else's throat, and doubt or hesitation on the part of the sufferer, or protests of his inability to digest it, are resented as personal insults. Sometimes it is a rifle volunteer corps which it is a disgrace and sin in you not to join, sometimes sea-bathing, sometimes long walks, sometimes early rising—it is all the same. It is no use conceding to your oppressor the intrinsic admirableness of the regimen, and its evident suitability to him; he insists on your adopting it too, and feeble protests that it is altogether out of your line are treated with contempt. Often enough, if you are sufficiently weak, and he sufficiently energetic, he will conquer by simply wearing you out. We knew a man who was once staying in the country with a friend, a passionate believer in the virtues of a matutinal shower-bath, a process which our friend detested and which always made him ill. But argument and even entreaty were thrown away on his tormentor. It agreed with him, and that was enough. So our unhappy friend had for two or three mornings

to submit to what to him was absolute purgatory as best he might. Of course, in an extremity like this, cunning, that defence of the weak against the strong, came to his aid, and, by the exercise of much subtlety and address, he contrived to escape his doom. But he always felt that he had lost ground hopelessly in his friend's estimation. No wonder that people with such dreadful proclivities find themselves rather admired at a safe distance than sought after. It may not perhaps be to the credit of human nature, but it is the fact that, no matter what may be a man's sterling worth and staunchness to friendship, if he has an incurably bad temper, or a habit of "speaking his mind" with uncalled-for openness in season and out of season, we can hardly ever really enjoy his society. That feeling of perfect ease and security in which lies so much of the charm of close intimacy is wanting. We have ever to be on our guard to stop the way against openings for possible misunderstandings or unpleasant speeches. Half the secret of friendship is to "take things easy." We are so full of interest and importance to ourselves, that it is the most natural thing in the world to fancy we must be equally so to our friends. Indeed, without a special effort, it is impossible to realise the contrary. Hence disappointment and irritation, and that "wrath with one beloved" which "works like madness in the brain," for the lack of that perfect sympathy which, as Mrs. Oliphant says, "is only found in dreams." It is childish folly to set up an impossible standard, and then be angry with actual men because, being what they are, they fall short of it. True wisdom consists in a willingness to give and take, in not expecting too much from our friends, and in being ready to recognise that they have affairs of their own as interesting to them as our own are to ourselves. And not only are smooth and pleasant relations with those about him promoted by a certain easiness in these matters, but a man's own grace and dignity. There is something paltry in being ever on the look-out for possible slights and insults from those with whom one has to do. He who is at once sure of himself, and not unreasonably exacting to his friends, will be slow to believe in wilful neglect; and if a joke strikes him sometimes as clumsy and ill-chosen, will see the absurdity of treating it seriously, and not rather suffering it to drop off as if unfelt. That charity "which thinketh no evil" is no less the part of the philosopher than the Christian.

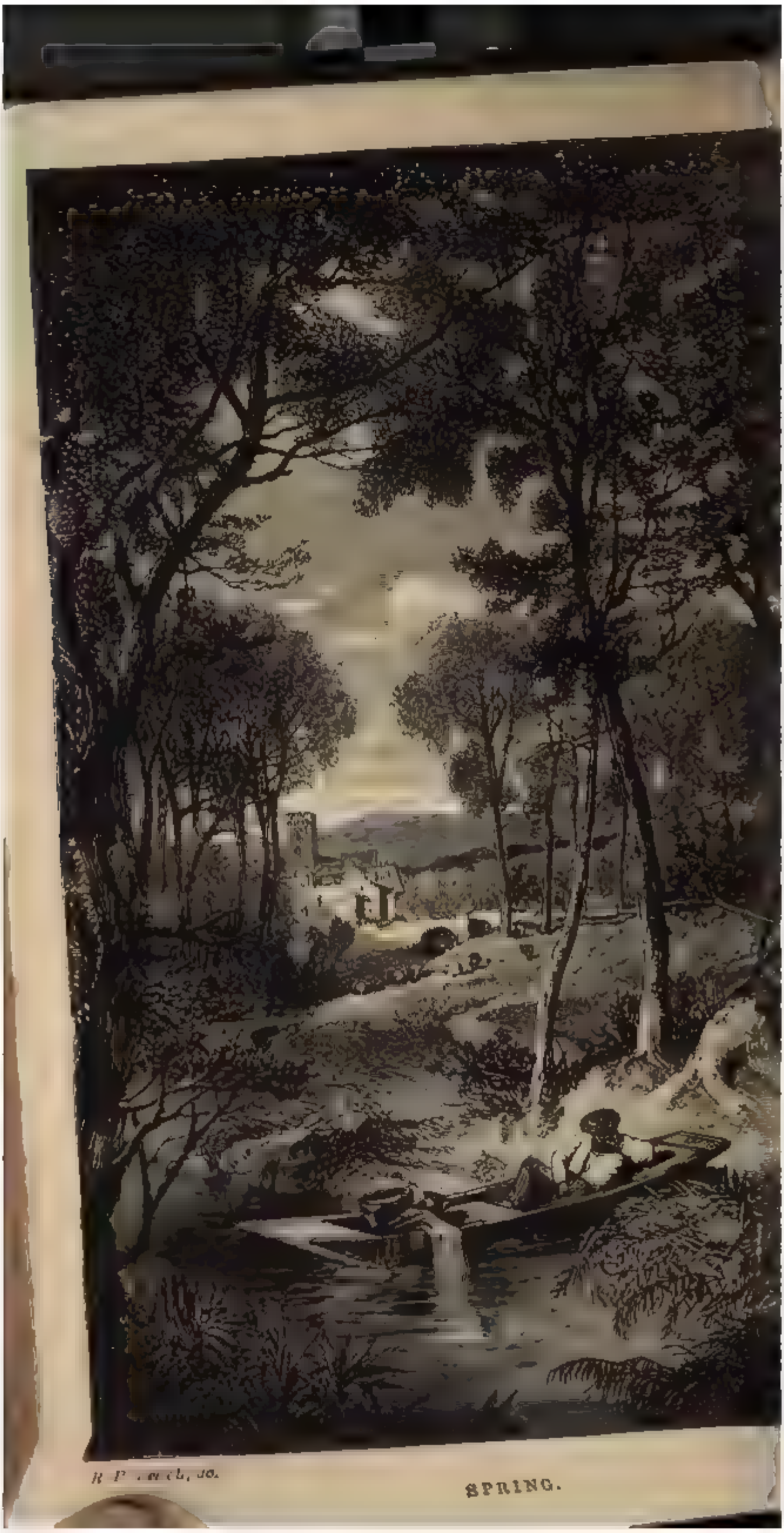
That this mood, whose claims to respect and acknowledgment we have been urging, falls short of the highest, we have neither the wish nor the power to deny. *Zelus domûs tuæ comedit me, et opprobria exprobrantium tibi ceciderunt super me*, is the cry of the prophet. At a height like this, to temporise and "take things easy" with error and sin, seems shameful treachery to God. As Mr. Browning says by the mouth of Bishop Blougram:

> "Enthusiasm's the best thing, I repeat;
> *Only we can't command it*; fire and life

> Are all, dead matter's nothing, we agree;
> And be it a mad dream or God's very breath,
> The fact's the same,—belief's fire once in us
> Makes of all else mere stuff to show itself."

We cannot command it; we cannot at will assume the mantle of the prophet, if we have not received it from on high. We are mere men, and must lay down what line of life is best for us from a purely human point of view. The more sublime the real prophet, the more ridiculous the sham. Earnest-minded people are apt, as M. Renan says of Lamennais, to have "*trop de colère, et pas assez de dédain.*" "*La colère,*" he goes on to say, "*a besoin d'être partagée, elle est indiscrète, car elle veut se communiquer. Le dédain est une fine et délicieuse volupté qu'on savoure à soi seul; il est discret, car il se suffit.*" As regards much that we see around us, acquiescence, seasoned now and then with the salt of a faint contempt, is just as efficacious and a great deal pleasanter than fiery denunciation, which is not according to knowledge. Grant that the principle of "taking things easy" is no beacon-fire turning darkness to light, and showing every step in our pathway through life plain and clear to the end; still, on dark nights, if no such blaze be kindled, men are thankful for the aid of a stable-lantern, or even the feeble glimmer of a glowworm, to save themselves from stepping into a miry pool or stumbling over a loose stone. Our light may be poor and dim; but as far as it goes it is real light, and the possession of it may make all the difference as we painfully and doubtfully pick our way through the mists and thick darkness around.

GEORGE STOTT.



R. P. Leech, sc.

SPRING.

SPRING

I.

From the dark sleep of winter
The spirit of earth
Has burst into freedom
And rapture and mirth.

The new leaves all whisper
New life to the brain;
The bee and the swallow
Begin chase again.

The song-birds are singing
All sorrow to scorn,
Notes through the wood ringing
As fresh as the morn;

All flinging, all flinging
Such pæans of joy,
As though Time in forehead
Were smooth as a boy.

Not a note is forgotten;
As hearty in will
As Adam first heard them,
So sing they on still.

Whole nations may perish
In famine and blood,
But the thrush singeth ever
Of peace in the wood.

And the minstrels of spring-time
Shall ever endure,
Singing triumph eternal
To good hearts and pure.

II.

How shall we greet the young lord of the earth?
How shall we welcome the victor Spring?
Teach us, O flowers, your innocent mirth!
Give us, O birds, of your notes to sing!

Wild rose and buttercup, make our hearts bright;
Goldfinch and blackbird, sing us delight:
"Fly away, Winter, 'tis our time now!
Fly away, Winter, 'tis our time now!"
The bud and the blossom are soft on the bough;
Take away, Winter, thy palsied head,
For light-footed Spring has come in thy stead.

Io, io, io!
For the fairy king,
The golden-haired Spring,
Has routed the tyrant of sleet and snow.

Gray-bearded old Winter, he flies far away;
He hateth the smile of the bright-faced Spring;
He muttered awhile, and he fain would stay;
But the linnets began with the larks to sing,

And they flouted the giant in merry scorn
With songs all fresh as the bud on the thorn:
"Fly away, Winter, 'tis our time now!
Fly away, Winter, 'tis our time now!"
Then the churlish old monster he knit his brow,
And he took to the north his palsied head,
And the light-footed Spring reigns now in his stead.

Io, io, io!
For the fairy king,
The golden-haired Spring,
Has routed the tyrant of sleet and snow.

WILLIAM STIGAND.

SERPENTS AND VENOMOUS SNAKES

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

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ss at the outset to being fond of snakes. I don't mean 'fond' 'affectionate' acceptation of the term; for I suppose not many have killed more of them than I have in different parts of the I am fond of them only in the sense of the interest with have studied their extraordinary habits, both in captivity and, extent, in a state of nature, and viewed with awe and astonish- e terrible powers which some species possess of inflicting in- and, in some cases, almost immediate death from an ap- trivial scratch with their poison-fangs. Researches into the nd natures of these deadly reptiles can never be a popular Not one in a hundred can look on a snake without fear, and in a thousand without feelings of the most intense abhorrence thing. The quiet study of them in a state of captivity, and ecimens of your own, is both difficult and expensive, as I well To attempt to study their habits in a state of nature is ten ore difficult and expensive still. Thus it is that really learned nest ophiologists are very rare (I only know of some half-dozen erve the name); and thus it is that the most extraordinary of ignorance prevails about all relating to the habits and ns effects of these reptiles. Of this ignorance I could give instances; but one or two will suffice.

w years ago, a highly-educated and scientific officer in the of the Indian Government was returning to that country, and, g my peculiar tastes, he undertook to add as much as possible collection of venomous serpent-fangs, and especially to send gs of some of the large family of deadly water-snakes which I got. He remembered his promise faithfully, and most dili- et to work to perform it. It was a wild district north of Kur- where he was stationed, close to the sea-shore, and here the water-snakes were, and still are, in hundreds. A reward of er of a rupee to the natives for all dead snakes soon brought a collection, that had he been the *ophiophagus elaps*, or great ter, he would have had provisions for himself and family for h. I, of course, was delighted to hear how the collection was ing, and in letter after letter by every mail stimulated him to exertions, till he said he had exhausted his store, and could no more *new* specimens.

ge, *therefore, of my disappointment*, my annoyance, and also,

it must be added, of my amusement, when, after a lapse of two years, I received from my scientific friend a number of cards, on which were neatly gummed down, not the fangs, but the *long forked tongues* of some fifty venomous snakes, the name of each of which was neatly written under He had actually believed, as ninety-nine ordinary persons out of a hundred do believe, that the deadly wound was inflicted by the forked tongue, whereas, in fact, the forked tongues of all snakes are as little venomous as the tongues of ladies; I was nearly saying less so. It was fortunate, however, for my late friend that in his innocence he did not attempt any extraction of the real fangs; an operation requiring peculiar care, and involving a certain amount of danger, as I will show presently. In an officer whose studies had not taken such a whimsical turn as mine, this want of knowledge may be easily overlooked; but what are we to say when so accomplished a hunter and so renowned a traveller as Sir Samuel Baker shows an almost equal amount of ignorance on this subject? In the history of the last great exploration to the Albert Nyanza he gives an account of an enormous puff-adder which they killed *en route*, and which he describes as having a blunt tail, *like all deadly snakes*, quite forgetting in this description all the family of cobras, the Morocco snake, the cerastes, the whip-snake, the white-lady, the tuboba, and nearly all the deadly water-snakes, whose tails taper to the finest points. As if this was not enough, he proceeds to add that he extracted *four* venom-fangs from each side of the snake's jaw. Sir Samuel Baker has certainly discovered the source of the Nile; but neither he nor anyone else has ever discovered a venomous serpent with more than two poison-fangs, one on each side of the upper jaw.

Last October a letter appeared in the *Times* relating the alarming symptoms which arose from the bite of a viper to a gentleman who was thus injured while partridge-shooting, and the same letter had the coolness to relate that the bite of the English viper was never fatal. It will hardly be believed that the writer made this extraordinary statement on so high an authority as Mr. Bell, in his work on *British Reptiles*. As a matter of course, an assertion so sweeping and so erroneous was at once contradicted in the *Times*, on the authority of medical gentlemen, who had themselves attended fatal cases; and scores of such instances could be produced from the records of the country hospitals. I myself have only seen one fatal case, which occurred at Farningham about twenty years ago. The victim was an old farm-labourer, and he sank and died in about sixty hours after he was bitten; but I venture to say that numbers of other well-authenticated instances I can myself produce. In all these cases where there has been a fatal termination, the great heat of the weather at the time is given as reason for the snake's unusual venom. It might just as reasonably be set down to price of consols or the state of trade, as I *think* I can easily show.

Let me premise that I am not a medical man, as far as practice ...s, though I was reared for one. I am simply an amateur naturalist, ...ose studies, with those of a few other friends, have for many years ...t taken the somewhat eccentric direction of watching the habits ...d manners of snakes, *harmless*, *venomous*, and *deadly*. With almost ...ry kind of snake, we have, one or other of us, experimented; and ...t of them have for the time been our own property. I need not ... that we have never experimented on ourselves. What we have seen ...h dogs, kittens, rabbits, rats, guinea-pigs, fowls, ducks, and sparrows, ...ich have been given to the snakes, has been quite enough to satisfy ... curiosity on the subject. We have not been quite able to afford ...h costly subjects as cows or horses, and we have never been able to ...rcome the serious difficulty of getting such animals into the snake's ...le cage, or getting the snake out with any sort of certainty that it ...uld bite the proper subject; though I am quite convinced that the ... of a *deadly* snake would have the same result, whether it was ...icted on a rabbit or a bull—namely, certain death, whether in a few ...nutes or a couple of hours. Of this I can give instances which have ...urred within my own knowledge, when both mules and cows have ...n bitten by rattlesnakes in the prairies; for, as far as my own small ...ans have permitted, I have, when in Asia, Africa, or America, always ...rsued my inquiries as to the effects of the bites of venomous reptiles, ...d the possibilities or probabilities of their cure, if taken in time. The ...ult of all the inquiries made by myself and some others who follow ... same curious study, I will give as plainly and briefly as possible; ...oiding the use of scientific names, and giving only those anecdotes of ...akes which I know to be authentic and capable of proof.

To simplify the subject, let us divide the snakes into three classes: ...st, those which, though not venomous, are vicious, and bite severely; ...condly, those which, though venomous, are not of *necessity* fatal, if ...stant precautions are taken, and if the person bitten is of average ...alth and constitution; and thirdly, those which are absolutely *deadly*, ...d against the poison of which no means we yet know of are of the ...ast avail. There are, of course, gradations in the two first-named ...asses, but none in the last; of which, indeed, "finis" may be said ...henever any poor wretch is so unhappy as to get bitten by them. ...hus, in most parts of the world, the grass-, glass-, field-, and tree-...akes are not only utterly inoffensive, but can rarely be made to bite ... all. With their larger brethren, however, the case is very different. ...hey are large, bold, aggressive, and vicious; and though, as I have ...aid, their bite is not at all venomous, it is most severe, and almost ...angerous, from the time it takes to heal. This arises from the fact of ...heir jaws being armed with many rows of small, sharp, crooked teeth, ...ll pointing backwards; so that, no matter what the size or nature of ...he prey struck, it is sure, even if it escapes, to receive an infinity of ...ittle, close-set wounds, *which are at once* both punctured and lacerated.

This part of the first class of snakes includes all the variety of py whether the rock-snake of West Africa, the Guinea snake, the bo strictor of South Africa and Ceylon or Southern India, the bull- of North America, or perhaps the greatest and most formidable of al dark or black anacondas of Southern and Central America. Abo power of the boa-constrictor, and its great American sister the conda, the most absurd notions are afloat, and it is more or less larly believed that they daily dine respectively off tigers and bul All I can say is that I wish they did; but I am reluctantly compel believe that a well-grown tiger would crunch as easily through the of the largest boa as a man would through a stick of celery. Th strictive power of the boa, however, is very great indeed, and I b the great or dark anaconda to be more powerful still. There are wanting instances of men having fallen victims to both; and pr for one instance that is known, ten may have happened of which no has ever been heard. Like all snakes, of whatever kind, they themselves at one meal, and then retiring to their nests, or ho caves, remain almost torpid for a week or a fortnight, or even During the winter, they will probably not eat more than once a f or six weeks, or even sometimes remain as much as six month time without taking anything whatever. Their powers of absti are indeed only to be equalled by their powers of gluttony. On fine boa at the Zoological Gardens remained for *one year and ten* without touching anything; yet at the end of this time the was in good condition, and looked, when coiled up, like a beautiful oilcloth. It may be said, considering how abundant reptiles are, that it is rather singular the great European colle should possess such few fine living specimens. A moment's refl however, will show the reason. When torpid and gorged with they conceal themselves with as much dexterity as a bird conce nest. When about and roaming for food, they keep in the d forests, and are so active and vigilant as not to be easily over still less captured, without such injuries as they seldom survi many hours or days. To take a big boa alive and uninjured the trees of his native forests, or in the swampy marshes in wh delights to swim, is almost impossible. Besides, it must alw remembered that the natives of the countries they infest only w their destruction, and thus, though for a small present the traveller may get skins enough of dead snakes to make a railwa yet to get a single live specimen requires a comparatively large r and then the thing brought in is generally much injured, and small. One of the largest boas, if not the largest ever kept in cap was until lately at the Zoological Gardens. It was a female, whi captured at Chelsea while in a torpid state. It then measured was very thin. Regular diet, however, and th sea, where it was sent, soon improved its

; and at the end of some six years it had grown to the length of re than twenty-nine feet, and was as thick round as a man's thigh. is monster was called "Bess," and to the last moment of her captivity, rather of her life, she remained intolerably vicious. Even her keepers e afraid of her. Once she rose with such a reckless plunge against attendant who was cleaning her cage as to knock him completely of the opening by which he had entered, though fortunately not rting him, and leaving him ample strength and time to close the le before she could follow him, which she was quite prepared to do. is magnificent reptile died of a surfeit of her own *blankets*. She was ting her skin, and was, as is always the case at that time, partially nd, when her meal of rabbits was driven into her cage. The first seized, crushed, and instantly gorged. With the others she was less cessful. Warned, perhaps, by the fate of their companion, they were t agile in keeping out of the way. The second she struck at she sed altogether, but caught her blanket instead, around the unre- ting mass of which she coiled and twined and crushed till she was d, and then deliberately proceeded to gorge it. No effort could get from her tenacious jaws, and indeed in her then savage humour it not safe to persist in the attempts. So at her leisure, though not hout considerable exertion, owing, no doubt, to the woolly nature of texture, she succeeded in swallowing her rug, equal in size and kness to the ordinary covering of a bed. After this gastronomic t she lay torpid for about a week, when, with great efforts, she dis- rged both the blanket and the rabbit she had previously swallowed. th had evidently disagreed with her. After this she seemed ill, and using food for a month and more, coiled herself up and laid about enty eggs. Then, though she was evidently very ill, she tried to ch them, and all the scientific world of naturalists watched the result h so much interest that bulletins of her condition and progress in cubation appeared in the papers almost every other day. It is not ch to be wondered at that the event created a sort of sensation, for all the history of serpents no boa-constrictor had ever laid eggs in tivity. However, after some weeks' watching, the eggs, having been ematurely extruded, became bad; so they were removed with no little ficulty from under Bess. After their abstraction she seemed very tless, and refused all food; even the temptation of live ducks, gene- ally a quite irresistible bait to ailing boas, was taken no notice of. Nothing could tempt her appetite, and her fits of anger rose to perfect ry when her cage had to be cleaned. In the end this almost necessary ocess had to be given over, but still she refused her meals; and after nguishing a few weeks more, suddenly stretched herself out and died; hus depriving us of one of the finest, if not the finest boa that has er been seen in captivity, and also of the chance of rearing up a race genuine British boas to succeed her.

This accident of *her having* accidentally gorged her blanket has

been held by many good naturalists, and not without reason, to be a proof that these reptiles possess little sense of taste or smell. They, however, overlook, or more likely have not heard of, the important fact that at the time Bess made this mistake she was casting her skin, and nearly blind. As a mere matter of taste, it is very likely indeed that she did not find much palatable difference between the flavour of her blanket and the wool of the young lambs or fur of the rabbits she was accustomed to swallow whole. As a safe general rule, all boas are exceedingly vicious, and prone to bite and attack on the least disturbance. Like every general rule, however, this has its exceptions, which prove its truth. Thus there is now a boa at the Regent's-Park Gardens which actually delights in being noticed. It is a young one, certainly, only a few years old, and, though as thick as a man's arm, is not more than some seven feet long. This is so docile as to come to the cage-door the instant it is opened; and on the slightest sign of encouragement, such as being stroked down the back, of which it appears excessively fond, it will come quietly out and twine gently round the arm or neck or body of its visitor, and appears thoroughly to enjoy the warmth of its location. I have frequently seen ladies, and very young ladies too, with this serpent round their arms and waists. During the three years it has been at the Gardens, it has never shown any signs of vice, and indeed may now be looked on as thoroughly tamed; for though it is fast growing, there is hardly a week passes on which some visitor does not handle it.

As a contrast to this specimen, there is one which is not exhibited to the public, but is kept in the keeper's house in the Gardens at Regent's Park in a cage no larger than a lady's work-box. It is a true boa, a few months old, not much more than fourteen inches long, and thicker than a man's little finger; yet the viciousness of this miniature reptile is wonderful. When plucked out of its little nest, it rears itself, hisses, and bites at everything near it. It bites very sharply too, as I have reason to know when I last attempted to put it back into its box, and it fastened on my finger, and I nearly broke its back. Yet this little worm—for it is in truth not much more—will kill and eat two grown mice at a meal, and will at any time, when not actually gorged, rise instantly to seize a young sparrow.

Another boa at the Gardens, which in a few years bids fair to rival the size and strength of the late lamented Bess, is very ill-tempered, or rather of very uncertain temper. This reptile is about twenty feet long and rather thick for its length. At times it is in a good-humour, and does not object to its blanket being moved or its head being lifted. At other times it is very vicious; and at these times it would be in the highest degree dangerous for even the keeper to put his hand near it. It may be said, Why "even the keeper"? But those who know the habits of serpents know that they do get accustomed to their keepers and feeders; and even venomous snakes I am confident are quieter

less dangerous with them than they would be with any other per-

When I come to my notice of deadly reptiles, I shall be able to an illustration of this fact from a fatal accident which happened to of the keepers at the Regent's Park some twenty years ago, when with a comrade, out of mere bravado, took out all the deadly snakes their hands and laid them on the floor of the reptile-house. There is doubt but that, had the most ordinary gentleness been used in putting back, the terrible feat would have been performed in safety. As was, however, one snake (the cobra) was rather roughly handled, he struck his keeper a slight wound on the nose, but from which, ght as it was, the man died in less than half an hour. But of this ious case we shall have more to say when we come to describe the bits and poisons of the *deadly* snakes. At present we are only con- med with those which are harmless, or only so dangerously venomous to be little short of fatal.

Before leaving the subject of pythons, a few words must be said ut the most terrible and dangerous of all pythons—the huge, dark, almost black anacondas that inhabit the dense forests of central south tropical America. These are far more common than is erally supposed by those who are not familiar with those regions; but for the great difficulties which I have mentioned as to taking monsters alive, there is no reason why our Zoological Gardens uld not possess some half-a-dozen specimens. These American are greatly dreaded by the natives, and not without reason. They nt the pools where cattle drink, or twine, when watching for prey, the branches of the forest. Their boldness is well supported by their digious strength. There are not unfrequent instances of specimens ing been killed which had attained a length of more than thirty and which in some parts were as thick round as the body of a d. The endless tales which are related of their daring in killing , women, and children, of course partake somewhat of the mar- lous; but there is too much reason to believe that the stories, when pped of all native exaggeration, contain the terrible basis of truth many human beings have been killed by these monsters. One uarity about the anaconda is, that it is said to be always found ting in couples. This fact is undoubtedly deposed to by all the ives and all the Europeans who have had any opportunity of learning ething about the habits of these gigantic serpents. Even Waterton, of the most careful of natural historians, and one most thoroughly ed in the deadly ophiology of these regions, admits that when the anaconda is seen the female is seldom far distant, and *vice versâ*.

A terrible tale has been told to me in connection with these great ents. For its authenticity I do not vouch myself, but it certainly if not true, not only possible, but, from what I know of the snakes, perhaps probable. It was related to me by a Brazilian gentleman

of high position, and in the presence of two others who had al
the story, and were ready to vouch for its accuracy. Certainly
accepted in the wilder parts of Brazil as a tradition of from
The story is simply this, and as it occurred more than forty ye
there can be no reason for concealing names which were not c
from me. Mr. Barclay, an English gentleman who had made a
able independence in mining-speculations, determined after ser
residence to settle permanently in the Brazils. With this end
he bought and farmed a large tract of almost uncleared lan
extreme north-west frontier, and pursued his clearing and farm
great success and tolerable profit, and, what is more, with t
prospect of much greater profits to come in time. He gave
after a time, a short leave of absence, and came back to t
where he married his cousin, with whom he again returne
plantation in Brazil. During his absence, and according to
structions, a neat, light, wooden residence—such as are bui
plantations—had been erected in the midst of the clearing
lofty veranda round it to keep the rooms cool, and French
leading straight from the apartments to the ground. Still, yo
Barclay, though surrounded with every comfort, was very
being quite happy; for she was constitutionally in terror of the
and tremendous-looking insects and reptiles with which all th
parts of Brazil literally abound. She could not go to a dra
out finding in it a centipede as large as a little eel, or open a
without meeting with a spider almost as large as a small crab.
of beautiful colours, but of repulsive appearance, had to be swe
the bedroom at night. These were harmless enough, but ther
people who would care to wake up and find them crawling o
faces, or hear their long nails clattering along the wooden floor.
mate, too, told on Mrs. Barclay's health. The reptiles by day
quites by night made her unusually susceptible of irritation an
But of all her horrors, the greatest she entertained was tha
snakes and serpents of all kinds. This was ineradicable i
nature, and was in fact as much part of her nature as the ov
ing antipathies some ladies feel to the sight of a rat, a spider, o
Unfortunately Mrs. Barclay lived in a part of the country w
infested with snakes; some harmless, some deadly; but wheth
less or deadly, the unconquerable terror she evinced was the
all. Once a tulaba, a quick and deadly snake, was kille
house. At another time a coral-snake, the most beautiful a
quickly deadly of all the venomous reptiles God has created, w
and killed with ease upon the rough lawn, if we may dignify t
term the short, brown, burnt-up herbage which surrounded th
At another time a small anaconda, about eleven feet long, was
the woods near the house and killed; and what was much wo
[illegible] rumours were brought in that one very much larger an

the same class had been seen in the forest not far off. Poor Mrs. Barclay's terrors were not diminished by the exaggerated tales of her native servants, till at length they rose to such a pitch that it seemed very likely, as she often said, that she would die if a serpent came near her. Her fears got to such a height that at last she would not venture out at all; and actually kept her room. In this frame of mind it will easily be believed that her life was a misery to herself, and not of much comfort to her wild, fearnaught husband.

Early one summer morning the latter went to look after the progress of some rather distant clearings he was making; of course he went on horseback, and of course he carried with him the heavy, old-fashioned, double-barrelled musket, without which, in that time and in those wild regions, no planter ever stirred far abroad. Both barrels were loaded with a heavy charge of slugs, sufficient to bring down a deer, if one came near enough, or, better still, to scare away or stop the charge of a jaguar or a tree-panther. Mr. Barclay's survey took him rather late, and it was high in the noonday heat before he returned through a short belt of forest which lay between his new clearings and his home. At that time the tropical forests are as silent and as motionless as if they were dead. There is, to be sure, a drowsy chirp of the great grasshoppers, and now and then a humming-bird, whose gaudy colours are all hidden by the intensely rapid motion of its wings as it passes from flower to flower with a droning buzz, which in such a silence is almost noise. But the great trees themselves, and their equally thick mass of tropic undergrowth between, are all as motionless and still as if they had been carved in stone.

It is not now my province to enter on a description of a tropical forest, when at midday man and beast and reptile seek shelter from the intense heat of the sun, and leave the woods in their most silent grandeur. Those who have witnessed this impressive scene know that it is one which cannot easily be described, and one which can never be forgotten. One most curious thing connected with this still quiet of the noon is the absence of any motion in the long tangled garlands of beautiful climbing-plants which wreath the giant limbs of tropical trees from stem to crown. Some of these, covered with gorgeous flowers, are as thick as the body of a horse, and so tough and interwoven that it would require almost a hurricane to move them. Others there are, however, which, though light as thistle-down, are covered with minute blossoms, and which sway gently to and fro on the slightest breath of air, or on the mere passage of the traveller. It is the dead stillness of these light gossamer webs at noon which makes the quietness of the forest seem more impressive still; for at morn and eve, and even at night, their motion seldom ceases.

It was through such a scene as this that Mr. Barclay rode on his return home, and it was amid such stillness that his attention was at once attracted *to a large creeper* hanging from a tree in front of him,

and which amid the deadly stillness around was swinging quickly. Such signs in the forest are never to be disregarded; and Mr. Barclay was too old a woodsman not to be at once on the alert. After waiting for some minutes till the oscillation ceased, and being reassured by the quietness of his horse, which would have been the first to scent a jaguar or a puma, he rode carefully towards the tree, and at a little distance examined it, but for some time in vain. At last the cause of the disturbance and of the danger also became apparent on close inspection. On a limb of the tree overlooking the path lay a huge black anaconda, piled in great masses fold over fold, as is its wont, with the end of its tail just curled round the limb on which its great bulk rested, and its head left free, and elevated about two feet above the rest of its body. In this position it was quite prepared for action, and, holding on by its tail, could at once drop its great length down with resistless force on any unhappy animal, or even person, that might pass below, and when once secured in its gigantic folds, the rest was certain, whether a man or goat, or deer or sheep. Mr. Barclay, however, was not inclined to give it such a chance as this on his account, and waited quietly at a little distance till, by some cautious manœuvring, he got a full view of the creature's head against the [illegible] Then he fired, and with one charge of slugs so [illegible] the serpent's head that, after writhing for a single [illegible] leap to the ground. It was far from dead, however, so that for a time he durst not approach [illegible] and branches about in all directions. [illegible] he got a close shot with his second barrel, [illegible] the serpent's head that it never moved [illegible] However, Mr. Barclay did not feel [illegible] and not without great difficulty [illegible] back. The serpent measured [illegible] and was evidently, from its great [illegible] The only question which remained [illegible] was to be done with the carcass [illegible] besides, he wanted its [illegible]—and, above all, he [illegible] such seeming monsters could [illegible] an evil hour, he determined [illegible] his stirrup-[illegible] the snake, led his horse [illegible] a long mark in the herbage, [illegible] which the carcass [illegible] trailing at [illegible] head that now was a fine [illegible] would cure her of her [illegible] of the matter un-[illegible] her woman's natur[illegible]

would not as soon and as easily get over its repugnance to these reptiles as he in his wild, rough life had easily been enabled to do. There is no doubt but that nothing more than a rough practical joke entered his mind, and this was perhaps the only kind of joke the point of which he was capable of perceiving. His simple plan of mischief was soon laid. He determined to take the serpent into the house, and coil it in the sitting-room in such a manner as that its wounded parts could easily be hidden. He dragged it, therefore, with some trouble along the veranda, and soon managed to coil away its great folds in such a manner that its injuries were hidden, and it looked indeed as if alive. When all had been quietly arranged by himself, he went out and called for a servant to fetch down her mistress, who, as is the custom of the country, was sleeping out the great heat of the day in her own room. Little suspecting what was to follow, she came down at once, and the instant she entered the sitting-room Mr. Barclay slipped out and fastened the door behind her. What passed afterwards can now only be guessed with horror. Her screams of "The serpent, the serpent!" were at first so shrill and loud as to quite drown Mr. Barclay's calls to her that the reptile was dead, and that she must look at it quietly, and he was only first alarmed by a noise of struggling, and the piercing cries of some half-a-dozen female servants, who, drawn by the shrieks of their mistress, had entered the room by another door. What *they* saw on entering was Mrs. Barclay attacked by a huge anaconda, which had followed up the broad track left by the body of its slaughtered mate. The instant their cries alarmed it, it rolled back its folds through the window by which it had entered. Mrs. Barclay was found insensible, and only slightly torn about the face and partly on the bosom by the fangs of the boa. She was quite insensible, however, and never rallied. In spite of all restoratives, she remained in a comatose state till the succeeding day, when convulsion succeeded convulsion, till her death left Mr. Barclay a widower, and the parent of a still-born child.

It is both more interesting and more amusing to turn from this tragic story to one which, though equally well authenticated, is far more likely to be truly genuine—the capture of a large anaconda alive. This was done by Waterton in Southern Demerara, and his private letters give a most vivid account of it. For some days the neighbourhood of an Indian village had been plagued and alarmed by the close vicinity of a large anaconda. Common rumour, of course, exaggerated its size to such a fabulous extent that, if the dimensions spoken of were only really believed in, it is no wonder that the terror was universal. Waterton, who came to the village in the minute prosecution of his studies into natural history in all its branches, and who was, above all, a most enthusiastic investigator of the habits of serpents, learned with delight of the close proximity of this fine specimen. On the very even-[illegible] *of his arrival it had taken* a goat from a herd, and it was certain

that after such a meal it would lie torpid, and not very far off. But, as has been said, serpents, before relapsing into this condition, generally conceal themselves with the utmost care; so for three days Waterton's keen search around the forest was quite unavailing. He, however, knowing the haunts of snakes as well as a schoolboy knows where to find birds'-nests, persevered, and at noon on the fourth day came upon the lair of the anaconda. It was in a large sort of cave among some loose rocks that were partly covered with bright creepers, and partly filled with moss and leaves. In the midst of these the reptile lay in a mass of coils. It need hardly be said that its size by no means realised the terrible accounts which had been given of it by the natives, supposing it to have been the same one, which Waterton believed was not the case; still, it was a formidable serpent. Its length, though only a little over nineteen feet, seemed much greater as it lay in its coils, from the huge thickness of the body, which, as was afterwards proved by actual measurement, was greater in circumference than the leg of an ordinary man. Waterton had with him three native hunters, who were much attached to him, and who had followed him through many dangers. With these a short council of war was held in whispers. The natives, however, represented with much force and truth that it would be dangerous to make an attack till the reptile's head could be distinctly seen, so that it could be seized by one of them round the throat, and so prevented inflicting those bites which lacerate so severely and almost dangerously. This course of action was accordingly resolved on, and a patient watch kept on the serpent till nearly the close of the long hot day; then its head was seen slowly emerging from the mass of folds, which were gently creeping one over the other in a manner peculiar to every class of snake or serpent in a half-torpid state. With the first clear view of the head, Waterton dashed into the cave and seized it by the throat close to the jaws; his three hunters followed him with equal courage, and threw themselves upon the pile of folds. The anaconda, though taken by surprise and overpowered by numbers, yet made a fierce resistance, and for a few minutes there was nothing to be seen in the gloom but dust and legs and arms and coils of snake, till, after a great struggle, it was dragged out into the waning daylight of the forest. Here the contest for a time was even worse, for the snake had room, and plunged in every way to get one of its captors within its folds. But Waterton and his hunters kept it out at length and got it down upon the ground, till it was so exhausted that one of the natives could run to the tent and fetch ropes and a long bamboo pole. To this latter it was securely lashed, and borne in triumph on the shoulders of the party to the Indian village. Waterton said that at any time during the contest it would have been easy to have killed the monster by dividing the vertebræ or the muscles of the back with their short sharp hunting-knives. His object, however, was to take it *alive, and in this* he nominally succeeded. The serpent was brought

alive, it is true, but it was so injured in the efforts to overcome its struggles that it lived but a few days afterwards, thus affording another illustration of the almost insuperable difficulties of taking these large reptiles in such a state as to be fit for subsequent exhibition in any great zoological collection.

One large snake, though it never attains to the gigantic bulk of either the anaconda or the boa-constrictor, is not uncommon on the prairies of Illinois, and is even abundant on the great western prairies beyond the Mississippi. It is called the bull-snake, and is very little known to naturalists. It grows to a length of about ten or twelve feet, is very thick in girth, and strong and bold. It never attacks man, but haunts round the neighbourhoods of the wild outlying prairie-farms, the poultry kept on which in such abundance seems to form an irresistible attraction to this great snake, as, indeed, poultry generally does to all other reptiles of its kind. It is terribly voracious, and, what is most rare in snakes which are not venomous, will kill and destroy for the mere sake of killing. A bull-snake in a large hen-roost will in a night do as much mischief as will require three months' hatching to repair. Once, when driving out with a friend to visit a station on the prairies a good deal west of the Mississippi, I drove over one of these snakes in the long tangled prairie-grass, which was then more than four feet high. The shock his bulk gave almost upset the light "buck-board" on which we rode. We turned at once, and saw a large dark mass of bull-snake writhing his dirty-black coils in all the agony of a mortal wound. He was evidently quite helpless to escape or live, so we jumped down, and with the butts of our whips beat what little life remained out of him. Yet till the last blow he fought us with fierce hissings and attempts to bite, and would, no doubt, have made a serious resistance, had he not been so injured to start with. His length was nearly eleven feet, and his jaws, or rather mouth, contained four rows of teeth, all small, but all intensely sharp-pointed, and crooked, and curving backwards. None of these, of course, were venomous; but the wound they would inflict would be very severe from the multitude of small deep lacerations. The jaws were exceedingly powerful; but there was nothing whatever in the creature's stomach but the remains of a prairie-hen, which had evidently been eaten some days before.

Before leaving the subject of non-venomous snakes, let a word be said in favour of one small one which abounds in Britain, and which is as harmless as the field-snake, though the ignorant peasantry of many counties—indeed, I might say of most counties—ascribe to it properties as deadly as those of the cobra or the coral-snake. This is almost the smallest of all snakes known, for its full-grown length seldom reaches ten inches. It is sometimes called the "slow worm," sometimes the "deaf adder," because, from its excessive slowness of motion, it is vulgarly believed not to be able to hear in time to get out of the way of the pedestrian. *Yet this little reptile* is the most harmless of all created

snakes, and is, in fact, so docile, that after a few weeks' captivity it will come without fear to eat crumbs out of its keeper's hand. But wherever this harmless little waddler is found in the country parts of England it is put to the most shocking tortures; first under the notion that only torture can expel its deadly venom, and next that only torture can compel it to die before the sun sets.

Another most harmless snake, which is persecuted with almost equal vindictiveness and cruelty, is the little glass-snake, so called from its extreme fragility. It is not a very pretty-looking reptile. Its scales are ringed, and overlap each other in a peculiar way, and it has a dull rawish-pink colour, as if it had been skinned. It has sometimes been known to attain a length of nearly six feet, and grow almost as thick as a man's wrist. This, however, was an unusually large and rare specimen. Its general length seldom exceeds four feet, and its thickness not more than an inch and a half in diameter. Many varieties of it abound in Asia and America, and all are alike harmless, their food, of which they eat very little, being chiefly mice and small frogs and beetles. A friend of mine, a brother-student in ophiology, had a fine collection of these curious snakes, which were all very docile, and allowed themselves to be handled freely, except one, which was really ill-tempered. They were all, however, so precisely alike in shape, size and colour, that it was impossible to tell which was the particular one that possessed this unfortunate infirmity of temper. One day the friend, by mistake, took out the ill-tempered one, which, after hissing fiercely, turned, and before it could be put back into its cage, fastened on the fleshy part of my friend's hand with such good-will as to draw the blood freely. He not only bit, indeed, but retained his hold so firmly that some violence had to be used to get him off—violence sufficient, in the snake's writhings, to make it break off three or four of the end joints of its tail. It was none the worse for this, however; such accidents are constantly occurring to these reptiles, and the joints after a time, always grow again. Indeed, while roaming about the cage, they often hit their tails against the edge of their little water tank, and break them. I would not have thought of mentioning this incident, but that its occurrence took all us ophiologists by surprise, for though we knew the glass-snake would sometimes hiss and show signs of ill-temper, yet we never thought it would actually bite a man, especially its keeper and feeder.

The common beautiful English field-snake cannot, under any provocation, be induced to bite; yet in their food they are exceedingly voracious, and I have seen one small one engaged for nearly two hours in trying to swallow a frog, the weight of which was almost as great as that of the little reptile itself. It actually succeeded, however, at last, and then remained quiet, with a lump in its stomach almost as big as a turkey's egg.

N. A. WOODS.

THE BROWN LADY

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY, AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," "THE IRON CASKET," ETC.

IN TWO PARTS:—PART II.

CHAPTER I. THE STORY OF THE FRENCH COUNTESS.

THE London season was over, and the seaside season in England, and the gambling and flirtation season in continental Europe, had also closed. The stately old country-houses were assembling their inmates for Christmas; the weather was seasonable—*i. e.* very delightful for rich people with every sort of outdoor pleasure and indoor luxury at command, and productive of intense suffering to the poor who lacked all those things—and sport had been capital at Burnham, where the heir and his wife were passing the Christmas holidays.

The family-circle has lost one member since the day on which Adeline de Beaucour had been added to it. Lady Madeleine Raby had made a prosperous and happy marriage,—under the auspices of Lady Burnham, who had been quite the fashion during the season,—and was at present abroad with her husband, the Honourable Mr. Charter. Lady Burnham missed her very much, and found that her mother's and sister's presence only increased the loss; she was decidedly bored, for the first time since she had come to England. Lady Blanche had almost made up her mind, since Madeleine's marriage, that she was called to a more active participation in the ministry of the Reverend Josiah than the selecting of his texts and the revising of his sermons, and was setting about the "breaking" of this conviction to her parents by a rigid disregard, indeed condemnation, of all the light and worldly distractions implied in conformity to the rules of society, and a severity of demeanour which Lady Burnham could neither propitiate nor understand. The few ladies staying in the house were "county" magnates; and the young Frenchwoman, cleverly as she had adapted herself to English society, and well as she understood it, considering how brief her opportunities had been as yet, found that particular phase of it which they personified out of her reach for the present. She was polite and attentive to them, but she had little notion at times what they were talking about, and she perceived clearly that they never entirely ceased to regard her as an intruder into the sacred caste of the aristocracy. "It is all very well for poor dear Lady Marlesdale to insist on the *de*, you know; and, of course, in a certain sense Lady Burnham *is* of the nobility," Lady Daylesford remarked to Mrs. Joyce Stratton; "but it is only foreign nobility after all—so different from ours." Mrs. Joyce Stratton entirely agreed with Lady Daylesford, as be-

fitted the intellectual calibre of a lady who, had she been told that one of Adeline's ancestors was a French knight who had fought at Agincourt, would have failed to see the argument for her nobility because he was not an Englishman. While these worthy persons were possessed by the belief that Adeline Burnham was not quite noble enough, they were not free from an uneasy suspicion that she was a little too clever for their society. They could have got over her beauty, but her talent, her fascination—for she possessed that indefinable gift in fullest perfection—these were too much for them; and Lady Burnham knew it, and was amused, but decidedly bored. She did not see much of Burnham, who was an ardent sportsman, and a popular man in the county, where it was his business to make himself liked just now, as it was his ambition to represent it in Parliament at the next vacancy, which was likely to take place soon. In this, as in everything else, his wife sympathised with him; and she was very careful to hide from her husband that she was bored, philosophically considering that it could not last, and solacing herself by writing long and amusing letters to Lady Madeleine Charter.

It was the beginning of Christmas week; the snow, which had been falling lightly for some days, was frozen, and the weather had reached a point of "seasonableness" which precluded outdoor amusements, except to such hardy individuals as professed a taste for the noble art of skating. Burnham Castle had its full complement of Christmas guests, and they were sometimes a little heavy in hand, and gave the Countess some trouble in their management—trouble which she sustained nevertheless with indefatigable courage, for the sake of her pride and her son.

A portentously long morning had been beguiled by a visit to the picture-gallery, of which Lady Burnham had done the honours. She had no knowledge of art, but she had an unlearned taste for pictures, and she had taken some pains to make herself acquainted with the valuable though not extensive collection at Burnham Castle. Lady Madeleine's remark upon her likeness to the portrait known as that of "the French countess,"—but unmentioned in the catalogue pretentiously inscribed on vellum and kept in the library,—had not escaped her at the time; and she had afterwards asked her sister-in-law who the "French countess" was, and whether there was anything remarkable in her story, purposing to inspect the portrait on her return to Burnham, and see what she thought of the supposed likeness. But Lady Marlesdale had been beforehand with her son's wife. Some inexplicable feeling, an impulse which she did not care to define, had induced her to caution her daughter.

"You said a thoughtless thing, Madeleine," she remarked; "you should not have mentioned the resemblance, even if it exists. It is bad taste to make Lady Burnham aware that we think her like the *only* female ancestor of our family of whom we have any reason to be

ashamed, the only one with whom an unpleasant tradition is connected. If she asks you anything about the matter, turn it off as well as you can, and tell her you don't know any of the particulars of the story of the French countess."

"I don't know much about her in reality, mamma," said Madeleine in a provokingly-careless tone; "not much more than that she was the original of the Burnham ghost."

"Don't talk nonsense," said Lady Marlesdale, displeased; "and mind you don't let such an expression slip before Lady Burnham. Remember she is a foreigner, and likely to be superstitious."

"Very well, mamma," said Lady Madeleine; then she added, when Lady Marlesdale left the room, "I know someone who is superstitious, and about the Burnham ghost too, and who is not a foreigner."

Nevertheless, Lady Madeleine obeyed her mother; and when Adeline asked her the meaning of the observation she had made, she gave her a careless general reply, to the effect that the likeness was not much, but the resemblance in her attitude and manner of holding back her dress was remarkable; and that "the French countess" was a lady of that nation who had married a Lord Marlesdale in the time of Charles the First.

"We were not earls then," said Lady Madeleine; "she was a countess in her own right."

"What was her name?" asked Lady Burnham.

"I forget," said Madeleine. "I have heard it; but whenever she is mentioned—which is not often, for we don't care much to talk of her—she is called the French countess."

Months elapsed after that conversation before Lady Burnham returned to Burnham Castle; but she had not forgotten the circumstance, and she took an early opportunity of inspecting the portrait in question. She recognised the likeness at once: it was no fancy of Lady Marlesdale's or of Madeleine's; and Burnham recognised it also. But while Adeline was pleased and flattered, for the beauty of the French countess was very striking, her husband's indifference piqued and provoked Lady Burnham.

"I do believe," she said, "you have a touch of your mother's notions on this point, and would be delighted if I could be proved like any of those pretty dolls of Englishwomen, with their china-blue eyes and their silly simpers."

"Indeed you mistake me," said Lord Burnham earnestly. "The only woman as beautiful as you—if indeed she was that, and I doubt it—who ever belonged to our family was that lady whom you are strikingly like; but she brought disgrace and shame with her, Adeline, and there has been little of them in the history of the Burnhams. You can understand now, my darling, why we do not much like the mention of the French countess, and why my mother, in particular, dislikes it."

"Tell me the story," said Adeline imperiously; "sit down here and tell it to me at once. I want to hear it; I must hear it."

She looked so beautiful, so engaging, so delightful, in her playful imperative ways, and with her brown eyes sparkling, partly with curiosity and partly with scorn, that he could not resist. All his own reluctance, and the reluctance of his mother, were forgotten in the impulse he felt to give pleasure to his young wife, and he said,

"I will not tell you the story myself, Adeline, because I should only spoil it; but I promise you shall hear it, well told, on Christmas-eve, with all the effect due to a ghost-story."

"A ghost-story! Is there a ghost, then, attached to the picture, as well as the coincidence of my likeness to it?"

"There is," said Burnham rather seriously, "and Crawford is the only person I know who can tell the story. So you shall hear it on Christmas-eve, just at the witching hour. My mother has a horror of its being told, but she will never know."

Lady Burnham thanked her husband with a sparkling smile. There was the slightest touch of mischief in it, but he did not perceive that, and she protested he had given her a fresh interest in the old house.

"Even when I found out there was some delightful absurd mystery about a picture, I was far from imagining I should be so fortunate as to come upon a ghost into the bargain. Does Lady Marlesdale believe in the ghost?"

"I rather think she does implicitly," said Burnham demurely.

"How delightful! And the pious and exemplary Blanche?"

"And the pious and exemplary Blanche."

"*Quel bonheur!* And you, my dear, dear Burnham, I will give you sixteen kisses this very minute if you also will confess to believing in the actual ghost of this identical French countess."

"I think I could undertake to profess any amount of faith for the same consideration," said her husband, laughing; "but seriously, or as seriously as possible, to be near the truth, I think I do believe in the ghost of the French countess, or, as they call her hereabouts, 'the Brown Lady.'"

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There had been a dinner-party, and the picture-gallery was lighted, but the guests were assembled in the drawing-room, and the family portraits had the gaslights all to themselves, when two women emerged from the door communicating with the library, and placed themselves opposite the portrait of the Brown Lady. They were Lady Burnham and her maid, Zelie Huret, known to the household as the "mamzelle." They talked together in subdued tones, and minutely inspected the picture, looking at it from different points, and occasionally laughing in a suppressed but confidential fashion. Lady Burnham made some memoranda on a sheet of paper, which her maid put in her pocket; then they left the gallery as quietly as they had entered it. The servants

agonette was ordered to be in readiness on the following morning, o take the "mamzell" to the train for London; and the "mamzell" ave no further explanation of this unseasonable journey than that she as going to town on business for her lady.

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At a little after eleven o'clock on Christmas-eve, when the grave and derly portion of the guests at Burnham Castle,—not to be beguiled any sentimental ideas of hearing even Christmas chimes at midnight, had retired, a select party occupied Lady Burnham's boudoir, where a perb fire and brilliant clusters of wax-lights formed comfortable acces-ries to the correct and sensational narration of the ghost-story. The rty consisted of Lord and Lady Burnham, Captain Crawford, and Sir cil Morse his particular friend, and a respectful but ardent admirer Lady Burnham, whom he lost no opportunity of declaring to be "a nner." Adeline occupied a low chair at the side of the fire; the ht of the dancing flames played upon the folds of her dress of rich e satin and lace, and found a thousand reflections in the jewels on r neck and arms. She was looking down at Burnham, who was lying the hearthrug, his head supported by her footstool, and her little ye-terrier nestling in his arms. Sir Cecil sat opposite to her; and e story-teller walked up and down the room, in which exercise he nd much assistance and delight.

"Now then, Crawford," said Burnham, "begin. We are all ready; d I am in a delightful situation for shivering."

"Don't spoil the effect of my story by your chaff," said Captain awford. "I address myself solely to her ladyship."

"I am listening," said Lady Burnham.

"The legend of the Brown Lady of Burnham is in this wise," began ptain Crawford. "In the evil days of Charles the First, the earldom Marlesdale did not exist; but there had been Barons of Marlesdale e out of mind, good men and true for the most part, and loyal alike their friends, their country, and their king. The women who had me into the Marlesdale family by marriage or by birth had all been ndsome, as your portrait-gallery testifies—and virtuous, as the family nals boast. But no woman married or born among the Marles-es had equalled in beauty and fascination the bride whom Jocelyn rd Marlesdale wooed and won at the court of the French queen, nrietta Maria. Tongues wagged when the bride came home to rnham, attended by a brilliant company from London, for she was reigner and a widow."

Lady Burnham looked up suddenly, and made Captain Crawford feel her awkward; he remembered that the listener was also a foreigner.

"A widow, you say," she asked him, "and a foreigner? Was she a nchwoman?"

"She was,"—Lord Burnham answered the question;—"her name *Marcelline de Benaart.*"

Lady Burnham said no more, and Captain Crawford continued: "The new Lady Marlesdale was popular with her London friends, and her husband had an infatuated love for her, which shut his eyes to her faults and induced him to gratify every wish she formed. Her wishes were neither few nor moderate, and Lord Marlesdale's fortune soon proved inadequate to their demands. Lady Marlesdale, the French countess as she was called, was the most extravagant woman at the court of Queen Henrietta Maria, and her extravagance in the expenditure of money was not the only charge brought against her by the country neighbours of Jocelyn Lord Marlesdale, who envied her for the gay and brilliant life which was beyond their reach, and hated her because she disliked and despised them, and suffered her lord to pass but few and brief periods of his life at Burnham. The portrait in your picture-gallery, which represents the French countess in the zenith of her beauty, was painted by a famous court-painter, one Antony Vandyke, in the third year of her marriage, when rumours had begun to circulate about an estrangement between her and her husband, mainly caused, it was said, by the determined enmity of Charles Raby, Lord Marlesdale's brother, who held his beautiful sister-in-law in abhorrence, which people were apt to say had had its origin in her rejection of him in favour of his elder brother. Be that as it may, Charles Raby hated the French countess, and betrayed to her husband, either personally or through his agents, the fact of her infidelity. The lover for whom the French countess deceived her English lord was a countryman of her own, a dissolute young noble, who had come to England in the Queen's train, and had enjoyed much of the Queen's favour. Indeed, when the case, fully made out, was laid before Lord Marlesdale, he had the clearest conviction that the Queen, his loyally-served master's wife, had been a consenting and assisting party in the dishonour that had been brought upon him. The first step taken by Lord Marlesdale was to withdraw from the court. This he did at some risk to his reputation; for the troubles of the monarchy, the downfall of the King, were beginning, and it was a time when it behoved true men to stand fast by that which was falling. But Lord Marlesdale cared nothing for that—his life was centred in the beautiful base woman who had been false to him always, from the beginning. He challenged the man who had wronged him, and ran him through with his sword: this occurred on the old Christmas-day—the 6th January—as we style it now. The French countess was in attendance on the Queen at the time, and knew nothing of what had happened until a page brought her a token at supper, and she opened the packet laughingly, amid somewhat jeering comments on the devotion of her lord. It contained a few lines, in which he bade her farewell for ever, and a kerchief of her own, which her lover had worn, steeped in his heart's blood. Lord Marlesdale lived openly and unmolested at Burnham; no effort was made to call him *to account*; the scandal was too flagrant. The King attempted to in-

duce Henrietta Maria to send her infamous favourite back to France; but in vain. The Queen's enemies said she was in the power of the French countess, and did not dare to act against her; at all events, she did not visit her in any way with her displeasure; and when the swift-coming great trouble rose around them all like a tide, and the Queen returned to her own country, as it proved, for ever, Lady Marlesdale went with her. She was talked of sometimes in the land she had disgraced and left, and to her was justly imputed the blame of Lord Marlesdale's absolute inaction in the troubles of the great rebellion. He lived at Burnham, and steadily abstained from any participation in the strife; the consequence of which was, that he suffered from both parties. King Charles even made personal overtures to the sullen broken-hearted man in vain. To all taunts concerning his dead-and-gone loyalty, he was content to reply with quiet acquiescence that it was dead and gone; and when an emissary from the King demanded an explanation, he could get no other answer than, 'Let his Majesty ask his own wife and mine.' He lived always at Burnham, a very quiet life, seeing no one but his brother, who, a few years after Lord Marlesdale's misfortune, married a quiet woman, if one may judge by her blue-eyed portrait on the left of that of the French countess, and who certainly left no personal history to swell the family traditions. Lord Marlesdale never took any further interest in politics or public affairs, and even showed no emotion on hearing of the execution of the King. He took to studious pursuits, and nursed the estate carefully. When things were tolerably settled, and the Protector was giving promise of a long and prosperous tenure of power, Charles Raby began to visit London a good deal, and to depart from the family tradition in politics, finding favour in the sight of the chief of the Commonwealth. He was an ambitious man, and his silent moping brother interfered in no way with him, and let him do as he liked with the revenues of the estate. After a time it began to be whispered about,—no one being able to say where the rumour originated,—that demands had been made on Lord Marlesdale for money, on the part of his wife, and that the Queen and her friends were all in poor circumstances in France. These demands, it was said, Lord Marlesdale had been disposed to accede to; but his brother had scornfully derided such weakness, and reminded him of what this woman was, in the plainest terms. Then the broken man yielded, and a stern refusal was sent to the envoy of the French countess—a slight, dark-complexioned person, distinctly foreign in appearance, who lodged at a small hostelry a mile from the gates of Burnham;—the railroad passes over the site of it now. The man received the message and went away. A week later, Lord Marlesdale found a folded paper on his desk, fastened with a silken string, and addressed to him. A few words were written inside: 'The next time I ask you for aid, it shall be in person, and I will not take an answer from the man who slandered me, and laid *your life waste, that* he might make his inheritance sure.'

The reading of this paper so shook the nerves of Lord Marlesdale, that he had an illness, during which his brother took precautions to prevent his being reached, either personally or by letter, without his (Charles Raby's) knowledge. Time passed on, and the story of the French countess's message was almost forgotten, when a fresh rumour arose, to the effect that Burnham Castle was haunted. Lady Marlesdale was dead, intelligence of her death had reached England, and her husband had seen her ghost. He was dying slowly of fear, they said, and the French countess 'walked' in the picture-gallery every night. Being questioned by the parson, Lord Marlesdale, with much hesitation and evident suffering, acknowledged that he had seen the phantom of his wife three times, on each occasion in the same place and under similar circumstances. He seldom left the house now, and it was his custom to walk up and down the picture-gallery in the short twilight of the winter evenings. He declared that on the three occasions named, he had seen the door at the end of the gallery, opposite to that which communicated with the right wing of the castle, open, and the figure of his wife, in the dress and attitude of the portrait which you know well, appear. The phantom came towards him, looking straight before it, and holding back the satin train with the precise gesture in the picture. On each occasion he had shrunk back against the wall, and the figure had passed him noiselessly, and disappeared through the door communicating with the left wing of the castle. Two of the servants also stoutly maintained that they had seen the ghost, but it was after dark, and they declared that it had flitted along the now unused corridor, outside the deserted rooms which had formerly been the private apartments of the French countess. The stir caused by all these stories was the greater because Charles Raby had gone to London some time before, and his wife was much alarmed and distressed at her solitude, being then expecting the birth of her first child. Communication was slow in those days, and the fear which the report of the castle being haunted had excited, had reached panic-height before Charles Raby was informed of it. But when he heard the news his rage knew no bounds, and denouncing the whole thing as an infamous jugglery, vowing vengeance on its authors, and stigmatising the parson, who had addressed to him a grave and lengthy epistle concerning the revelations made by Lord Marlesdale, as an old fool, he travelled down to Burnham with all possible speed, bent on punishing everybody who presumed to believe in the ghost.

"He found his brother much too ill to be bullied about anything, the servants sulky and frightened, his wife dreadfully afraid of the Brown Lady, but still more afraid of him; and he could get no coherent account of anything that had happened. He was very weary too, and made up his mind to postpone any action in the matter until the morrow. Reassured by her husband's presence, and suffering more than usual from an excessive drowsiness which had frequently

overpowered her of late, the gentle little woman slept heavily. But sleep would not come near Charles Raby. His time of triumph was very near; his brother was evidently dying—childless and rich; yes, thanks to his care and management, very rich. A large sum of money in gold was in his valise then, interest he had been paid in London on certain moneys he had lent for the secret service of the Government, and a quantity of jewels which had been given him as security for another sum.

"When he came to fill his brother's place, should he cease to practise usury, he asked himself. He thought not; it was a good thing, and a happy, in any station, to be much richer than people supposed, than even the nearest and dearest knew. He would put his foot on all this idle silly gossip, arising from the feeble confusion of his poor brother's dissolving brain, to-morrow, and then look at his bright prospects. —You smile. Lady Burnham, because I am telling you the man's thoughts; but the story is his own.—Thinking thus, he dozed; the light which burned by his bedside grew dim, and unconsciousness came, but only for a brief space. As he grew drowsy he fancied he heard the faintest rustling, like the trailing of a dress upon a matted floor. His momentary doze was dispelled by the consciousness that there was someone near; he opened his eyes, and saw the Brown Lady, —saw her distinctly at his bedside, a couple of feet removed from him, her head held up, her brown hair falling on her shoulders, two red roses in her right hand, and her satin train held back by the left. He looked at her, and she looked at him with the beautiful brown eyes he had so loved and hated, while his heart beat as if it would choke him, and his limbs grew heavy and cold. As he looked she glided away, and was lost in the darkness behind the heavy velvet curtains of the bed. Terror held him motionless for a little, and then, when it released him, he started up and looked eagerly around. There was nothing there. Then apprehension and pity for his wife kept him quiet, fierce thirst seized upon him, and he drank off at a draught the large cupful of spiced wine which, according to the fashion of the time, had been set ready for him. The draught soothed him strangely; he began to feel a curious numbness, and then came nothingness; but he solemnly declared afterwards that, while he yet retained a little of his senses, he heard a low, short laugh.

"With the morning, horror and anguish came to Burnham Castle. Charles Raby was found in frightful agony, succeeded by paroxysms of delirium, and the physicians—not easily to be got at then, fetched with the slow haste of those days—were puzzled by the case, as our wise men might be now. It looked very like poisoning, they said; at all events it was hopeless, and in that they were right. Charles Raby died on the following night, having told, in the intervals of relief which came to him, the story I have now told you. His son was *born upon the day of the funeral*, and succeeded Jocelyn Lord

Marlesdale in three months. He was a splendid fellow in his time, and the first earl."

"And his mother?" asked Lady Burnham.

"She lived long and happily," said Captain Crawford, "and left in writing, together with a goodly stock of household recipes, and one invaluable prescription for a cosmetic known as the 'Burnham beautifier,'—in which, however, you will never require to feel an interest—a prosaic but very probable solution of the mystery of the Brown Lady's appearance."

"Any explanation spoils the story," said Lord Burnham; "nevertheless, tell it."

"When Charles Raby's death gave the bewildered household leisure to attend to anything, some strange discoveries were made. The valise which had contained the gold and jewels brought to Burnham by Lord Marlesdale's brother was empty. Gems and other valuables had been abstracted from the cabinets in Lord Marlesdale's apartments, and the long-disused rooms of the French countess had evidently been ransacked; laces, dresses, and ornaments had been removed. When the search had been made indoors, they proceeded to inquiries without, and ascertained that the dark-complexioned man of distinctly-foreign appearance, who had acted as the emissary of the French countess when she made her vain application to her husband, had again appeared in the neighbourhood of Burnham, this time accompanied by a stout serving-man, and having in his possession three fine horses, of which one carried the baggage. Their arrival had been simultaneous with the journey of Charles Raby to London, and they had taken their departure at daybreak on the morning after his return, long before any intelligence of the trouble at the castle had penetrated to the village. No suspicion attached to them, no effort was made to trace them; but the narrative of Charles Raby's widow declares, that these two men took shipping for France from Southampton, and that on the night after they sailed the ship was wrecked in the Channel, and many of the dead bodies washed ashore. One of these was discovered to be the corpse of a woman disguised in male attire; and though it never was identified, and the woman and child on whom the station and the responsibility of the Marlesdales had devolved were too weak and too timid to investigate the matter which concerned them so nearly, at the cost of angering great personages in France, the widow never had any doubt but that the drowned woman was Lady Marlesdale.—You understand it all now, Lady Burnham, of course, and see how easily so infernal a device might have been carried through when communication between England and France was slack and vague. Besides, there is a good deal in wishing a thing which one hears may be true. The false news of the French countess's death had been too welcome to be received with distrust.—My story is told, Lady Burnham: I hope you are pleased."

But Adeline looked serious and perplexed.

"So it was not a ghost after all; only a living woman, who robbed and murdered? But how, then, do people still believe in the ghost? Why do they say she walks in the picture-gallery every year at Christmas-time? And why, may I ask, Captain Crawford, is this story supposed to be *your* especial property?"

"I will answer your ladyship categorically," said Captain Crawford. "People believe in the ghost because, in the first place, they have heard the story, and not its explanation; and in the second, because they prefer to believe in it. They say the ghost walks in the picture-gallery at Christmas-time because it is pleasant and exciting to say so, and quite the correct thing for a country house. But they believe it not. I venture to say you would find it difficult to persuade any of the party assembled in this house to-night to go into the picture-gallery alone after dark, especially on Twelfth-night. Finally, the story is true because the first earl's mother was also my mother's ancestress, and some of her papers are still in the possession of my family."

"Thank you, Captain Crawford; you have thoroughly satisfied my curiosity."

"And tired her out," said Lord Burnham, scrambling up from the hearthrug. "Come and have a cigar."

Left by herself, Lady Burnham sat in the same attitude by the boudoir fire. But her face was thoughtful, and her eyes were bent on the red-hot cavern formed by the glowing coals.

"How very strange!" she was thinking; "I might have known all this, if papa had ever thought our old family history worth looking into. I wonder what our version of it is; brutal ill-usage on the part of the *mari anglais*, no doubt, and splendid devotion to the fallen fortunes of the daughter of Henri Quatre. Marcelline de Beaucour, Comtesse de Senaart—how very, very odd! It would never do to let Lady Marlesdale know that I have a good right to resemble the portrait of the French countess. Shall I tell Burnham? No, not yet; it would spoil the fun. How much amused he will be! And Captain Crawford—how delightful if *he* is persuaded into believing in the ghost!"

The thoughtfulness was gone, and her bright face had no look in it but of girlish glee as she summoned Zelie, and proceeded to impart to her as much as she thought fit of the story of the French countess.

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"Rather awkward, wasn't it, Craw?" said Sir Cecil Morse to Captain Crawford, after Lord Burnham had left them, and they were fondly lingering over the ashes of their cigars and the embers of the smoking-room fire.

"What?" asked the Captain curtly.

"The explanation to Lady B. about the queer countess being a Frenchwoman, eh?"

"Well, *it was a little; fact is,* I forgot about herself for the

minute. Jolly woman, Cecy; not a bit superstitious. I don't k that it would do to tell her the other tag to the story, though."

"What's the other tag?" asked Sir Cecil in a sleepy tone.

"Just this: people who believe in the ghost have it that, as succession from father to son was broken by the first importatio a foreign wife among the Marlesdales, so it will go away from branch altogether by a second. Shouldn't like to try her nerves that, eh?"

"*I* shouldn't mind," said Sir Cecil; "she's much too plucky care—a stunner like *her*!"

Chapter II.

TWELFTH-NIGHT.

The Christmas festivities at Burnham Castle were on a spl scale, and eminently successful. Guests staying in the house, and who came to the long succession of dinner-parties, were alike g fied. Public opinion was decidedly in favour of Lady Burnham. Cecil Morse found a unanimous consent among the gentlemen t proposition that Lady Burnham was "a stunner," and she made gress in the favour of all, with the exception of the Countess and Blanche. With the former she made no way, and the latter rega her, from the far-removed level of her own sanctity, as an objec able person, who was fortunately rich. Lord Marlesdale "took to daughter-in-law even more decidedly than he had done in the sum and his wife had sufficient sense not to desire that her own preju should be shared by others. But that prejudice remained unsh The Countess had not been well lately, had been "nervous," an gave way to it, and brooded over the unpleasant association of which had established itself in her mind with Lady Burnham's sence. The unconscious Adeline was obnoxious to her ladyship another reason, in addition to her likeness to the wicked and beau French countess—her lamentable religion, and her "independent w which latter, though Lady Marlesdale did not even theoretically ob to pride as manifested by persons of condition, were especially unp sant when they became the medium of expressing entire though s pulously-polite indifference to the magnificent mother-in-law who not happen to like her. Adeline would have been glad if she liked her,—as she did not it was a pity; but that was all about The matter cost Lady Burnham few regrets, and she had not e mentioned it to her husband. But she had not the least notion Lady Marlesdale chose to resent the fact that there was not as any prospect of an heir as a grievance; and that, in some extrao nary conglomeration of prejudice and dislike, she cherished an that it was all the fault of Adeline's being a foreigner. Respect ristian women, who belonged to county families and valued t

ivileges properly, stayed at home, and had children decorously and dly: but of course these flaunting foreign women cared only for their easures, and were incapable of making any sacrifice to duty or to alth. This when her daughter-in-law was making herself agree-le with all her might to Lady Marlesdale's guests, and when she s the very picture of blooming, radiant health. The truth was, Lady arlesdale remembered the superstition concerning a second foreign arriage in the Raby family, and she allowed it—half ashamed of rself for doing so the while—to prey upon her mind.

Lord Burnham was very busy. There was little doubt that he uld be the successful candidate when the next election for the anty should take place. His wife did not miss him so much dur-g the long hours of the day as she had done immediately after ir return to Burnham Castle. She was preoccupied about something ich evidently amused and interested her. The mamzell associated little, for many days after that unexpected journey of hers to ndon, with the other servants, and on the rare occasions when she make her appearance, she was at once inquisitive and reticent—icent about herself and her lady, inquisitive about the family his-y, and especially about the family ghost. The infidelity of foreigners, every station of life, was too well known, too thoroughly under-od, among the servants at Burnham, to admit of their feeling any prise when the mamzell announced—on being told the story of Brown Lady, with many amendments and additions—that she did believe in ghosts, that she never had believed in them, and never uld, unless she should happen to see one, which she did not think all likely. The servants'-hall company could not agree with her; hing would surprise them less than that she should see *the* ghost, identical Brown Lady herself; their private opinion being that, as a eigner, she might appear to a foreigner; which of course no English-n ghost of good family would condescend to do. The mamzell heard flattering prophecy with a sneer, and thus provoked the indigna-n of the servants, who prized the Burnham ghost as the most ent as well as the most interesting in the county.

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The party assembled at Burnham for the celebration of the good festival of Twelfth-night was unusually numerous and lively. It luded many young people—for whom the attractions of drawing for king, snap-dragon, and dancing were provided—the staying com-y in the house, and some officers, friends of Sir Cecil Morse and ptain Crawford, who had thought it well worth their while to run from Portsmouth for a few days; not a little incited thereto by Sir il's animated description of Lady Burnham, of whom he said, "If 's a stunner in town, by Jove! where there are other women to be —and nobody will deny it—she's simply an out-and-outer in a *ntry house, where there's a lot* of old women, and that dreadful

Blanche Raby, enough to make a fellow bilious to look at her, by Jove!"

In the smoking-room on the night before Twelfth-day, Lord Burnham being absent, Captain Crawford told the story of the Brown Lady once more, and with great success. The officers from Portsmouth were quite pleased, and almost excited, by the narrative; and one, a young lieutenant, who imagined himself an authority on beauty and style, and who believed, in his honest and simple conceit, that no woman, not even the "match" of the Brown Lady herself, could possibly resist him, proposed an adjournment *en masse* to inspect the famous portrait. But Captain Crawford opposed this proceeding, on the grounds that the house was all quiet for the night, and of course the gas had been turned out in the picture-gallery. With the majority of the little party this argument succeeded, and the notion was abandoned; but Tommy Toxteth was not to be persuaded.

"Bother the gas!" said the youth; "come along, Crawford: let the others stay here—they've seen the picture, and I haven't; I have never been through the gallery at all. Let's take a candle apiece and go—the Brown Lady will look all the more ghastly, or ghostly, in the dim light."

"By Jove! you're developing, Tommy," said Sir Cecil Morris, "you're actually displaying imagination! What next?"

"Don't bother," returned the lieutenant; "come along."

Captain Crawford enjoyed, and deserved, the reputation of a very good-natured sort of fellow, and he rose, though rather lazily, to comply with Tommy Toxteth's request. The two made their way to the staircase, at the foot of which one door of the picture-gallery was situated. The candles they carried gave but a dim light in the large, empty space, and Tommy Toxteth declared he already felt "creepy," when Captain Crawford opened the door, and they entered the gallery—just in time to see a woman's figure vanish at the opposite end. The lieutenant started violently, and tumbled up against Captain Crawford, who, not so much disconcerted, but still not completely unmoved, caught him by the arm, and said,

"Take care; you'll drop the candle."

"Bother the candle!" returned Tommy; "did you see *that?*"

"I saw a woman, certainly—one of the servants, I suppose."

"Do you? Why do you speak in a whisper, then? And *why do any servant in the house wear a brown dress with a train?*"

"Are you certain of that? The gallery is long, and the light is dim."

"I am perfectly certain, and I have remarkably good sight."

Tommy Toxteth leaned most unceremoniously against one of the family portraits as he spoke, and rubbed his evening-dressed shoulder against the white-satin knee of a Raby of the time of George II. Captain Cr[illegible]d at him blankly.

"I say," said Tommy, "we shall get preciously chaffed if we let out that, having come to look at the portrait, we have seen the ghost. Come and let's have a peep at the picture, at all events."

Without speaking, Crawford advanced to the portrait, and the two men held the lights they carried so as to show it to the best advantage. The picture looked even more life-like in the feeble light than in the brightness of the gas jets. The proud, beautiful face; the bright, yet soft and speaking eyes; the graceful figure, which seemed coming forward to meet the gazers—all had a striking, an overpowering effect, which told on the young lieutenant, though he did his best to throw it off. They looked at the picture for some time, but in silence, and when they turned away from it and left the gallery, they still did not speak, until they had reached the first landing on the stair.

"All a fancy of ours, of course," said Crawford; "either a mere imagination, or a clever housemaid, who chooses the unfrequented gallery for a rendezvous with her footman lover."

"Why did we not see the footman lover, then?" asked the lieutenant, with more presence of mind than was habitual to him; "and how do you explain the dress?"

"You must have imagined the dress," said Captain Crawford.

"And you the footman," returned the lieutenant.

More time than they had supposed had elapsed while the two had been absent, and they found the smoking-room forsaken by all but Sir Cecil Morse and a middle-aged individual of no particular persuasion or profession, who was an inveterate smoker, and liked his cigars in company. Mr. Netterville never left the smoking-room until everyone else had departed, and would endeavour, by every device of good-fellowship, to keep the last of the *habitués* up "just ten minutes longer." Mr. Netterville had been acting the "demmed fascinating rattlesnake" in the case of Sir Cecil Morse; but that baronet was on the point of making his escape when Captain Crawford and Tommy Toxteth returned to the smoking-room. Delighted at the idea of detaining them there for a while, he affected great interest in the story they had heard, and the portrait they had gone to see, and plied them with questions. But neither responded according to his wont. Captain Crawford's manner was not its usual ease, and Tommy Toxteth was deficient in fluency. Sir Cecil remarked this, and said carelessly,

"What ails you both? Anyone would think you had seen a ghost!"

"I am not sure that we have not," said Tommy Toxteth, "and *the* ghost too."

"What!" said Sir Cecil, with an incredulous grin, "the Brown Lady herself?"

"Yes, the Brown Lady herself."

"Nonsense," said Sir Cecil; "why, I thought you did not believe in it, Craw?"

"So I thought myself until to-night," said Crawford; "and I am not quite sure that I *do* believe in it now; but, on the other hand, I am not quite sure that I don't."

Mr. Netterville and Sir Cecil insisted on an explanation, which the others gave; and the surprise caused by the story was all they could have desired, had they been telling it for effect. Mr. Netterville was fully gratified that night; the sitting lasted until even he had had enough of cigars and conversation. The two men who had or had not seen the ghost were remarkably unimaginative, and the more they discussed the matter, the less they could believe that they had only fancied what they had seen, but the less also they liked to subscribe fully to belief in the supernatural. No satisfactory conclusion, therefore, was come to, and it was Mr. Netterville who suggested that the truth might be tested by watching for the ghost on another night.

"Unless the Brown Lady is very much altered for the better," he said laughing, "she is not likely to miss a chance of being seen."

"And let me tell you," said Tommy Toxteth, with a dismal attempt at a joke, "to see even the ghost of such a woman as the Brown Lady, is not to be sneezed at."

"What a tremendous admirer of beauty you are, Tommy!" said Sir Cecil; "it might be enough for you to have the chance of looking at Lady Burnham every day for a week. If you want a real live stunner, there's one for you."

"For *you* you mean," said Tommy, trying to disguise nervousness by affected facetiousness.

"Suppose we all watch for the Brown Lady to-morrow night," said Sir Cecil; "it's Twelfth-night, the time she is said to appear quite regularly. If she does, we'll agree not to be in the least frightened; and if she does not, to set down Craw and Tommy for a pair of poltroons."

"Agreed," said Mr. Netterville; and he then added reflectively, "What a deuced unpleasant thing for a family it must be to have a hereditary ghost! If I had one, which I have not—the Netterville are not important enough for that—I should have had a shot at it long ago."

"A shot at it!" exclaimed Crawford—"a shot at a ghost!"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Netterville; "if such things exist, why not learn all there is to be learned about them? It is a popular belief, quite as profound as belief in the existence of ghosts, that if you see one, and fire at it with a bullet—I am not sure whether the bullet must be silver, but I think not—it will never appear again; a cheap and simple remedy for intrusive spirits. You say Lady Marlesdale has a great dislike to the Burnham ghost; why has she not tried this method of appeal to the superstition of the servants and other people who believe in it, and persuade themselves they have seen it? They *would* believe in the efficacy of the shot as much as in the presence

of the Brown Lady, and the Burnham ghost would be most effectually laid."

"Nobody would venture to mention the subject to Lady Marlesdale," said Captain Crawford; "and I am sure she never heard of the notion of firing at a ghost; I never did, though I have read and heard enough about them."

The conversation among the gentlemen was not much more prolonged; but before they finally parted for the night, they determined on a plan of action which should solve their own half-admitted doubts, and be a curious experiment in ghost-lore. The last words spoken among the party were the following:

"Mind, not a hint of it must reach her ladyship; it would give her mortal offence," said Crawford.

"Of course, of course," said Mr. Netterville; "we shall be most careful, and we shall have all the servants on our side; it will be such a glorious chance for them to be comfortably frightened in good company."

"But suppose we see it, and fire, how about the noise?" asked Tommy Toxteth.

"She'll never hear it," said Sir Cecil; "her rooms are away in the right wing; and even if she does, she'll think it's only getting rid of a charge—or a poacher," he added with much gravity.

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A humble but very comfortable and convivial imitation of the symposium above-stairs had taken place on this night in the servants'-hall. It was unanimously agreed that the appearance of the Brown Lady on the following night would be very becoming indeed—in fact, a delicate attention on the part of the Burnham ghost, favourable to the dignity of the family, and convincing to the ignorant obstinacy of foreign persons, "who hadn't got no family, and consequent couldn't be expected to have no ghostes belongin' to them." The party was very valiant indeed, in its collective capacity, declared that it desired nothing better than to see the Brown Lady, and to make its deposition to the fact "in a lump."

"Not as that 'ud signify, Mr. Mills," said the head-housemaid to the under-butler; "for people as don't believe the Bible don't mind what's swore on the Bible."

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There was only one drawback to the success of the party at Burnham Castle on the following day—the absence of Lord Burnham. He was unavoidably detained at the county town on business. He was the most sedulously attentive of husbands, as all agreed; and each of the young ladies secretly hoped, when the time came for the fulfilment of her destiny, she might find a *parti* so eligible in all respects. Lady Burnham announced at breakfast that she had had a letter from her husband, *full of apologies and regret.* At luncheon she mentioned

that she had received a telegram confirming the impossibility of Lord Burnham's reaching the castle in time for dinner; and while the latter gorgeous solemnity was in progress, a second telegram was handed to her, which she read aloud.

The message was: "It is barely possible I may catch the last train. Do not expect me before to-morrow. Do not send to the station."

The Countess of Marlesdale preserved a grim and contemptuous silence while this message was read and commented upon. Her son had never thought it necessary to keep *her* so well-informed of his movements. To her mind there was something slavish in this extreme observance. This foreign woman had not only married but bewitched him. She glanced furtively, with eyes full of grudging dislike, at her daughter-in-law. Adeline had never looked more beautiful; never been in more radiant, captivating spirits. The Lady Blanche looked at her, also askance, and felt "thankful," as she told herself, "that her Josiah would never have to know that *his* Christian wife was showing-off in his absence, and attracting the attention of the whole of the company." Perhaps the Lady Blanche had never so little regretted that her Josiah felt it more consistent to decline being present at the great entertainments given by the Earl and Countess, as on this occasion. The Reverend Josiah erred on the side of charity, Blanche thought; was too apt to make allowances, even excuses, for Lady Burnham, and displayed an entirely uncalled-for solicitude for her conversion. That evening, Adeline captivated everybody all over again. She was richly and tastefully dressed, in a fashion hopelessly inimitable by any milliner of English growth; and she seemed unconscious alike of her beauty, her dress, and her triumph.

"It's the only time, I can say with a clear conscience, I ever wished Lord Burnham to remain away," said Lady Burnham to Zelie, when, the dinner being over, and the party assembled, for the recreations proper to the evening, in the saloon, she contrived to escape to her own rooms for a short colloquy with her maid. "It would have been difficult to manage about him, and he might have spoiled it all unintentionally. All is quite safe, I hope; Parker has no notion of joining the servants, and there's no fear of her ladyship sitting up?"

"Not the least fear, my lady. Mrs. Parker despises all the servants except Samuel; and if she could have kept him from watching for the ghost with them, she would have told of the servants to her ladyship; but she couldn't persuade him."

Here Zelie smiled a queer smile, which, being interpreted, meant that the "serious" footman had yielded to persuasions administered in the shape of taunts from quite another quarter; and that Parker couldn't tell of the others without getting him into trouble. "There's no fear of her ladyship; she'll go to bed as usual."

"And the gentlemen are quite determined? There is no danger of *their giving it up?*"

"Not the least, my lady. It's all settled with Mr. Mills."

"I must go back, lest I might be missed. Everything is ready?"

"Everything."

Zelie threw open the door of Lady Burnham's dressing-room, which was brilliantly lighted.

She looked in, laughed, gave a satisfied nod of her sunny brown head, and ran lightly down-stairs.

The evening wore gaily away. The mimic sovereignty awarded when the Twelfth-night cake was cut and apportioned was fully enjoyed; the carpet-dance was lively, if not very long; for Twelfth-day fell on Saturday, and the rules were strict at Burnham Castle. At half-past eleven "good-nights" were exchanged; the ladies retired, and the majority of the gentlemen sought the smoking-room.

"How wonderfully beautiful Lady Burnham looked to-night!" said Sir Cecil to Tommy Toxteth, as he followed Captain Crawford and Mr. Netterville to Elysium.

"Didn't she, by Jove!" assented Tommy. "I never saw a more lovely face; and, it's very odd, I have been puzzling myself all night to find it out, and I can't hit it off;—I have seen someone she is so marvellously like."

"Have you?" said Sir Cecil, with calm and dry incredulity. "I never saw anyone like her, and don't expect."

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The numerous clocks in the house and offices had struck twelve, and an apparent but deceitful quiet reigned in the castle, when Captain Crawford, Mr. Netterville, Sir Cecil Morse, and Tommy Toxteth, attended by Mr. Mills, and followed on tiptoe by a few of the other male guests at Burnham, took their way to the central hall. A number of servants, silent and motionless, were assembled there. The order of proceeding had been so carefully settled beforehand that there was nothing to be talked about, and the strictest silence prevailed—silence which permitted the hurried breathing of the women to be audible. The three doors which communicated with the picture-gallery had been left ajar, and the gallery was dimly lighted by a few gas-jets, turned down to not much above the point of extinction.

Captain Crawford and Tommy Toxteth passed into the library by a door opening into the middle of the hall, and took up a position behind that which communicated with the picture-gallery. Sir Cecil Morse and Mr. Netterville passed into the great dining-room by a similar door on the other side of the hall, and took up a position behind that which communicated with the picture-gallery. The other gentlemen, with all the servants standing close behind them, placed themselves at the central door, which led from the hall into the picture-gallery, and was opened to its full extent, its two *battants* laid back against the wall.

These operations had been performed without the aid of any other

light than that which the dimly-burning gas in the gallery afford and the scene was an impressive one.

"The mamzell isn't here," said one of the servants in the low possible tone to the "serious" footman.

"Hush!" whispered Samuel, "she will be here directly. She c get away until her ladyship is undressed."

He had hardly spoken, when a light figure crossed the dim hall w a noiseless step, and a touch on the sleeve of the "serious" footm coat made him aware of Zelie's presence.

"Is your pistol ready?" whispered Crawford to Tommy Toxteth, he took him gently by the sh and placed him in the nar opening of the door on the le that way, and cover that ea

"Which way is she said to co asked the lieutenant in a l heroic tone than he could have wi

"No one knows, as we already you; so there's an equal cha for both."

An almost identically-simil ne had taken place in the gr dining-room, where Sir Cecil Mor d Mr. Netterville were post Mr. Netterville faced the door on the right, at the end of the galler the staircase immediately outside which communicated with the rig wing of the building, containing the Countess's apartments.

"It is settled that we give the ghost till *one*, isn't it?" said Mr Netterville. "Quite long enough, I think; the servants might be per suaded they had seen a dozen by that time."

"Hush!" said Sir Cecil; "don't whisper. If any of the ladies ar up, they might think it was thieves."

Dead silence. Waiting. Something like genuine awe among the servants. Something not altogether like incredulity among the gentlemen. Perfect stillness among all. The women's cold hands grasp the men's, and they stand very close together, and have strange lumps in their throats, and shivers through their limbs; and there is not one of them but knows if she tried to speak she could not do it. A quarter-past twelve. Dead silence. Waiting. Then the sudden, horrible howling of a dog, which makes the women start and catch their breath, and some of them feel, that if they were not afraid of the gentlemen, who are watching intently, and whom, such is the power of their caste, they dare not, even for terror's potent sake, disturb, they would run away, if indeed their limbs would carry them; but, if they should not, then it would be a relief to drop down where they stand.

Dead silence. Waiting.

But there was a slight noise which, if every ear were not painfully strained in one direction, might have been heard. From Lady Burnham's boudoir a glass-door opened on a light iron stair leading to the r-garden, which in the summer had formed her chief pleasure a ham. The slight noise above mentioned was caused by the un

locking of this heavily-curtained door, and the entrance into the warmed and lighted room of no unauthorised intruder, but of Lord Burnham. He had caught the last train at the last minute, and had walked over from the station, guided by the cold wintry moonlight, and taking a well-known short cut which brought him to the flower-garden. He looked across it, saw the lights in his wife's rooms, and decided on letting himself in by the side-door, and enjoying her delight and surprise. She was still up, he knew, for he saw a shadow passing back and forwards once or twice as he crossed the garden. He opened the door, pushed the curtain aside, and looked eagerly into the room. Adeline was not there. He locked the glass-door, and went into the dressing-room, which was in great confusion but empty; then into her bedroom, with the same result.

"She hasn't come up," he thought; "they are in the saloon. I wish she had been here; I don't want to go down-stairs;" and he went irresolutely into the corridor. No lights, no servants about. He took a wax-light from Adeline's dressing-table, and went quickly towards the saloon, which was empty. "They must be at supper in the dining-room," he thought. Then he crossed the saloon with a hasty step, and went out of the door which opened on a corridor communicating with the staircase of the right wing. The wax light in his hand burned dimly, and flickered as the draught from the closing door caught it, but the light sufficed to show Lord Burnham that he was not alone. From the far end of the corridor into the centre of which he had emerged, something came towards him, something which chilled his blood and made his heart stand still—something in human shape which yet was not human, which was the form of a beautiful woman and yet was no woman. An awful phantom, with a shadowy face, as of a woman with brown bright eyes and rich brown hair, heaped up from the broad brow, and falling on bare polished shoulders, majestic yet terrible, for the luminous form had the semblance of substance, and yet had it not, and sight of it had the dread and agony of death without peace, or sanctity, or anything but fear. The phantom came towards him, walking, but not as living beings walk; the movement was not a movement of the limbs, but was an onward sweep as of the wind. The awful presence was clothed in phantom garments, of rich, trailing brown satin; the train was held aside by one hand, and a foot shone beneath the skirt, a motionless foot which yet was borne along, and on which diamonds gleamed. In the other hand were two rich red roses; and when the awful thing had passed by the cowering human wretch who shrunk against the wall, it turned, and with the hand which held the two red roses uplifted again as by a sweeping wind, waved to him to follow it. The light had dropped from his hand and was quenched, but he needed no light to do that terrific bidding. From the awful presence came something that was not light, but yet which banished darkness, which forbade the blessed-

ness of seeing it no more. On went the phantom, down the wide fl stairs, the satin train sweeping noiselessly over the crimson carpet, o on, to the right-hand door of the picture-gallery, on which the eyes Sir Cecil Morse and Mr. Netterville were intently fixed.

Dead silence. Waiting. Half-past twelve.

There is the slightest possible movement of the left-hand door the picture-gallery, there is the lowest whisper breathed into Crawf ear—

"My God! There it is!"

And the Brown Lady glides through the doorway—her head up, brown hair falling on her neck, her satin train held back with th queenly gesture of the hand, the two rich red roses nestling against lustrous folds of her dress, the raised skirt showing the beautiful with the glittering diamond buckle. In another second Captain Cr ford has wrenched the pistol from Tommy Toxteth's hand, and wi loud cry of "Lady Burnham, stop! for God's sake, stop!" has caug the Brown Lady in his arms; but within the same instant a shot ra sharply through the gallery, and a heavy fall is heard outside th opposite door.

* * * * * * *

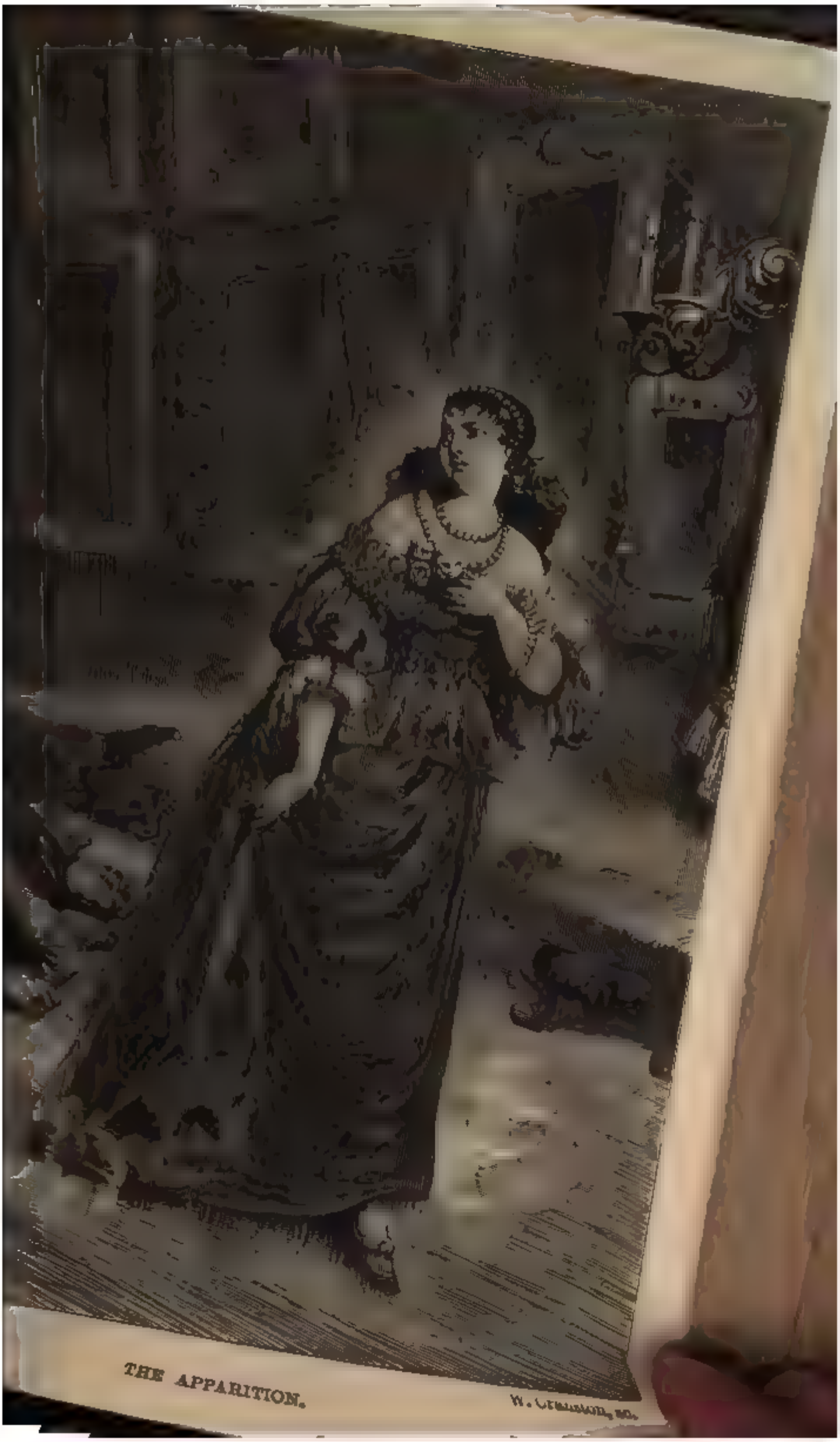
They laid the young man's lifeless body on the floor, where wretched wife had flung herself, and, at her earnest prayer, permitt her to search for the wound, which Mr. Netterville frantically accus himself of having inflicted. But there was no wound, and the bu which had been fired at the ghost was found on the carpet, six fe within the door whose threshold the dead man had not crossed. H was quite dead. She knew it; she needed no one to tell her, or to te her why. For as she—daring, impious fool, as she should for ever kn know herself to be—came in through the door to play her ghastly part she had seen the phantom; seen the horrible presence which she h dared to mock—trifling with fearful mysteries into which none ca look without deadly sin—and knew in another instant that it had sla her husband.

Everyone had seen the ghost. The Brown Lady was a ten-thousand-fold terrible truth to the house of Raby now.

Amid all the wild confusion, the utter bewilderment of horror an despair, the helpless movement, the clamour just hushing itself in voluntarily within the immediate neighbourhood of the dead, the frantic misery of the parents, the grief of the friends, the sheer fright of the servants—Adeline was quiet, and alone. She sat still upon the floor her burden on her knees, her arms clasped round it, and her head bent over the still, white face. The medical aid, which they knew too well could not avail, was sent for, and to all entreaties she was deaf.

"When the doctor comes, he shall touch him; no one till then; leave me alone till then."

They shrank from her appalled, as she gathered up the shining



THE APPARITION.

ı, and flung it like a sheet over her head. It fell around her d lay over the dead man; and as she sat there, though her ıained to her, Adeline Burnham's heart died.

* * * * * * *

Marlesdale still lives, and Burnham Castle has not yet passed ›ossession of that obnoxious person to whom the late Countess : is commemorated, with her son's, on a splendid memorial- ı Burnham church, as well as on the magnificent family tomb) a dislike. The Earl is still fond of a quiet life, and enjoys it, l, with his daughter Madeleine. He is not very sad, consider- then, as he says, he is an old man; and it is wonderful what e can bear. When his widowed daughter-in-law comes to see ikes to see her, of course; but her sternness, her gravity, her ›riousness oppress him in spite of himself, and he is rather ıhe should not remain very long, which she knows, and ac- makes her stay short. She never visits Burnham,—indeed, : has been let to a rich banker for the last five years,—and Blanche Croaker regards that circumstance as a special grace upon the parish.

very mention of her name, Josiah, ought to make a Christian mother shudder," she says, with needless iteration; and in ›le capacity the Lady Blanche shudders, strongly and often.

: picture-gallery at Burnham Castle there is an empty space : portrait of the French countess hung; but a deeper and more nterest is attached to the Brown Lady, and the neighbourhood ger faith than ever in the Burnham ghost.

THE HUMAN FINGER AND THUMB

SCIENCE is the key to Nature's handiwork, the "open sesame" her mysteries, explaining the laws which have presided over all thi created, and suggesting the means of ameliorating the earth's physi condition for the benefit of man, to promote his comfort and wel being, whilst increasing his material wealth, and securing his moral a social development. All these results go hand-in-hand with the dev lopments of Science, which is the handmaid of Providence, but es cially in its physical and mechanical departments.

Contemplated from this point of view, our earth ceases to be mere geographical congeries of countries and climates. She becom a living being, endowed with all the functional activity of organis and vitality. That she is the common mother is in accordance wi the belief of all primitive nations, confirmed by the inspired writer and imagination is not severely taxed to discover in her parts an elements the representative analogies of life and maternity. The viewed, her external crust is but a skin, on which all animals li and have their being. Internally she conceals the forces which de velop her functional activity. Her solid parts are bones; her loo material, flesh; her streams are blood; and, finally, she walks th empyrean as a thing of life, her two motions being, probably, th source of all functional activity in plants and animals. To the eart we are indebted for all of which we are made, short of the livin soul. We are adapted to her; and the immutable laws of her physic ordination perpetually form, fashion, or influence every living thin she supports on her surface, in her atmosphere, or in the depths of he waters. The animal man, destined to hold dominion over her, w alone endowed with faculties designed to reveal his relation to h and her other beings, and the principles to which he must conform i order to secure his modicum of life and well-being.

But how was man to secure this modicum of life and well-being The reply is that of the English workman, who, being asked for definition of machines, exclaimed, "Machines are all things, besid nails and teeth, that serve man for work!"

The other animals have been created complete in their way, an in assigning to them a personal and stationary existence, Providen gave to each of them on the first day of its existence immutab organs and instruments appropriated to the kind of life to which was adapted. The bird is an aerial ship, the fish is a submarine vess

is a miner armed with powerful mattocks, and the spider
omparable spinner. Some animals are furnished with a saw,
re pincers, others a wimble or bradawl. The beaver has a
a spade, a trowel, a rammer, and engineering skill of the
recision; the bee has the square and compasses. If it can-
id that these workers never improve in the use of their tools
he first nest of a bird or a rabbit is generally more imperfectly
han the second—still, that is all; they never change their
l they transmit them to their progeny just as they received
t is otherwise with man.
has nothing but his teeth and nails; he is incomplete; and he
o effect his completion by furnishing himself with the organs
needs. He has to protect his vulnerable body, and to arm
less hands. Man has nothing; but he has the means, and
ver, under the obligation, of acquiring everything; and thus
weakness is the foundation of his strength and the title of his
. Thanks to that small matter of his structure—that *oppos-*
ab, which permits him to seize and let-go as he pleases what-
nay handle—he can add by turns to the effort of his hand
ht of a stone, the reach of a branch, the cutting faculty of
the elasticity of air. The human race entered on its reign
e earth, and all that therein is," when the first man felt the
f a flower of Paradise, and discovered that he could pluck
his finger and thumb. Without that anatomical improve-
the foot into a hand, and of the great-toe into a thumb, per-
pposable" by each finger, the world would not be what it is.
ight have accomplished much, as beavers do with their tails,
with their beaks; but, unfortunately, we are neither beavers
; and deplorable would have been the state of such a com-
even should some of its members have been able to imitate
nious gentleman at Antwerp who paints with his feet: for
ntestable that every human work, the greatest and most im-
s well as the finest and most artistic, goes back to the single
l thumb. Be it one where enormous masses of masonry have
rried and built together, or one where natural forces have
terously taken up, and turned to perpetual and multiplied
all comes from the faculty of *pinching*. The pyramids of
d a saw-mill on the St. Lawrence both express the same
ial construction of that wonderful and beautiful piece of
m—a human hand. Hence the best definition ever given
-namely, "an animal with a *cephalic* hand," a *brain-handed*

, finger, and thumb, therefore, are the guarantee of man's
y throughout creation. Thanks to his observing intelligence,
tive memory, his judgment which compares and combines,
ially *to the faculty of* translating and transmitting thought

by speech, which stamps him with his salient characteristic among all animals, and opens before him social relations of unlimited extent he is enabled—first in the course of each existence, and then by the chain of succeeding existences throughout all time—to imitate, combine, magnify, or transform these organs, none of which have been given to him alone, but none of which also have ever been refused him. Thus he applies and combines, for his own use alone, all the pieces of the immense arsenal scattered among the other animals. He arms his fingers, for digging and tearing purposes, with steel claws a thousand times more terrible than are those of the tiger. For piercing he gives them borers which traverse in an instant the hardest wood and metal, and wimbles that penetrate the soil to its utmost depth; while for measuring dimensions, temperatures, or weights he supplies them with instruments so delicate, that nothing can escape them. He supplements his vision with the power and range of that of the eagle, or the wonderful delicacy imparted to the organs of a microscopic animalcule. He fashions an instrument which, literally by ocular demonstration, shows him the metals of the sun, atmosphere and those of the more distant stars and nebulæ. In the ocean he plunges irresistible fins, or presents huge wings to the air, and superadds, whenever he pleases, to the small weight of his body a mass ten times heavier than the enormous body of the elephant—namely, that of the gigantic steam-hammer, which may be said to have become an intelligent thing, and instinct with the human will that animates it, as it kneads incandescent masses of metal of twenty tons' weight with furious energy, or cracks a nut with such precision and grace as not to touch the kernel! All these instruments and processes, from the simplest to the most complicated—from the fish-bone or the thorn-needle to the steam sewing-machine, from the first sling to the terrible rifled breechloader, from the skin or bark which serves the savage as a boat to the screw-steamer which carries in its flanks the force of many thousand horses—all these, without exception and without difference, are machines, that is, means of defence and action furnished by observation and science to the weakness and fragility of the human body, methods to obtain more from the same effort by directing it better—in a word, ways of extending life and diminishing its passive, and increasing its active, condition. In all we have the manifestation of the brain-hand, the finger and thumb to which man is indebted for his productive power, by means of the machines which they have devised, and consequently for all his resources and enjoyments.

Homer gives us a picture of twelve women, twelve slaves, in the palace of Ulysses, or rather the rustic homestead in which his faithful Penelope was waiting for her lord and master. These women were hard at work grinding between two stones the corn required for the day's consumption. The same primitive process is still resorted

among certain peoples in Abyssinia, Nubia, in Algeria, and sometimes even in the tents of the chiefs, as described by Homer in the case of Ulysses. They have no machines; the sweat of woman supplies their place. For how many mouths could each of these poor women supply flour, which they themselves could scarcely taste? Perhaps for twenty-five, certainly not more.

Now, if we enter one of those immense mills, furnished with all the improvements of modern science, in which the grain is carried up, ground, bolted, or sifted, and put into sacks by machinery, and ask the one man there who superintends and directs the various operations, what quantity of this flour, of the best quality, he can deliver for consumption, besides retaining a good share for himself, he will tell you that he supplies rations for four or five thousand of his fellow-creatures. An army of fifty thousand men can be thus better fed with less trouble, than the small household of Ulysses. The difference of production in this case, without insisting on the difference of quality and the enormous difference of human effort, is in the proportion of at least one to one hundred and fifty.

Take, again, the production of iron. The difference between the production of the old furnace and the modern furnace, which blazes night and day incessantly, is in the proportion of one to twenty-five or thirty—three cwt. at least instead of twelve pounds or less. Many an establishment of the kind produces more iron daily than the entire Roman Empire of old; and steel, which was not long ago so dear—steel, which has been truly called the living part of tools and the mordant of the human hand—will soon be (thanks to the Bessemer process and the splendid innovations of Krupp) as easily obtainable as was the worst cast-iron in the last century.

It has been aptly observed that civil-engineering is "the opposable finger and thumb" in its modern development. There were bold and skilful engineers, architects, and constructors before Mr. John Fowler and the Institute of Civil Engineers. In truth, the ancients set us some examples which we have hardly equalled yet. For all the mighty help which steam gives to modern times—and here again it must be remembered that a steam-engine has for its sole progenitors the finger and thumb—we cannot quite understand how the old world achieved the wonders which are its monuments. A pyramid as big as that of Cheops could be raised now, and monoliths as tremendous as those of the Pharaohs could be quarried and carved and polished; but it would puzzle us still to perform the feat with the lever and the wheel alone—the muscle and sinew and the backs of men. They also must have been no mean 'builders and contractors' who drew the specifications for the Tower of Babel. As for canals, Necho anticipated M. de Lesseps at the Isthmus of Suez; and not only did Xerxes cut a sea-way through Mount Athos, but Dinocrates, the sculptor, offered Alexander to carve the *mountain into a statue* of that monarch, with a town of

ten thousand inhabitants in his left hand, and a lake in his right, receiving all the torrents from the mountain-top. They took in such ideas, too, without losing their breath; for Alexander's only objection to the project was, that it would be hard to supply the town in the hand of the colossus with provisions. And farther back still, among works which were not only talked of but executed, there are the stupendous ruins of Baalbec—ruins, because an earthquake rent them to pieces, for nothing else could have done it. The traveller in Syria stands astounded at the three vast stones in the southern face of the temple, which gave it the Greek name of *Trilithon*. These monstrous masses are each sixty-three feet long by thirteen in breadth and depth, and they cannot weigh less than eight hundred tons apiece; yet they are as neatly in their place as a stock-brick; and in the quarry hard by is a still more enormous mass, just ready for detaching and transporting, about which the Arabs tell you that the djins or genii who moved the others 'went out on strike' before this one was ready. The very earthquake has left undisturbed the 'Three Stones.' Then we have mechanical puzzles among ourselves, bequeathed by 'civil engineers' in blue paint and wolf-skins, living on acorns—the Logan and Rocking Stones, the Cairns, the Druidical Circles, Stonehenge, and similar relics. There was wit and muscle among early Britons before those gray crags were piled on end. Brain and finger and thumb—those old allies—were hard at work before a dumpy level was dreamed of."

But only think of the toil of the human djins, genii, or engines, whose bones, sinews, backs, and necks were employed in those ancient constructions. All primitive transport was effected on the back, and the first beast of burden was man or—woman. The term "carriers" exists in all languages, and in some it is significant of the mode of carrying—thus, in the French *col*-porteur and porte-*faix*, the neck and the shoulders are plainly pointed out as really bending under the *faix*, or load. To the forests for timber, to the quarries for stones, over mountains and across valleys, the human beasts of burden trudged painfully from place to place, in short journeys, and with difficulty carried half a hundredweight, or contributed thus much in effort when countless multitudes of such workers were ganged for the colossal constructions of old. True, the horse and the ass were soon thought of to aid in human labour, and so ten men became discharged, for these living machines carry at least three hundredweight. But what is this when compared to what the same animal is enabled to carry by a contrivance of man's finger and thumb! On a fixed tramway the horse will drag ten times that weight; ten times more than this again by means of the more even and less resisting lines of an iron railway; and 848 tons on the mobile surface of a canal.

But the human finger and thumb did not stop there. They have given us at length a far more powerful machine—that flaming courser, *which weighs* some 420 tons, and which ten or twelve times that

weight cannot stop in its fiery gallop. From one extremity of a country—or even a continent—to the other, with a rapidity ten times greater than that of the horse, if needed, prodigious loads, filling hundreds of yards' space and solid carriages, are daily dragged before our eyes; a single man, in these daily convoys of industry, sometimes more numerous than an army-corps in a campaign, performs the work of six or seven thousand ancient carriers or porters. And the driver of the train, whose finger and thumb give impulse to this gigantic machine—who, more surely than the old Æolus, gives rein or curbs his foaming steed; the chief of a caravan such as the plains of Asia and the sands of Africa never dreamed of—seems one of those heroes of eastern tales to whom an irresistible talisman subjected the genii and the elements of heaven.

To give a more accurate idea of this stupendous power, we may state that many a ship carries in her flanks a force equivalent to that of 40,000 or 50,000 horses of flesh and bone—equal to the cavalry of the most powerful armies mentioned in history. We should also add that a machine of the nominal power of 1400 horses may, according to Chevalier, exert, if needed, five times that power, or that of 7000 horses. The steam-horse has double the power of the animal, and it can work twenty-four hours instead of only eight. Here, then, is a machine which of itself represents at least 42,000 *horses in the stable.*

The great Pyramid of Egypt is composed of granite. It is 700 feet in the side of its base, and 500 in perpendicular height, and it stands on eleven acres of ground. Its weight is therefore 12,700 millions of pounds, at a medium height of 125 feet: now it might be raised by a steam-engine with the combustion of only 700 tons of coal, a quantity consumed in some foundries in a week.

A train of coaches weighing 80 tons, and conveying 240 passengers, is drawn from Liverpool to Birmingham and back by the combustion of 4 tons of coke, the cost of which is only 5*l.* An establishment of 20 stage-coaches and 3800 horses would be required to carry the same number of passengers daily on a common road.

When we compare the mere force of man with that obtained by the device of his finger and thumb, by the ascent of Mont Blanc from the valley of Chamouni, we find that it is the most toilsome feat that a strong man can perform in two days, although it is certain that a man's daily labour or expense of force is equal to the power obtained by steam from four pounds of coal; yet the combustion of only two pounds of coal would suffice to waft him to the summit of the mountain.

The Menai Bridge, one of the most stupendous works of art raised in modern times, consists of a mass of iron not less than 4,000,000 pounds in weight, suspended at a medium height of about 120 feet above the sea. The combustion of only seven bushels of coal in a steam-engine would suffice to raise it to the place where it hangs.

Finally, if the circumference of the earth, which measures 25,000

miles, were begirt with an iron railway, a train carrying 24
sengers would be drawn round it by the combustion of about 3
of coke, and the circuit would be accomplished in five weeks.

No nation has had more reason to bless this contrivance
finger and thumb than Great Britain. It was fashioned just
time when she most needed it. At the commencement of the
century, England was left exhausted by a long but finally glorio
The steam-engine came to her rescue. Had it not been for the
engine and the powers which it conferred, England would hav
unable to cope so successfully with the otherwise overwhelmi
advantages of her position.

If we turn from these prodigies of power, the applications
chinery actuated by steam in the arts of life are equally astound

A few years ago, eighteen different hands, not one of whom
to himself, could make twenty pins a-day, were employed in
a pin. At present an engine makes sixty-four every minute.

A needle-making machine has been invented at Sheffield,
which would occupy only four rooms, each about 25 yards by 1
by the power of a six-horse steam-engine, fourteen millions of
can be produced per week.

The manufacture of percussion-caps for rifles is one of the mo
ous achievements of the human finger and thumb. The caps ar
by an intelligent machine—for why should not that term be
where design is evident, and the mind of man has fashioned a
worker out of inanimate matter? The machine, worked by stean
the cap from a sheet of copper, primes it with the explosive ful
and turns it out completely finished—all except the varnishing;
however, is done very rapidly by another machine. A punch fi
from a sheet of copper a piece in the form of a cross, which,
down an inclined plane, lands over a die, when a punch come
upon it and presses it into the cap—the die and punch being
lated that the slits in the cap do not extend to the bottom
protects more completely the percussion-powder or fulminat
moisture. A horizontal revolving-plate now brings a hook un
rim of the cap, and carries it round under the hopper contain
percussion-powder, which drops a charge of the *dry* powder into

Steel pens! Need we say one word about this wondrous aid to thought and business at the present epoch of man's advancement? All the geese in the world could never have sufficed to supply pens to the development of modern writing: but the finger and thumb of the steel-pen machine are fairly inexhaustible in production; and if some of its products are abominably bad, as some are undoubtedly good,—those, to wit, made by the renowned Joseph Gillott, the founder, we believe, of steel-pen manufacture,—yet the produce of the steel-pen machine bids defiance to all the thought, all the business, all the fingers and thumbs of the universe to make the demand greater than its powers of supply.

Steam-printing! How would it have been possible to do without it at the present day? It may truly be said that the abundance of the supply has commensurately increased the abundance of readers. In 1792 the annual number of British newspapers was 15,000,000. Already, in 1840, it approximated 100,000,000. At the present time it far exceeds that number—the annual number of one of our London daily newspapers alone being about 38,000,000. Without the printing-machine it would be impossible to meet the demands of the reading and inquiring public. This mighty worker only requires the aid of two men and a boy, producing from 2000 to 3000 copies per hour, or twenty times the number by ordinary presswork, thus reducing the cost and charge one-half. The celebrated French publisher Hachette hoped to see the time when books could be produced so cheaply that they might be thrown away as soon as read. One does not exactly see the desirableness of such a consummation; but if it ever come to pass, it will be due to the finger and thumb of machinery.

The Electric Telegraph? Job asked, "Canst thou send lightnings that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are?" (xxxviii. 35.) Science answers, *Yes.* As Dr. Lardner observes, the working of the electric telegraph is the fabrication of artificial lightning, supplied to order at a fixed price, in any quantity required, and of any prescribed force, along conductors which may be carried, and doubtless will ultimately be carried, round the universe, as they have been across the Atlantic. To put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes seemed a mighty feat, even for a fairy; but electricity might send a despatch many times round the earth between the two beats of a common clock —or *one second*—and could write it in full at the place of its destination more rapidly than it can be repeated by word of mouth. All that it requires is its own power—which is unlimited—and a continuous conductor, the difficulties of which are not insurmountable.

The electric telegraph is inseparable from the railway. It is its guardian angel, superintending it throughout the entire length of its wandering, preventing accidents, warning of danger, directing the supply of wants—in a word, performing the function of its ever-watchful providence. It is the "brave spirit," the Ariel of social life, everlastingly ready, *and exclaiming in all our* wants—

"I come
To answer thy best pleasure—be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds—to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality."

Such are a few of the prominent achievements and benefits conferred upon man by his finger and thumb. But vaster things than these must be accomplished before we care to call upon engineering science to make of the earth, as man's home, that which it is capable of becoming. There is the air itself, which was, perhaps, not made for the birds only, any more than the sea for the fishes. No doubt the "pilots of the purple twilight" have yet to appear, and pass examinations at an aerial Trinity-House board; but if ever cotton and corn go "*viâ* the clouds," good-bye to the last vestige of protection! To be content, however, for the present with *terra firma*, there is, as the President of the Institution of Civil Engineers some time ago very justly observed, an extraordinary age of construction evidently approaching. We shall not be content with a ditch across the Isthmus of Suez, and double rails all the way from London to Edinburgh. Works will be undertaken to which the Pyramids and the Appian Road were child's-play. There will not be a coast without a harbour of refuge, nor will festering slums be poured into wholesome and useful rivers. Science, which will be asked for much, is sure to give us more. The finger and thumb of man have great "works and days" before them, and their achievements in the past and the present are the guarantees of future accomplishments a thousand times more astonishing and important.

ANDREW STEINMETZ.

ONDON THEATRES AND LONDON ACTORS

BY WALTER THORNBURY

No. IV. Drury-lane Theatre (*continued*).

EAN—MACREADY—MISS FAUCIT—MRS. GLOVER—"JACK BANNISTER" —"JOE MUNDEN"—STEPHEN KEMBLE—"LITTLE KNIGHT."

Lane nothing had for a long time succeeded till, on the 20th y 1814, a little shabby man with fine eyes—a new recruit er—appeared as Shylock. He was a poor slighted actor, one Kean, who, only a few weeks before, had entered Dorchester and hungry, carrying on his back his eldest child, who was whooping-cough. He had been playing melodramatic parts, quins and savages, through Devonshire and Dorsetshire, and ster had been lucky enough to catch the eye of Mr. Arnold, -Lane manager, who had engaged "the great little man with talian face," for a term of three years, at a salary rising to ls a-week. "My God," he said, burning with ambition and r he already drank hard, "if I should succeed now, I think it me mad."

nights after, his child died; he drenched himself with brandy, wing himself on the corpse, covered it with kisses, and swore wake it from the dead. This child (Howard) had acted with ignmouth in *Pizarro* and *Chiron and Achilles*.

e time of his Drury-Lane engagement, Kean was all but n his lodgings at No. 21 Cecil-street, Strand. He had come n with borrowed money, and he had not paid his rent for months; but the good old maid, his landlady, was merciful entric debtor, and, contrary to Mrs. Siddons, who had said, s too little of him to do anything," prophesied his success ieving wife: "There is something about Mr. Kean, ma'am," which tells me he will be a great man."

d the Third was to have been the opening play, but Kean was his stunted stature being unfavourably contrasted with the re of John Kemble; and he had therefore said, "*Richard*, or

The actors, as the rehearsal, disliked his instructions; and the stage-manager, predicted his failure. In a word, actors managers are liable in such predictions, and do not believe unknown genius. Fuseli said to an artist since he might [illegible] Dryden said proper wrong as site: Kemble [illegible] for every character—[illegible]

Gold now showered upon Kean as
is described by an eye-witness as havin
his mantelpiece, table, and sofa: while
with rich curling hair, was playing wi
floor. Kean's first [illegible] and produ
here, who [illegible] Mrs. Kean as if
Charles, who had [illegible] a
young Prince [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] Martin's m[illegible] from [illegible] the wife at home [illegible]

[illegible] appearance at C[illegible] Booth pro[illegible] "It's no [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible] make the audien[illegible] dis[illegible] Ge[illegible] across [illegible] more na[illegible] "gall-b[illegible] of numerous body of [illegible] or otherwise. In [illegible] played [illegible]

[illegible] the real man[illegible]

In 1820 Kean went to America, and convulsed the cold audiences there. To prevent riots, the tickets were put up for auction. He however flew into a rage with the Boston people, broke his engagement, narrowly escaped being lynched, and fled in disguise (disguised in liquor, we may be sure). He returned to England with one incalculable treasure, which he considered a fortune for his son Charles, and valued at 10,000*l.* It looked like a little black tobacco-stopper, but it was really a toe-bone of George Frederic Cooke, that drunken miserable genius over whose self-slain body Kean had erected a tomb in New York. Elliston and his Drury-Lane band met him in procession at Barnet. Kean would not shake hands with one of his old friends till they had gone down upon their knees and "kissed the toe-bone of the greatest creature that ever trod the earth." One night Kean's long-suffering wife, weary of watching, threw the sacred relic in disgust over the garden-wall into a neighbouring well, where it still lies. Presently Kean arrived very drunk, and, as usual, repaired to the relic for sympathy. He was in despair, and finally said, sobbing as he spoke, "Mary, your son has lost his fortune. He was worth 10,000*l.* yesterday; now he is a beggar. The directors of the British Museum would have given 10,000*l.* for that relic; but now Charles is a beggar—a beggar." He had now become half a madman; he drank and fought with the lowest lees of London; he wrote cheques, and gave them away at night to any abandoned companion; he drove about with four horses; he bought twenty acres of barren land in the island of Bute, from whence he wrote tipsy letters (on one occasion with the point of a pair of snuffers) to his faithful secretary, Phillips. At last his disgrace culminated in a shameful seduction of a friend's wife, and the Drury-Lane audiences refused to hear him. He defied them, however, as once at the Coburg, during an uproar, he had told the gentlemen of the New Cut that they were "unmitigated brutes."

In 1825 the genius, sunk to the sties, and almost lost, went to America to hide his dishonoured head (a verdict of 800*l.* had just been returned against him); and there he drank himself into perpetual delirium. When in New York, he one day visited the Vauxhall Gardens, and, to the horror and surprise of the doorkeeper, threw a double somersault as he passed the entrance. He then went to the Bloomingdale lunatic asylum, and ascending the roof to see the view—forty miles of sea, river, mountain, and valley—swore he would leap from the west gable, and was only prevented by his friends. But his greatest glory was being enrolled chief warrior in a tribe of greasy, drunken gipsy Indians, whom he had made more drunk than himself. On his return to New York, he often used to dress in bear- and buffalo-skins, [illegible] his face with yellow and red, crown his head with eagle-plumes [illegible]-manes, put on porcupine-quill leggings and bead-moccasins, [illegible] a tomahawk, shouting his own name, Alantenaida, till [illegible] or became insensible. His great dilemma at this time

was whether to go and end his days with the Hurons, or to return to London, and represent at Drury the child of the forest in his true colours.

The unhappy man returned to London in 1827 a shattered invalid, kept alive only by brandy. He broke down in a tragedy of Mr. Colley Grattan's; he broke down in *Henry V.;* he ran away from *Richard II.;* he made nothing, as a whole, of *Virginius.* He grew bloated (openly branded by the vice of drink); he drank passionately and like a madman even between the acts, in order to hold together at all. As Dr. Doran says with true pathos, "Applause gave him a little breathing-space, and alone saved him from falling dead upon the stage." His memory soon went; at home he had long since grown suspicious, mean, sullen, and vindictive. Before he was separated from his wife he had sworn to cut the throat of his son if he turned actor—the name of Kean he swore should be buried in his coffin. One night, in a fury at the poor boy's cleverness, he ordered a hackney-coach, got into it with some books, a bottle of brandy, two loaded pistols, and some lighted candles, alighted at Waterloo Bridge, and left the coach there till daybreak. He never quite forgave Charles for insisting on his mother's having an annuity, and for refusing a cadetship. Death grew impatient with the lingerer. In March 1833 Kean, now reconciled to his son, played Othello to his Iago at Covent-garden. The poor wretch was half dead, and brandy was now his very life's blood. He staggered through the part, repeated the farewell—the prophetic "Othello's occupation's gone"—with his old pathos, and fell on his son's shoulder, meaning, "I'm dying: speak to them for me!" The kind audience refused to hear an apology: the dark curtain fell. The dying man was taken to the Wrekin Tavern, and a week afterwards to his house at Richmond. At home he got better, and drove out; it is even said he acted at the theatre there with his son. He wrote to his injured wife, "My dear Mary, come home: forget and forgive;" and the true woman came. In his last moments Kean imitated Garrick and Barry, to his son, and would often recite Lear's tenderest words, when he recognises the true Cordelia. Death came on the 15th of May: the great actor died repeating some old tag of Octavian, "Farewell, Flo—Floranthe." Kean lies in Richmond churchyard, and the epitaph which Dr. Doran indirectly suggests is the moral of his wasted life:

> "O, what our wills will do,
> With overrash and headlong peevishness,
> To bring our calm discretion to repentance!"

The same author who has written so touchingly of this incomparable genius warns us not to forget the disgraced and wretched youth which led to this deplorable manhood. Betterton, Booth, Quin, Macklin, Cibber, and Kemble had all been bred up more or less as gentlemen; but Kean was reared like a wolf-cub or a tramp's brat—cursed, beaten, and starved.

One word about Kean's parentage. The Duke of Norfolk was by many thought to be his father, who was, however, really little Edmund Kean, a stage-carpenter, or his brother, Moses Kean, the tailor. His brains came (as brains so often do) from the mother, Miss Carey, a strolling-player and seller of hair-powder and pomatum. She was of good *intellectual* descent (a sort of pedigree too much disregarded by the heralds), for she was daughter of Carey the song-writer and lecturer on heads, and the granddaughter of Henry Carey, the opera- and interlude-writer (the supposed author of "God save the King"), who strangled himself in 1743 at his house in Coldbath-fields. The Careys were descended from that great man George Saville, Marquis of Halifax, the author of the *Maxims*, the *Trimmer*, who was too many-sided to be either pure Orange Whig or high tantivy Tory. As a mere child, Kean was taken to the theatre by his rapacious mother or severe aunt to earn a few shillings. Michael Kelly chose him as a Cupid in one of Noverre's ballets at the Opera-house. He was a refractory imp in *Macbeth*, and vexed John Kemble's classic soul by tripping up all his fellow-goblins in the cavern-scene. If he was ill-treated at home he used to run away. Once he went to Madeira as a cabin-boy; at another time he sang nightly at a public-house at Vauxhall for his bed and board. On one occasion his inexorable aunt found him out, dragged him home by a rope round his waist, and then, as a last desperate resource, at once to disgrace and secure him, had a brass collar engraved with the words "Theatre Royal, Drury-lane," and fastened it round his neck. Quarrelling with people who patronised him, but hurt his pride, Kean then tramped about with his mother, spouted behind the dioramas at the Sans Souci theatre in Leicester-place or the Rolls Rooms in Chancery-lane; joined Richardson's strolling company—riding the bare horse, or dancing on the tight-rope; recited before King George at Windsor, played Harlequin at Sheerness for fifteen shillings a-week; and at Rochester, to avoid the ferry, tied his wardrobe in his red handkerchief, and, "all accoutred as he was," sprang into the water and swam the river. In 1806, at the Haymarket, though an indefatigable and painstaking student with even the smallest and meanest parts (reflect upon this, young Thespian geniuses, despising all but Hamlet and spontaneous inspiration!), he played Rosencrantz; in *Speed the Plough*, a fiddler; and in *Gondibert*, a fifer. In 1807 he was again at Sheerness, earning a guinea a-week as Alexander the Great. One night, a reckless officer in a stage-box annoyed him by frequently exclaiming with a sneer, "Alexander the little!" Irritated by this, Kean at last folded his arms, and approaching the critic with glaring eyes, said, "Yes, *little;* but with a *great soul!*" In the farce of the *Young Hussar* that followed, Kean, roused by this, acted so powerfully that one of the actresses fainted. Kean attained his first London triumph at the age of twenty-seven. His London *career, so miserably* shortened by his own madness, was only

one of fourteen years. Macklin lived fifty years longer than this meteor that flashed across the stage and disappeared.

When one door shuts, another is opened. Macready, who had first appeared in London as Orestes in 1816, after a long struggle with Kean, Kemble, Young, and the Wolf Club, and other coteries, rose to the surface in *Virginius*, *Mirandola*, and *Rob Roy*; and stood forth also as a manly and intellectual interpreter of Shakespeare. On removing to Drury Lane, he became the original representative heroes of Sheridan Knowles's romantic plays of *Caius Gracchus* and *William Tell*. He reappeared at Drury Lane in 1826, and from that time became a monarch (and a somewhat despotic one too) of the stage. In 1844 he went to America; where, in the riot encouraged by Forrest's jealousy, twenty-two men were shot by the soldiers, and thirty wounded. The health of this great actor of the colloquial school beginning to fail, he retired from the stage in 1851. His benefit took place at Drury Lane; and the Macready banquet followed soon afterwards. He has since amiably devoted himself in Dorsetshire and at Cheltenham in schemes for the education of the poorer classes.

That graceful and highly-intellectual actress, Miss Helen Faucit, the daughter of a Margate manager, made her first appearance in London as Julia in *The Hunchback*. Her triumph on this occasion was followed by her success as Cleanthe in Serjeant Talfourd's *Ion*. After Mr. Hammond's bankruptcy, Mr. Macready, in 1841, became lessee of Drury Lane, and Miss Helen Faucit leading lady. She played in Mr. Browning's undramatic poem, the *Blot in the Scutcheon*; and as Mabel in Mr. Westland Marston's *Patrician's Daughter*, a very high-toned and admirable play. The critics of that period praised the young actress for following nature, and carrying the spectators with her, whether she was gay or grave, artless or sublime. They said her form was graceful, and that her eyes had a "beaming softness." They liked her best in tender and pathetic scenes; but in Constance considered her artificial, and too evidently a disciple of Macready. In 1864, this accomplished lady reappeared at Drury Lane as Imogen, Lady Macbeth, and Rosalind. It was then thought by Mr. Henry Morley, and other leading critics, that her voice failed when trying to express very violent emotion. She was delightful, however, as the tender, devoted Imogen, though not physically strong enough for Lady Macbeth. If Miss Faucit had not left the stage when she married Mr. Theodore Martin, she would have become, if not the most powerful and majestic of English actresses, certainly the most graceful and refined. As that most beautiful of Shakespeare's women, Imogen, Miss Faucit has never been surpassed in this or perhaps any other century.

That charming actress, the perennial Mrs. Glover, a beauty in 1804, was still flourishing—a comely matron, the best Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, and the most bouncing Dame Heidelberg—nearly fifty years

later, when she had become a female patriarch. Her broad humour and vast stage-experience enabled her to carry off the palm for half a century, as an excellent Estefania, vivacious Beatrice, and admirable Mrs. Oakley. Mrs. Glover was born in Ireland in 1781, and was descended, so greenroom gossips say, from the celebrated Betterton, who inherited Shakespearian traditions almost first-hand. Being the daughter of a clever actor, she stepped from the cradle on to the boards; and was a Cupid and a fairy almost before she could speak. In 1789 she joined the York circuit, and performed under the management of that mass of eccentricities, Tate Wilkinson, the pupil of Foote and Garrick, and the best mimic of both. She was a Prince in the Tower to George Frederic Cooke's grand Richard III.; at thirteen a romping Miss Hoyden; and in 1796, at Bath, an admirable Juliet, Imogen, and Lydia Languish. She was the first Miss Rusport, in Cumberland's comedy of *The West Indian*, and the fretful author was charmed with her. At this time, the pretty blue-eyed blonde was thought to bear a strong resemblance, both in person and manners, to the celebrated Mrs. Abington, who had confidently predicted her success. Slighted for evanescent stars (Miss Campion and Mrs. Henry Johnston), Mrs. Glover, unfortunately married to a worthless scamp who preyed upon her, joined the Drury Lane company, and performed at the opening of the new theatre in 1812. She played on the new boards all through the dazzling but brief career of Edmund Kean; and then enlisted under eccentric, bustling Elliston, the new lessee, who had taken "the Lane" in 1819 at an annual rent of 10,200*l.* Mrs. Glover's first great comic success was as the jealous Mrs. Simpson, in *Simpson and Co.* (not the last translation from the French our imitative stage has known), in which she was supported by Terry and Mrs. Davison.

We must go back now to Jack Bannister, the stage-manager at Drury before Elliston's lesseeship. Handsome, jovial, warm-hearted Jack—the most jovial, brave, and generous of stage-sailors; the favourite of all who knew him—played with Garrick when young, and in later years with Edmund Kean. He succeeded to many of Edwin's parts, and was the fine model for the Uncle Toby in Leslie's picture of the dangerous Widow Wadman. Always a natural, honest actor, with a good voice, he was sensible as Hamlet, and excellent in such parts as Walter, in the *Children of the Wood*. "He was inimitable in depicting genial generosity and heartiness; versatile in delineating," says Dr. Doran, "ludicrous distress, grave or affected indifference, honest bravery, insurmountable cowardice; a spirited young, or an enfeebled yet impatient old, fellow; mischievous boyishness, and good-humoured vulgarity." Never on the very top of the tree, he must have been a most useful and invaluable actor; endearing himself to his audience by his good-humoured smile and buoyant geniality; for generous kindliness of manner always touches the heart of an English audience, however debased. An actor's fame, that grows up like a flower, perishes

like the blossom; yet honest Jack Bannister still lives embalmed in noble words. Hazlitt, a fine critic, says of him: "Gaiety, good-humour, cordial feelings, and natural spirits shone through his characters, and lighted them up like a transparency." "Jack," says Charles Lamb in his own original way, "was beloved for his sweet, good natured, moral pretensions." He gave his spectators "a downright concretion of a Wapping sailor, a jolly, warmhearted Jack-tar." Bannister must have been a most lovable actor; as handsome and hearty as he was unaffected.

Munden too, drollest of grimacers, and broadest of caricaturists, in the Rowlandson manner, has also been spiced for us for ever by the genius of his friend, that great playgoer Charles Lamb. Joseph Munden was the son of a poulterer in Brooks's Market, Leather-lane, Holborn. In early life he was alternately apothecary's shopman, attorney's clerk, law-stationer's copyer, and strolling-player. His *début* was made in the onerous part of First Carrier, in *King Henry IV.* He appeared first at Govent Garden in 1790 (a few nights after Incledon's first appearance), as Sir Francis Gripe (*Busy Body*), and Jemmy Jumps (*The Farmer*). In these parts he at once rivalled Parsons and Edwin, to everyone's astonishment. In the comedies of Holman, Reynolds, and Holcroft, he soon won whole groves of laurels. He was the original Old Rapid, Caustic, Lazarillo, Crack, Sir Abel Handy, Sir Robert Bramble, and Old Dornton. Old Dornton, his *chef-d'œuvre*, was a part that had been refused by Quick. Munden joined the Drury-Lane company in 1813, and remained there till 1824, when he took his farewell as Bramble and Old Dozey. Lamb was present in the orchestra with a pot of porter to recruit the tired actor after his address. Lamb devotes a whole essay to the subject of Munden's acting as Cockletop, Crack, Sir Christopher Curry, Old Dornton, and the Cobbler of Preston. Munden, though he did not talk to the spectators like Liston, was too fond of buffoonery; but then his buffoonery was so original. Lamb says of him: "When you think he has exhausted his battery of looks in unaccountable warfare with your gravity, suddenly he sprouts out an entirely new set of features, like Hydra. He, and he alone, makes faces. In the grand grotesque of farce, Munden stands out as single and unaccompanied as Hogarth. Can any man wonder like him, any man see ghosts like him, or fight with his own shadow?" Wright, with most unctuous and least vulgar and indecent, must have faintly resembled Joe Munden, who had the most mutable and shifting of quicksilver faces; a large, globular, liquid eye, glistening and roving with fear, cunning, or wonder, alternately illumining every corner of his laughing face. Still more extraordinary and plastic were the eternal tortuosities of his nose, and the alarming and sudden descent of his chin contrasted with the equally portentous rise of his thick eyebrows. His face was a kaleidoscope; a whole performance in itself. He could restrain his "mugging" and "clowning," as the pro-

icknames grimacing; and his Autolycus, Polonius, Dornton, rall were original sound pieces of thoughtful comedy. In parts, like Crack and Dozey, Munden was thought irresistible. esented the drollery, not the brutality or imbecility, of tipsy They were never dead drunk. They were only merry souls; taken enough to enliven, not destroy their powers." Mun- a short stout man, with large expressive eyes, a fresh com- and a dull wry mouth, something like that of Mathews; he rder, had a shuffling gait, and was subject to the gout. He rious in habit, and fond of carrying home from Clare-market sh Town, where he resided, cheap fish dangling on his finger; rn table he was liberal. The largest salary he ever received ty guineas a-week.

ponderous, merry, whimsical man, Stephen Kemble (originally t's apprentice), after being a manager at Newcastle, where d Liston were nurtured, became stage-manager of Drury in d ruined the theatre by his nepotism and meanness. This ercing black eyes, and fine Roman face, were not unlike that rother John. He was the only approachable member of the family. John frightened people; Mrs. Siddons was awful— asked for beer at dinner like a Lady Macbeth; and gentle had a scornful affability that was half condescension. Ste- a striking but not a showy actor. He played Hamlet when ed eighteen stone; but his Sir Christopher Curry was a re. His Falstaff, though better than Fawcett's or Dowton's, humour, and was thought inferior to Bartley's. His best rt was his Eustace de St. Pierre (*Surrender of Calais*); though looked wonderfully portly (two hundred-weight and a half) ing burgess. As a public reader of prose he was unrivalled; as justly liked in private as a learned and entertaining com- This *great* actor was so fat, that once, in the celebrated waist- e in *John Bull*, when he threw away the sacred vestment, he t pick it up again without the help of honest John Bur, who ost his point and his cue also. Since the memorable day when the historian went down on his knees to propose to the Swiss d could not rise again when rejected, till the bell was rung footmen summoned, nothing so droll had occurred. It was ke against Stephen Kemble, that when in 1782 Mrs. Siddons d all London at Drury, the rival manager posted off to Edin- earing that there was a Kemble there, and engaged Stephen r as Othello at Covent Garden. In the mean time, wily had slily engaged the immortal John.

le Knight," an excellent comedian, first appeared at Drury 1809 (the night of Wrench's *début*). Knight, we are told, ughed too much; his cunning country boys and Yorkshire- inimitable, but too full of art. He excelled Harley in Spado,

Ralph, Trap, and Lingo. His sharp footmen were preëminent, but he had not ease enough to play the valet; his decrepit old men (Crazy and Gripe) were, however, finished performances. In rapid songs he was more distinct than Harley, and more nimble than Fawcett. He was a short man, with dark hair and eyes, and a quaint, shrill, singular voice, not unpleasing when the ear got accustomed to it. He was acting with Miss Kelley (who is still living) in 1816, when a madman fired a pistol at her.

Two scenes at Drury Lane may fitly be recorded here.

In 1740 a riot took place a[illegible]e non-appearance of a French dancer. The first symptom of [illegible] was the ushering the ladies out of the pit. A marquis then s[illegible]nd proposed in the most chivalrous manner to fire the house. [illegible] gallant spirits his friends were, however, unwilling to go quite as [illegible]s that; but they destroyed the musical instruments, broke th[illegible] and pulled down the royal arms. The offence was finally condo[illegible] the marquis sending 100*l.* to the manager.

The second scene occurred in 1800, when George III., while entering his box at Drury Lane, was fired at by James Hatfield, a dragoon whose brain had been injured by French sabres in Flanders. The king displayed great firmness, and refused to leave the theatre, though the princesses had fainted, and the queen was greatly agitated.

BEETROOT-SUGAR IN FRANCE

Many of us who read the daily papers may have remarked of late a certain animated controversy about the profitable manufacture of sugar from English-grown beet. The profit-and-loss question would not constitute a matter of pleasant reading for *Belgravia*. The Mincing-lane gentleman who has planted certain broad acres with Silesian beet, with the intent of ultimate sugar-extraction therefrom, will, in course of time, tot up his nett profits or losses, as the case may be, thus removing the topic from the domains of controversy. Another aspect of beetroot-sugar manufacture claims our present regards: we will view it as one of the triumphs of science, accomplished under difficulties.

I will ask the reader to draw on his imaginative faculty, picturing to himself the desolation that would overspread the gallant and lively French nation—men and women alike, but especially the women—if wholly deprived of those little bits of sugar which, under so many protean forms, they eat; and not content with eating, drink. Rob Gallia of her sugar and her *bonbons*—atrocious! As well rob Britannia of her plum pudding and beef. The attempt was once, however, made; and, I blush to record, by us English. War is confessedly an ungentle art; but never did Bellona show herself in more ungentle guise than when we strove to deprive our neighbours of their sugar. The case stands thuswise. *La grande armée* made capsized skittles of emperors and kings on land, but the British fleet made laths and match-splints of French ships at sea. After Trafalgar, the French merchant service found itself in sore straits; French colonial trade declined almost to nothing; for which reason sugar, being a bulky article, was difficult to obtain. Out of the pressure thus caused, the practical manufacture of beetroot-sugar in France originated, though it was not brought to remunerative point until some years later.

Everybody who has eaten a slice of red beetroot, even though saturated with vinegar in a salad, must have remarked that it is sweet. White beets are not used in salad-making, being unattractive to the eye: but they are even sweeter than the red. Now, the existence of sweetness does not of itself prove the existence of sugar, as the public understand sugar; by which I mean crystallisable sugar, such as can be manufactured into loaves. In the case of beetroot, however, the sweetness is due to the very same chemical species of sugar extractable from the cane. To determine the presence of sugar in beetroot is no difficult matter; *to get out the sugar economically* and in commercial quantities

is, if not a difficult, a very delicate matter. Having minutely examin some of the chief beetroot-sugar factories of France and Belgium, I c testify that the ingenuity of the apparatus used, the delicacy of operations, and the philosophical application of principles to ends, beyond what the public imagine. This is hardly a proper field, ho ever, for enlarging on such topics.

A Prussian chemist, Margraff, was the first to demonstrate existence of crystallisable commercial sugar in white Silesian beet. long ago as 1747 he read a memoir before the Academy of Ber making this announcement. Although Margraff called attention to importance of the discovery, no practical application was given it for more than forty years. Achard, another Berlin chemist, took the thread of experiment at the point where Margraff had dropped To him we owe the first practicable, though still very imperfect, me of extracting sugar from beetroot on the commercial scale. The Prus government extended to Achard a patronage that had not been awar to Margraff. In 1789 he grew beetroot on an estate named Caulsdo near Berlin; in 1796 he took under his care another estate, Kune in Silesia. The produce of these two estates having furnished resu which were satisfactory at the time, two others were put under beetr cultivation, from which time the manufacture of beetroot-sugar too firm stand in Germany. In 1797 Achard published the results of labours, and two years later he sent a letter to the *Annales de Chi* containing further particulars. In this letter he made full commu cation of the processes followed; he enlarged on the general advanta of the scheme; he drew a favourable account of profit. In short, tenor of his letter was so satisfactory in every way, that it caused great sensation amongst the French. Every French newspaper importance gave extracts from the memoir. Political circumstanc at the time favoured the occasion. The Institut organised a co mission of inquiry to go through Achard's experiments and check results.

This plan of proceeding is one that will not recommend itself practical Britons. In this country the usage is for operations co mercially conducted to be adduced to check the laboratory experie of chemists: the French proceeded in reverse order, and with an satisfactory result. The French *savants* forgot altogether—or at le ignored the fact—that Achard had been for many years a beetroot ma facturer on the large scale. He came before them, not in his capacity chemist, but of fabricant; and they had yet to learn that the difficul of beetroot-sugar extraction are the more considerable as the quanti operated upon are less. The French *savants* came to the conclusion th Achard must have made some mistake in his calculations of expe that instead of the cost of manufacture being sixty francs the ki *gramme*, as represented in his memoir, it must have amounted to *least eighty*. Two beetroot factories were, however, established

ns: they failed, for reasons easy to understand. Further essays uld probably have been made, had not the national attention been erted to the contemplation of a rival scheme of sugar manufacture ggested by Parmentier. It was believed by this chemist that sugar ght be more economically extracted from grapes than from beet; hereas the fact is, that grapes, however sweet, hold no sugar—in e sense of commercial crystallisable loaf-making sugar—at all. Crysline sugar Parmentier did not succeed in getting out of grapes, for e simple reason that they do not contain any. He established facries, however, in the centre and south of France, for the production of rup, owing its sweetness to a variety of sugar different from canegar, and known to chemists as *glucose*, or grape-sugar. The very me kind of sirup results from the boiling of starchy matter, or even wdust, with oil of vitriol and water. Large quantities of this sirup e at this time made in Germany from potato-starch. The chief use it when made is, I believe, to fabricate the pernicious stuff sold as mbro' sherry.

The French public at length grew tired of looking for the crystalsd sugar promised them by Parmentier; and when intelligence came hand that beetroot-sugar factories were springing up in various parts Germany, messieurs the philosophers began to put to themselves the estion whether the scientific commission of inquiry might not have de some trifling mistake. In 1810 another Frenchman, Monsieur yeux, resumed the inquiry. He communicated a memoir to the ademy of Sciences recording the results of some newly-made experiints. He maintained that not only could the manufacture be econoically conducted, but that the beetroot was the most natural and advangeous source for the yielding of sugar identical with that of the cane. aving resolved that the attention of the French government should be awn to the matter, he presented two loaves of beetroot-extracted gar to the then Emperor Napoleon, who at once took the matter in nd, and hurried it on to demonstration as he hurried battalions the charge. On the 25th of March 1811 came forth a decree that ,000 hectares of land should be put at once under beetroot cultivaon; a considerable sum of money being placed at the disposal of the inister of Agriculture for that purpose. On the 15th of January 1812 other decree was issued, establishing five schools of chemistry to velop the best means of extraction. In the harvest-time, as we may ll it, of that same year, four imperial factories were completed, ready r the extraction of 2,000,000 of kilogrammes of sugar.

Private enterprise was not slow to follow in the wake of imperial mple. All over France an indiscriminating superabundance of beetot-sugar factories sprang up,—indiscriminating in the particular that ither fitness of soil nor specialty of climate was heeded. The result s partial failure; nevertheless, a branch of industry had been originl *which was destined ultimately* to expand prosperously. Political

circumstances, moreover, were unfavourable. Our historical record has brought us down to the year 1814, to the shattering of imperial rule, to the political revulsion of Germany. "I had no sooner put my fields under beetroot cultivation," wrote Monsieur Dombasle, "as one of the pioneers of this new enterprise, than our army entered Moscow; and soon after, when affairs turned, I found a detachment of Cossacks quartered in one of my sugar-factories." The same vicissitudes were suffered by another pioneer in this great cause, Monsieur Crespel-Delisse, one whose name is inseparably associated with this branch of industry. Up to this time the notion that some essential distinction existed between sugar of the beet and sugar of the cane was not altogether abandoned. The fact was, that chemistry was not sufficiently advanced to separate the last trace of beetroot impurity, and thus bring the liberated sugar up to the condition of first-rate quality. Notwithstanding the manufacture of two loaves for presentation to the Emperor, the quality of these loaves was not very good. The usual result which manufacturers had aimed at hitherto was the production of raw or yellow sugar. Now, it happens that, whereas raw or yellow sugar produced from the cane is not disagreeable to the palate—is more agreeable even than white sugar to *some* palates—yellow beetroot-extracted sugar is disagreeable to the taste, not to say offensive. It follows, from the very nature of the case, that the sugar of beetroot must be absolutely freed from all colouring matter before it can compete on equal terms with sugar from the cane. Now, and for a long time past, that complete purification has been accomplished, which accounts for the fact that a traveller may go through the whole of Belgium and France without once meeting with a sample of yellow sugar.

It was about 1812 that Monsieur Benjamin Delessert commenced a series of experiments, having for their object the production of beet-sugar in a state of absolute purity, in his factory at Passy. On the very day that success had crowned his efforts, Chaptal the chemist made it known to the Emperor, who without delay made a personal visit to the Passy refinery to assure himself of the fact. On the day following, an official announcement appeared in the *Moniteur*, the purport of which was to state that a great revolution in French commerce had been effected. How great the revolution was, may be inferred from an announcement in the *Moniteur* three years ago, that the French beet-sugar produce of the season 1865-6 amounted to no less than 274,000,000 of kilogrammes: a quantity more than enough to emancipate France from dependence on the colonies in the matter of sugar produce. It will be seen from the purport of what has been stated that in this interesting manufacture the promises of scientific men have been fully borne out. France, in possessing the beetroot, has become the rival of the most flourishing sugar colonies. Some idea of the present prosperity of French beetroot-sugar manufacture may be acquired from consideration of the fact that between 1855 and 1867 the

production in that country had more than doubled. In 1856 France numbered 265 factories, the aggregate produce of which was 92,000,000 of kilogrammes. In 1866-7 there were 440 factories, turning out 136,854,677 kilogrammes. Neither must the circumstance be forgotten that the quantity last stated was considerably below the aggregate yield of the season preceding—a season celebrated not only for the abundant growth of the beet, but—what is quite another matter—for its saccharine richness. Viewing the ratio of past increase by the light of present circumstances, it is the opinion of many French commercial statisticians that by the year 1877 the production of beetroot-sugar in France will have doubled the amount recorded for 1867.

Prominence has already been given to the fact that, in the early days of this manufacture, beetroot was grown in many parts of France where the soil and climate were unadapted to its cultivation. The error having been discovered by experience, a tendency to centralisation was soon manifested; so that whilst the aggregate yield of sugar increased, the number of sugar-yielding French departments diminished. In the year 1836 the manufacture was prosecuted in 37 departments. The aggregate number of factories was then 436, but the aggregate sugar-yield did not exceed 40,000,000 of kilogrammes. In 1865-6, there being only an increase of five factories, the sugar-yield had risen to 174,000,000.

In tracing the progressive development of a manufacture so chemically interesting as that of beetroot-sugar, a chemist naturally restricts himself as much as possible to chemical points of view. He regards with impatience, almost amounting to disgust, every form of artificial interdiction, whether excise, customs, differential duties, or otherwise, which Chancellors of the Exchequer or their foreign equivalents have been induced or have felt themselves constrained to impose, either for purposes of revenue or to maintain what may be called an artificial balance of commercial power between coexisting vested and rival interests. This is a matter that will have to be deeply considered by tentative English capitalists who—jealous of the inundation of French- and Belgian-made beet-sugar—are now taking measures to establish that branch of manufacture here. In the present state of English public feeling there may be no considerable ground for apprehension lest a differential charge favouring colonial produce should swamp British beet-sugar; but it must not be forgotten that the distillation of spirit from beet-refuse is an important item of profit wherever beetroot extraction is profitably carried on. Now, our fiscal restrictions in respect of alcoholic distillation are beyond anything known on the Continent. British capitalists should, then, do well to look upon their new enterprise from a point of view not too exclusively saccharine, otherwise they may reckon without their host, and come to grief in the reckoning.

Resuming our sketch of beetroot-sugar development in France, I have now to state that in 1837 our neighbours burdened the home

manufacture with what they called the *loi d'impôt*—it is what we should call an excise or inland-revenue levy—of 15 francs on every 100 kilogrammes. Omitting consideration of the policy which dictated this charge, regarding it solely as an index of prosperity to which the home-manufacture had arrived, the circumstance of the levy is suggestive, showing as it does how considerable the home-yield must have been to stimulate legislation in favour of the colonies. The immediate effect of this legislation was to suppress 66 factories, and to banish the growth of beet from 66 departments. The manufacture only continued to exist in the north of France, where the climate is best adapted to the growth of beet, the soil is favourable, and there is an abundance of labour and coal at a cheap rate. To this region it was long restricted. The rapid establishment of railroads and canals which followed lowered the cost of transport, and in some measure altered this state of things. Still, however, the north of France is, and, through its specialties of soil and climate, must remain, the principal seat of French beet-sugar production.

We come now to consider the agricultural statistics of beetroot cultivation in France. In 1857 only 52,000 hectares were devoted to the crop, but ten years later there were no fewer than 110, this being about the two-thousandth part of the entire French territory, of which the arable land may be considered as amounting to 26,000,000 hectares. From this statement it will be seen that twice or thrice the breadth of land now under beetroot cultivation might be devoted to that crop without interfering with national sustenance from agricultural produce. This is on the supposition that the growth of beet for any particular region must necessarily displace a proportionate amount of corn, a supposition that is not borne out by experience. In proof of this take the following example: In 1854 the number of hectares under wheat culture in the arrondissement of Valenciennes was 14,804, but in 18[illegible] there were no fewer than 16,000; nevertheless the land cropped with beet for the corresponding years was 6,963 hectares against 9,035. The crops which have ceded to beet in the district of Valenciennes are barley and colza. The meadow-land taken under culture having been considerable, woods have been reclaimed, and the system of fallow has in the north of France been wholly abandoned. In respect to wheat, it has been found that a beet-crop conduces to a subsequent heavy wheat crop, of which the agricultural records of Valenciennes again give proof in the following returns. In 1861 this arrondissement yielded [illegible] hectolitres of wheat per hectare, which was considerably above the [illegible] for other parts of France; but in 1866 the yield was 27 hectolitres. The number of sheep and oxen has also increased for the same arrondissement. Thus would it seem that tracts which yield the most beet yield also the most wheat, oxen, and sheep—are those, in short, which contribute most largely to public alimentation. In the arrondissements of Lille and Valenciennes the agriculture of beetroot has attained a high st[illegible]

of perfection, yielding sometimes from 70,000 to 80,000 kilogrammes per hectare. In the other parts of France the yield is by no means so great, the general average being probably from 35,000 to 40,000 kilogrammes. The saccharine contents of good beet may be taken at from 5 to 6 per cent, and 2,000 kilogrammes of sugar per hectare may be set down as a fair average. Beet-refuse, or the dry mass from which the juice has been extracted, is a material of great value for cattle-feeding. 300 kilogrammes of refuse, after being subjected to a preliminary fermentation, may be considered equivalent in nutritive value to 100 kilogrammes of dry hay. A draught-ox can be kept in perfect condition by a ration of 40 grammes of pulp in addition to 2 or 3 kilogrammes of hay; and on the calculation that beet-refuse amounts to one-fifth of the original root, then it follows that with an aggregate mass of 900,000,000 of kilogrammes a herd of 55,000 oxen, or a flock of 550,000 sheep, yielding 600,000 kilogrammes of flesh, could be kept in condition for the space of one year; and in this calculation it must not be forgotten that the herd of oxen would furnish manure enough for the service of about 12,000 hectares of land. Beetroot is a crop eminently conducive to the fertility of a soil, and this for many reasons. In the first place its cultivation is necessarily accompanied by the presence of a considerable live-stock. Next, the green leaves cut away on the spot and left on the soil are of themselves a valuable top-dressing; they are rich in potash salts, and their manure value is seen in the vigorous crops of wheat grown on those lands. The beets when drawn are accompanied with 5 or 6 per cent of earth, which, being removed at the factory, together with small roots, mixed with scum, &c., and returned to the land, have a further fertilising influence. Neither as a valuable constituent of manure must spent bone-black be forgotten. Animal charcoal, as it is generally called, but more properly bone-black (seeing that about 20 per cent of the material is *not* animal charcoal), is an important aid to the beet-sugar manufacture. From time to time this bone-black is revivified and brought to a proper condition for manufacturing use; but this cannot be done indefinitely, and so a considerable quantity of this material finds its way into the mass of general manufacturing refuse, and eventually as manure to the land.

Reference has already been made to the importance of alcohol as a collateral result of beetroot manufacture, and to the high importance of giving heed to this part of the case previous to any large expenditure of capital on beetroot cultivation for sugar-extraction in this country. The source of alcohol from beet in the sugar-factory is two-fold, a portion being obtained from the fermented refuse, while another portion results from the fermentation of beet molasses, or treacle. Some idea of the importance of alcohol as a beetroot collateral product may be gleaned from the following comparative statement of total French alcoholic produce for the year 1865-6:

Alcohol from wines	. . . .	1,010,166
" beetroot	. . .	283,022
" molasses	. . .	307,409
" other sources	.	178,877
		1,779,474 hectolitres.

Any statement of economic particulars relative to beet-sugar ture would be incomplete that failed to include the alkaline lated and made available for use when the fermented mola which alcohol has been distilled are burned and lixiviated. molasses may be taken as furnishing about one-fourth its ow of pure alcohol, and of the residue some 10 or 12 per cent are of the salts adverted to. Evidently this saline mass had been from the ground, and can be returned to the ground if such d deemed most economical.

To these remarks may be appended some notice of the ment given by the manufacture. Twelve years ago it w lated that in the beetroot-factories—not fields—40,000 men and children found occupation. This number has not since proportionately to the increase of result, owing to the mo adaptation of machinery. The conclusion may, however, be that each existing factory gives occupation to a number of w —between 180 and 200—of which three-fifths are men, one-fif and the remaining fifth children. The aggregate pay of this be taken at 24,000,000 francs. As regards beetroot culture, t wages' expenditure for the whole of France may be set dow 10,000,000 to 11,000,000 francs.

From the outline of particulars already given, it will be the art of sugar-extraction from beetroot has attained a high perfection; indeed, I know of no manufacture in which the r dications of science have been in practice so nearly brought mark of laboratory absolutism. Still something remains to plished: mostly in respect to obtaining the amount of crystalli that is known to be in the molasses, but which cannot pra extracted. It is to be remarked, that beet-molasses is so offe it cannot be used as food or condiment like cane-molasses: d some other way it must be, otherwise the margin of necessary the general manufacture fails. Fermentation and distillation ready resource, and must in any case be adopted; still the ma never willingly resigns any portion of crystallisable sugar to fermentation. One chief cause that operates against the ex crystalline sugar from molasses is the presence of variou salts; and some ingenious experiments have recently been m the intent of determining whether separation cannot be effe application of the laws of endosmose and exosmose as rece loped by our own countryman, Mr. Graham. To this inge *cess I* can only now allude. My intent in writing this artic

to afford the English public some particulars of an interesting manufacture just at the time when the project of beet cultivation in this country for sugar-extraction has been revived.

An important consideration is the following: The largest beetroots grow in rainy seasons, and contain the *least* sugar; in very rainy seasons, almost none. Are these islands celebrated for rain, or are they not? Think of this, messieurs the Mincing-lane capitalists, and don't forget to talk over the matter of alcoholic excise with the Right Honourable the Chancellor of the British Exchequer before committing yourselves too deeply.

Though it is not intended in this article to go fully into the manufacturing details of beetroot-sugar extraction, yet it seems desirable to present an outline. In drawing the roots care is taken not to wound them, as doing so would induce rapid decomposition. They next have to be freed from adherent dirt; this is effected by placing the roots in a cage, which is rotated under water. After this operation they can be stored away for a time without damage, though it is nevertheless a precept in this manufacture to get through successive operations with the practical minimum of delay. Mashing is the next operation, and is accomplished in a manner so similar to the mashing of apples for cider-making that further description is needless. Being mashed, the pulp must be pressed, and pressed without delay, otherwise fermentation sets in and the sugar is destroyed. Pressure is variously applied, hydrostatic pressure being most important and most general. To this end the pulp is enclosed in bags, and the latter subjected to pressure; at least this is the process commonly adopted. In 1867, however, being commissioned by a city firm to visit a beetroot-sugar factory in Cambrai, wherein, as had been represented, some new and elaborate appliances of pressure and chemical treatment were adopted, I was gratified beyond expectation. I saw a wholly novel mode of applying hydrostatic pressure, to describe which would necessitate mechanical details foreign to the scope and intent of this Magazine. If by chance, however, some exceptionally practical reader should desire to be made acquainted with mechanical particulars, he may do so by reference to two special journals, in each of which at the time I wrote an article; they are the *Grocer* newspaper and the *Engineer* magazine.

We have now arrived at the beetroot-juice itself—colourless and liquid enough to view, but offensive to smell, and loaded with an amount of nitrogenous and other foreign matters, the bulk of which must be seen to be appreciated. By one means or another these impurities must be separated, or at least the greater part of them, otherwise no evaporation would crystallise the sugar out. This separation is now invariably effected by heating with quick-lime, which has the double effect of neutralising acidity and so far decomposing the nitrogenous impurities that a large bulk of them separates as scum, which may be

separated by skimming and filtration. As regards the mode of filtration adopted, it is twofold—partly through cotton bags of peculiar make and texture, partly through bone-black which has been exhausted as to its bleaching or chemical effects, but which can still act mechanically as a very efficient filter to effect separation of albuminous flocculi which may have come through the weft and woof of a cotton bag. The fact may here be indicated, that although beetroot-juice is nearly colourless when first extracted, the process of heating with lime imparts colouring, which deepens with every subsequent evaporative stage.

The use of lime as a defecator in the way described is almost a necessity, but is attended with the grave disadvantage of a certain amount of sugar being destroyed as well as of impurity separated. This being so, it will be obvious that every trace of lime, over and above the quantity that has expended its chemical virulence in effecting albuminous separation, should be either separated or neutralised. In the Cambrai manufactory I saw this accomplished by the very elegant and, chemically speaking, unobjectionable experiment of forcing carbonic-acid gas through the lime-charged solution. The result is chalk, a harmless substance, as the chemical reader will not fail to understand.

The evaporative devices used in these factories are various. They mostly culminate in the vacuum-pan; but evaporation in its earlier stages, up to the density best adapted to promote the bleaching action of bone-black, admits of much variety. To describe them comprehensively would need a treatise.

JOHN SCOFFERN, M.B.

TOLD BY A TABLE

An Oxford Sketch.

Olim truncus eram,—but autobiographical minuteness as to the details of my early life is quite unnecessary, and the classical quotation is only pardonable in consideration of the ultraclassical nature of the atmosphere amid which the last few years of my life have been spent. Whether I was *ficulnus*, whether I was merely *inutile lignum*, or not, is nothing to the point; it is quite enough to know that I am a table now, and a table I am likely to remain till the period for my demolition arrives, and I am broken up, after a long apprenticeship to the uses of Minerva, to serve the purposes of Vulcan. A table of a very ordinary character indeed—something less than two feet square, ink-stained as to my surface, but still sound as to my four legs; most unpretentious as to appearance, utterly devoid of carving, save, perhaps, those fantastic devices with which the successive generations of sitters who have dandled their legs beneath my mahogany—deal, I mean, for deal I unmistakably am—have chosen to embellish me; and as for other decorations, without them too, unless indeed are excepted those hieroglyphs, and caricatures of the human form divine, which the aforesaid geniuses have chosen to inscribe on me. To certain of these mystic words and strange distiches I shall have occasion to revert; but in a general way, so far as my personal appearance is concerned, I have said enough. I am not alone; I have plenty of companions of my own kind, perhaps a couple of hundred. We are arranged (that is, when we are on duty) in long rows, distant from each other a foot and a half. Our domicile is gloomy enough, and generally cold enough, in all conscience. A long vaulted apartment, paved with stone; at one end a door, at the other a large oriel window, iron barred. Yet through the grating you may see in the summer-time the leafy trees shimmer in the breeze and the sunshine glow; in the autumn and winter they shake their bare heads at us in a manner which plainly seems to say they are utterly ashamed that any distant members of their family, any specimens of the cognate timber, should have fallen to such strange uses.

To throw aside mystery: I am not only a table, and an ugly one, but one which plays an important part in the ordeal to which the professors of learning, in this seat of learning, compel its innocent youth to submit. It is at me that they struggle to indite answers to mysterious questions; that they sit in the hopeless agony of vacant

ignorance, or that they joyfully seize the opportunity of demonstrating as favourably as possible the extent of their knowledge: it is on me, on this scarred and seamed countenance, that they love to engrave the droll symbols to which I have alluded. I am, in fact, a table in the Oxford Examination Schools, and that particular one which is my own habitation is named, in deference to some pleasant traditional fiction I imagine, the Divinity School. With divinity of any kind, so far as my own experience and that of my colleagues go, it has absolutely nothing to do. During the greater part of the year, the precincts within which I am stationed are silent and undisturbed—silent as the grave, gloomy as the valley of the shadow of death. I have reason to believe that children sport outside the walls of my prison-house, and that laughter is there too; but somehow or other none of these sounds ever reach me. My home is sacred to a sombre stillness. At stated intervals, however, it is broken through in a solemn and almost funereal manner. There are fixed seasons when the doors of the apartment are flung open, and an impenetrable being, whom I hear called the Clerk of the Schools, accompanied by one or two attendants, enters in a mysterious fashion, allots to me my proper situation with my fellows, who are all drawn up in rank and file, and straightway commences to furnish our surfaces with a fair assortment of stationery, in the shape of blue foolscap, blotting-paper, pens and ink. This is but the beginning of sorrows; at a few minutes before ten o'clock on the following morning the same trusty creature places, in horizontal posture upon us, a certain fair printed sheet containing sundry "Examination Questions;" then stalk in the two examiners, gown, hood, cap and all: finally, admission is granted to the undergraduate crowd, who have been waiting outside for the last quarter of an hour, and scribbling immediately commences. *Dies pulchro distinguitur ordine rerum.*

It was not a long while since that I very unexpectedly renewed my acquaintance with one of these same undergraduates, who had recently taken his seat at me, and racked his brains as he alternately mused and wrote over my ink-stained surface. I say unexpectedly, because it was the season known as the Long Vacation, when these academical high places are, as a rule, quite deserted. Dusty and dirty, I had consigned myself to the desolation of the period. I was suddenly aroused by a hand laid upon me, and by a voice, very gentle and very musical, whose accents—I assert it upon my honour as a School table—actually sent a thrill of nervous delight through timber limbs that ought assuredly to be stoical and seasoned, asking, "And is this really the place where they examined you only two years ago for your degree, Charles dear?"

"It is, indeed, Maggie; and not only that, but as I look I believe this is the very table at which my latest feat, entitling me to the academical distinction I now enjoy, was performed. Here it is, as I live!" added the speaker, pointing to a certain much-smeared legend

cribed in characters of ink: "*Charles Hamilton, B. N. C., in for als, June* 18—. *Through at last, by Jove!*"

I looked up again, and I recognised a face and a form which, amid ost of others in whose society I had since moved, or rather stood, I embered well. Another look convinced me that Mr. Charles Hamil-, erewhile of Brazenose, had occupied the interval since leaving that e of piety and learning with courting the very pretty young lady his side, Mrs. Charles Hamilton; and then the idea that he had led down into matrimonial harness seized me, and my limbs were ost convulsed with internal laughter. Having had, like the Greek igator Ulysses—I know the name from the frequency with which I e heard it anathematised by those young gentlemen who have eavoured to translate at me certain passages from the Greek text trative of his wanderings—considerable experience of men, man-, and things, I am tolerably well able to guess the character and cedents of any new acquaintance in the first five minutes after we e met. Thus, on the morning on which Mr. Hamilton of Braze- took his seat at me, a glance sufficed to make me thoroughly ainted with my new neighbour. There was nothing very remark- about him. He was but a fair representative of some hundred ers who every year enter the examination-schools. It was the old y, I could see at once, and my new friend Hamilton was an old er. He seated himself at me with an air which at once proclaimed he was by this time an *habitué* of the Schools. The clerk recognised with a respectfully-familiar smile which betokened intimacy as he ed, and even before Mr. Hamilton took up the printed sheet—that object of investigation to trembling tyros—with which the desk was ished, he gave a look of recognition round the old place. Yes, was quite unaltered: there were a fresh batch of examiners. Prig- s of Boniface and Podder of St. Andrews, dreadful tyrants both of m, if report spoke truly. But on his right was precisely the same that he had seen when he was seated there before; and altogether Divinity Schools bore quite an aspect of home. Having leisurely veyed the situation, Mr. Hamilton's first act was, with infinite *sang-d*, calmly to stroke the incipient symptoms of "the knightly growth fringes his manly lips," to quote the Laureate; next he proceeded yawn; then he stretched out his legs at full length; and finally, cefully toying the while with his watch-chain, he took up the paper ore him—it was the Divinity paper—and, with an air of the most plete indifference, read it through. This done, he betook himself the amusing occupation of etching ballet-dancers, jockeys, sedate s, and academical authorities, till he lapsed into a state of musing. was now, however, just eleven, and the shrill voice of Priggins, the ior examiner, reminded Mr. Hamilton that gentlemen had to give their papers punctually at one. Only two hours remained, and tters *commenced to grow serious*. To tell the truth, it was of vital

importance that he should pass the examination for his degree upon this trial—his third, as I afterwards happened to learn upon unimpeachable authority. His residence as an undergraduate at Oxford had now been protracted to five years, and the fact was at last becoming patent that even to the most extensive stock of gubernatorial patience there were certain limits. Mr. Hamilton sen., though as kind-hearted and indulgent a father as ever paid the debts of an extravagant son, and fairly well off in the world's goods, was beginning to show certain symptoms indicative of a recalcitrant rustiness. How long was this sort of thing to last? he had asked Charlie in his last letter. Did he (Hamilton jun.) think that there was no bounds to his (Hamilton sen.'s) balance at Robarts and Lubbock's? Was he aware that he had paid for his precious escapades during the last five years not less than four thousand pounds? Did he think that he was to monopolise all his capital?—and so on. The upshot of which was that Mr. Hamilton of Brazenose came to the conclusion in February last that he must get through in June. The better to compass this devoutly-to-be-desired end, the now comparatively studious son put on two "coaches," hunted only twice a week, and read on an average an hour a day. Latterly, of course, this amazing industry had been redoubled, and, as my new acquaintance termed it, he had been putting the steam on with a vengeance. His private tutor declared that he was safe if only he had a decent amount of luck; and Mr. Hamilton's private tutor was deemed an infallible specific in the case of all gay young idle men who systematically left everything to the last.

Mr. Hamilton therefore settled down to his work and wrote away. That the quantity and quality of the literature thus produced were always in an exactly analogous ratio to each other I am by no means prepared to say. Indeed, from sundry exclamations which I could not but hear my friend Mr. Hamilton drop—such, for instance, as "'Who was Abel Meholath?' I haven't the faintest idea, but I'll make a shot;" "That dreadful Snaffle, who got through last time, told me they never asked anything about the 'provisions of the Mosaic law on accidental homicide;'" "And here they have set us just that Article which I intended to look up in chapel this morning"—I am disposed to think that there must either have been several *lacunæ* in Mr. Hamilton's manuscript, or else several assertions of doubtful authenticity. One o'clock came, and after a fashion Mr. Hamilton's paper was done. Unfortunately, not having yet passed under the sway of the spirits and Mr. Home, I was unable to follow Mr. Hamilton to his friend's room to lunch. However, from the animated and jubilant appearance which he presented on bending over me again at three, I am convinced that certain *cognoscenti*, to whose judgment he had doubtless in the interval appealed, must have deemed his account of what he had done satisfactory. "Let us get through these ethics as quickly as possible," was the expression I heard, "and then for a canter up to Bullingdon. Yes," he

ıed, "I know that piece, and that too; but, confound it, they've that passage of the third book on the voluntariness of crime, Gueston declared they wouldn't! Well, here goes, and may I :y!" At 4.30 Mr. Hamilton had done his paper; at 4.45, having the regulation Schools white tie, he was on the top of his mare, ıs quietly riding down the High to Bullingdon. Through the der of his examinational experiences I need not follow Mr. :on. Luck had favoured him, and it was in the anticipation ; triumph, which certain inarticulate voices of congratulation red to me he eventually achieved, that he penned the exultant tion which I now bear, and which he pointed out to his fair bride. Well, from my own experience as a table, I think it is, ıll, a good thing for the University of Oxford that she has tons as well as Snuffinses, of which latter class allow me now ; you my autobiographical reminiscences.

was on a dull, soundless, damp, foggy December morning that became acquainted with Mr. Snuffins of Lincoln. Like Mr. .ton, whom I have just dismissed from my memory, he aspired greater academical distinction than that which a simple degree, ıt any of the attendant glories of honours, would afford. And nbition was only limited and regulated by his capacities; for ns was densely stupid, as well as insufferably priggish. Snuffins's and character as an undergraduate had, in fact, gained for him ıonosyllabic and odious epithet of "Smug." In his college he did anything. He always appeared to be reading, and yet he ıvariably plucked once at least for every examination which he ıttempted to pass. I could tell this immediately from his per- appearance as he took his seat at me. Where he came from, he was, why he came to Oxford at all, no one, I believe, ever and therefore, with my strictly-confined opportunity for gaining nation, I cannot be expected to tell. Snuffins did not interest ny more than he interested his fellow-students. I disliked the ion of his cold, clammy hands touching my wooden surface, ned and ink-stained though it is. No janty airs with Snuffins; lm surveys of the situation; no impromptu works of art de- d with pen and ink on that paper intended by the University wholly devoted to the purposes of a display of knowledge. ins, calm, cool, and deliberative, with a face closely approximating e featureless countenance of a potato, commenced at once ob- ely to pry into the printed paper above mentioned lying before and then incontinently to write. Not a moment's time lost. coarse, heavy fingers slowly but unceasingly filled the folio s with their superscription, and when the time was up Snuffins ed in his manuscript to the examiners with an air that, if *that* l not satisfy them, nothing would. It may be wrong, it probably ong, to be the victim of personal prejudices. Snuffins may be a

very estimable young man, a dutiful son, and an industrious student who endeavours by unintermitting application to overcome the natural crassness of his intellect; but for all this, table though I am, I must confess to a feeling of intense relief when Snuffins's written examination was concluded, and when I saw his face no more. Shall I be considered an utterly unnatural piece of wood, one whose composition is wholly against the ordinarily recognised laws of grain, if I say that when I heard, or fancied I could hear, from the regions of the School Quad beyond, the remark of some undergraduate to another, "Snuffins is ploughed again!" I felt strongly disposed to dance a *pas seul* in triumph, and was only prevented from doing so when I remembered the grave and impressive character of the place in which I stood?

But as I ransack the stores of my ligneous memory—the very phrase seems a contradiction in terms—other visions than those of Hamilton and Snuffinses rise before me. I am transferred from the apartment known as the Divinity Schools, to a chamber of much less limited dimensions. It is an examination-room, of course; but the ordeal celebrated here are of a very different character from those to which the place just left, and recently described, was devoted. I am surrounded by the ambition of youth: I have left the regions of those humbler minds who are contented if only they can there grasp their degree, with a minimum of classical knowledge—with little Latin and little Greek. To be brief, a plain, very present, and temporary habitat is haunted only by those of the undergraduate kind who aim at honours, who would have their names figure in *classis prima*, *secunda*, or *tertia*, as the case may be. The company here is much more select and much less numerous; there may perhaps be fifty other tables doing duty in precisely the same manner as myself. The examination, though, not that in which I have just represented myself as taking part in the Schools surnamed Divinity—it is the final one before degree is obtained—lasts considerably longer, and extends over six days instead of two. We will suppose that I have been where I now am for some twelve months. During that time I have had experiences diverse, and not uninteresting. I believe that every conceivable specimen of the honours aiming undergraduate has taken his seat at me. I have had the student who has been absolutely certain of his first class, tolerably certain, distinctly uncertain; I have had safe seconds and dead thirds; I have had, too, men who from the commencement never had the vestige of a chance of any class at all; but who, whether from misplaced belief in their own abilities, or private and family reasons which need not here be entered into, have determined to descend into the lists of honour candidates. I have known what it is to be written on by clever men who have read, and clever men who have not read; by studious fools, and by indolent fools. However, Aristotle is an author who has been sufficiently translated and commented upon on my inky surface to make me quite aware that to be abstract in such a case as this, is to deny

neself any opportunity of imparting a definite idea of one's experience, nd that the only chance is to be concrete.

If you will scrutinise me closely, you may see inscribed upon me he initials H. P. G., Henry Peregrine Golightly; nothing more than hat. A Snuffins and a Hamilton is an everyday experience; a Golightly, though by no means a *lusus naturæ*, is not so common. I erceived at once, with that shrewdness to which my business has habituated me, when this gentleman lounged up to me on a certain morning, that in spite of the affectation of indifference which pervaded is manner, the upshot of the coming day's, as of the coming week's, ork was a matter to him of real anxiety. It is true, there was nothing of nervousness apparent in the manner in which he took up his amination-paper and read it through. In fact, he was studiously alm; perhaps too studiously for the close observer which I was. Having done this, he looked neither to the right nor left, but commenced operations at once. I almost believe I have an intuitive perception whether the operator be or be not clever. When I judged that Mr. Golightly of St. Ambrose distinctly was, I am convinced that I was not mistaken. I knew too, that in his success he had a heavy interest at stake. In a very short time I flatter myself that I had read Harry Golightly's history—that is, as far as regards his University career. It was the old tale of great opportunities neglected, of fine chances thrown away. Pardon me, I am not going to moralise, it is not my *métier*. However, I knew it all. Golightly was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. The lad had distinguished himself at school, and had distinguished himself still more on his entrance to Oxford by winning one of the St. Ambrose scholarships. His abilities were good, they were even brilliant; but he had been miserably idle. It was not, however, too late to make up for lost time. By success in this final examination he might pave the way to an absolutely certain fellowship, might have once more the world before him, and might replenish, which he longed above all to do, the sunken purse of his mother. I could see plainly enough that the poor fellow had been working desperately hard; and I knew that there was not a single member of St. Ambrose who did not wish Harry Golightly well from the bottom of his heart. I was at once enabled to conclude with myself that the fortress of Mr. Golightly's knowledge was by no means impregnable; still he possessed, I could see, that happy gift which satisfactorily refutes the old maxim, and which demonstrates to conviction that, provided it can only be made the most of, a little knowledge is not a dangerous thing. It is a principle insisted upon by Oxford students that while an examination is actually going on, no work in the way of preparation should be done. Never was there a more notable instance of the fallacy of hasty generalisation. That there are cases in which the advice is sound, I admit. It may, for instance, be *very well for Smudge*, who sits close by, who is the

detested of Harry Golightly, and who in turn accords to him the fullest measure of hatred of which his cold, fishlike nature is capable. But even Smudge has worked on an average nine hours a-day for the last three years of his life.

What is one man's food is another man's poison; and if Harry Golightly had acted upon this admonition, the result would be that he would have little chance of figuring in the class-list at all. What Harry did do, as I am well aware, was this: the hours of examination over, he took a hasty walk, played a game of billiards—Harry was second for the university cue—dined, one more game of billiards, and then read deep into the night over those subjects which were to figure in the trial of the coming day. It was these finishing-strokes which did the business. Harry Golightly got his first—a fluke, everyone said, but still he got it—read for six months more, beat Smudge in the St. Ambrose fellowship, was elected, and was welcomed with joy by the dons of his college into the sanctum of the Common-room, who had, truth to tell, dreaded the contingency of the new-comer being Smudge; for the dons of St. Ambrose are more than tolerable, and *cæteris paribus*, prefer a gentleman. In this case, if my information is not inaccurate, the *cætera* were *paria*. There is not at the present day a more efficient or popular tutor in St. Ambrose than H. Golightly, Esq.—he eschews ordination. My old friend has paid off all his bills and more than recouped his widowed mother. As a Schools table, I have a reputation for truth to support; and I pledge my veracity to the authenticity of this narration.

A word about Smudge. I cannot exactly claim acquaintance with him; he never sat at me, but on the occasion to which I have referred he sat near me. I was not favourably impressed by him, I admit. As I saw him glance with a look that savoured of jealousy at Mr. Golightly, I had discernment enough to know the whole story. The two scholars elected in 18— (never mind the date) at St. Ambrose were Golightly and Smudge. Smudge hated his jointly-successful competitor because he had the advantage of him in natural powers; Golightly despised Smudge because he shut himself up three-pair back and did nothing but read. As long as my friend Harry was content to trifle away all his time, Smudge's jealousy smouldered rather than actively burned; and when Golightly failed entirely at Moderations Smudge was so completely overjoyed that he almost was affectionate in his secret mind to Harry, he himself having secured, by dint of perdurous industry, a first-class. I say in his mind; for Mr. Golightly would as soon have thought of being seen arm-in-arm with his scout as of being recognised in public with Smudge—indeed, of the two alternatives, he would have preferred the former. When, however, it became known in St. Ambrose that Golightly was really grinding for Greats, Smudge's hatred knew no bounds. Golightly's possible success was the phantom which haunted him night and day. Suppose he got

rst? Suppose, horror of horrors, that in *classis prima* was H. Go-tly of St. Ambrose, while Smudge, member of the same society, only in *classis secunda?* Table though I am, my perception was so l gneous as to prevent my interpreting the expression which ed over Smudge's countenance as he glanced towards Golightly, and him tracing line after line of scholarly sentences in exquisitely caligraphy. Of course Smudge was himself quite at ease as rded his own performance: he probably had read as much as the miners themselves; he had managed to provide his memory with wers to every kind of question that by any human possibility could aked. There was no racking the head with him as with his neigh-r to find some half-forgotten date, or to evolve from his inner con-ousness the scheme of one of Brasidas' campaigns. Slowly and ly he wrote; and when Tompkins, the senior examiner, read over result of Smudge's industry he was heard to declare that never e he had been examiner had he found such an amount of know-ge displayed by an undergraduate. Of course Smudge got his first; then, so did Golightly. I have already admitted to being possibly judiced; but is it not human nature, as well as table nature, to e greater pleasure in the success of a reprobate like Golightly than that of an excellent and irreproachable young man like Smudge? it be understood I deprecate Harry's extravagance; but my views an Oxford education are that it should be social as well as purely rary.

I need recall no more of those who have in their time taken their at my ink-smeared surface. A host of memories rises before me. dergraduates of all kinds have bent over me—careless, grave, anxious success, really or feignedly indifferent. But I have been suffici-tly autobiographical once in a way. I have broken no confidences; ave confined myself to the truth. My mind is made up: I will call the assistance of my friend the Clerk of the Schools, who is at sent hovering by. He will commit these memories to paper from dictation, and will perhaps kindly forward them to the author of graphic Oxford sketches in *Belgravia.*

THE MADMAN'S PRAYER

[Some years ago visitors to the island of Portland used to see a sol[illegible] wandering, silent and alone, all day long, upon the shore, gazing at [illegible] He was a harmless lunatic, who had lost his reason in consequence of [illegible] having been drowned by the upsetting of a boat on their wedding-day, [illegible] thus passed all his time, waiting and watching for the sea to give her back [illegible]

THOU mighty sea! I ask not from thy store
The treasures it doth hold;
The costly gems thou ever broodest o'er,
Nor e'en thy countless gold.
Keep these to deck thy sirens' halls, and fill
The breasts of sordid men
With vain regrets that they may not recall
Such idols back to them.

If at my feet they lay, a priceless heap,
I'd bid the flowing wave
Again ingulf them, every bauble sweep
Back to its rocky grave.
But could thy mighty waters now unrolled,
Bear up again to light
The fairy form so long within their hold,
To bless my aching sight,

I'd pray thee heave thy seething billows high
To reach the very skies;
Rend wide thy horrid depths, and lay them dry
To scare my wondering eyes;
Call to thine aid the air, the earth, and fire;
All elements in fierce
Confusion hurl, and mingle in thine ire
Such mists no sun shall pierce.

Let the loud thunder and the frequent flash
Sound dreadful signals o'er
The war of waters, as with fearful crash
Mountain o'er mountains pour.
In tumult such as this, thy power defied,
I'd claim that form of thee;
Thy snow-white surge should deck my long-lost b[illegible]
Thy waves our bed should be.

C. [illegible]

BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY

OR THE

Adventures and Misadventures of Robert Ainsleigh

Chapter XXXII. I acquire certainty.

ıD the happiness to win my father's release ftom Colonel Clive ıgh the intercession of my ever-kind friend Mr. Watts; and this ır was but the signal for our parting, with only the vaguest hope eeting again, when or where we dared not speculate.

think my father's heart yearned towards me in those few days equent intercourse which we enjoyed at Muxadavad, and that it ed him to bid me farewell.

You will go back to England, Robert, and I to France, whenever egiment returns thither, always supposing I live to accompany it. l give you an address in the city of Paris whence a letter is sure ach me sooner or later, if I am above ground; and you must tell here I can write to you in London. Stay; under cover to Mr. ıfen. That will be a safe address, will it not?"

The best in the world, sir; and, indeed, I think the only one I l give you. And now tell me, sir,—I am a young man, and you self in the prime of life; Fortune may yet favour one or both of -if I can ever make a home in England, will you come and share

A home, Robert! What does that mean? 'Tis a word I never l understand. A roving devil entered me when I was a boy, and tugged at my heartstrings ever since, dragging me now here, now , by land and sea. I once shared a garret with thy mother, devoted soul; and if I could have got bread for her and thee, ld not have deserted it. Since then I have been a wanderer, a past so sad, I dare not look back upon it, and with a blank for ıture. Nay, Robert, do not look so sadly at me. If I live to be ttered old graybeard, and thou wilt give me a corner at thy h, I will come and smoke my pipe there, and tell stories of feld and Bergen-op-Zoom, St. Thomé and Gingee, and dandle thy ones on my feeble old knees. But that is a long way to look ırd. In the mean time be sure that I love thee."

ınd so we parted. One gift I was able to offer my father as a ento of this strange meeting, and I doubt if all Omichund's jewels d have seemed to him a treasure so precious. I had contrived, our first encounter, to get Lady Barbara's miniature copied on by a Hindoo. *The colours* were somewhat too vivid, and the

stippling, though performed with an amazing neatness, lacked the softness of Miss Kauffman or Cosway; but poor as the art was, the likeness was a fair one, and the gift was received with rapture.

There now came a kind of lull in the affairs of this province, though the horizon was by no means cloudless. In the first expansive impulse of gratitude, or perchance with the hope that by rewarding the chief he might escape some part of his engagements to the subordinates, Meer Jaffier presented Colonel Clive with a sum of money that I have heard computed at one hundred and eighty thousand pounds. This gift our hero took without scruple, but refused presents of a vast larger amount from the Seats, and other wealthy inhabitants of the capital. Nay, had he been of the unscrupulous nature which his enemies loved to depict him, there are no limits to the wealth he might have acquired, or to the power he might have seized. When he was afterwards called upon to defend his acceptance of Meer Jaffier's bounty, he did it with a boldness that gave evidence of a clear conscience, and with a logic that none could dispute.

In Calcutta, where of late had prevailed discontent and anxiety, there now arose a spirit of universal rejoicing. Fortunes that had been thought destroyed for ever were now restored, and the sunshine of prosperity illumined a city where Desolation had long held her gloomy reign. I think at this juncture, while the money won from Meer Jaffier's reluctance, by him alone, was pouring into the Company's treasury, the people whom Robert Clive had redeemed from despair entertained some faint sense of gratitude for his services. Yet even at this early stage the spirit of dissension had arisen. The distribution of the donations to the army and navy was not made without a display of ill-feeling on the part of the recipients, and a small body of military officers protested against an equal division of the Nabob's bounty with the officers and sailors of the squadron which had accompanied the army to Plassey. These malcontents Clive was compelled to remind, with that undaunted frankness which was natural to him, that a sum of money obtained from the Nabob solely by his negotiation was not a matter of right, or property to be disposed of by their vote.

"So very far from that," wrote the Colonel in a letter, of which a copy was forwarded by him to Mr. Watts, "it is now in my power to return to the Nabob the money already advanced, and leave it to his option whether he will perform his promise or not. You have stormed no town and found the money there; neither did you find it in the plains of Plassey after the defeat of the Nabob. In short, gentlemen, it pains me to remind you that what you are to receive is entirely owing to the care I took of your interest."

He then went on to declare that he would consent to no injustice towards the navy, and begged to retract his promise of negotiating the *payment* of the Nabob's bounty.

This speedily brought these discontented gentlemen to the dust, and they were as cordially forgiven as they had been sharply reprimanded.

And now occurred an event which shed a gloom over our victory, in the sudden death of that brave and honourable seaman Admiral Watson, who perished of a putrid fever on the 3d of August, and within six weeks of our victory at Plassey.

It was shortly after this calamity that the dearest wish of my soul was fulfilled, and I found myself free to return to England. My humble services, and the real dangers which I had endured at Muxadavad, were deemed by Mr. Watts and the committee worthy of a reward I should never have dreamed of; and my patron surprised me one morning by the gift of bills for three thousand pounds.

"It was the Colonel's doing, Robert," said Mr. Watts, when I expressed my surprise at this bounty; "he said you deserved as much as that for your spirited journey to Meer Jaffier's palace, and as much more for having been through the fire with me, to say nothing of your service as a volunteer at Plassey. There were some black looks among our friends of the select committee when he said this, as you may guess, and they were for giving you six months' extra pay as a sufficient reward for having lived for several months in daily peril of impalement or decapitation. Upon this the Colonel swore that you should have the money, even if it must needs come out of his own purse. 'And it is not the first time I have stood between you and a meanness, gentlemen,' he added, in his grandest manner. Of course this brought them to their senses; for though I daresay they would have had no objection to the Colonel's rewarding you from his own pocket, they have a great terror of offending him. So the item was passed with a smothered groan: 'Three thousand pounds sterling to Mr. Robert Ainsleigh, clerk and interpreter.'"

"I know not how to thank the Colonel, or you, sir."

"Nay, Robert, 'tis no more than you deserve; for you have been vastly useful. But this money is not to be your sole reward. In acknowledgment of your services at Plassey, the Colonel intends giving you the rank of ensign, with two years' leave of absence. I told him you were very eager to obtain military rank."

"O sir," I cried, fairly overcome by such thoughtful kindness, "this is too much!" I could say no more; this shower of gifts almost bewildered me. I was free to return to England, an ensign in the Honourable East India Company's service; a rank that was modest enough, but one to which Everard Lestrange could not deny the right of a gentleman. I was in a position to prove my legitimacy, to annul my hateful marriage; and I held in my hands the nucleus of a decent fortune. What more could I have asked? What more!—if Dora had still been free! But, alas, she was lost to me for ever, since, should *any encounter between her* husband and myself prove fatal to

him, she was of a nature too noble to permit her acceptance of a hand stained with his blood, however fairly he might come by his death, however dearly she might love his slayer.

"How dare I think of her as still loving me?" I asked myself angrily. "Because life has stood still for me since the hour in which I was severed from her, am I so weak a fool as to suppose time has made no change in her? Nor are our positions in any manner identical, for while I have guarded her image pure and stainless, she has been taught to think of me as a liar and a villain, unworthy of so much as one thought of hers."

I told myself this, and yet I longed with no less eagerness to return to Europe, to look once more upon the face that had been with me in so many an exile's dream of home. When I reached England, I might hear of Mrs. Lestrange abroad, at St. Petersburg, at Hanover, at Venice—wherever the diplomatic service might take her husband; but in whatever country she might be, if she still lived upon this earth, I was determined to see her, to prove to her that I had never been the false wretch my enemies had taught her to think me.

If she still lived! Chilling as a sudden blast from the frozen pole came the thought that she might be dead. From mortality's common foe neither youth nor beauty would exempt her; and there was never an English newspaper came to me that did not contain the tidings of some unexpected doom—a husband swept off in the prime of manhood by a fever, a family extinguished by malignant sore-throat. Death was ever busy among the homes of the great, and medical science seemed powerless to cope with the destroyer. *Her* name I had never seen among the ranks of the dead; but many events may escape the knowledge of an exile who thinks himself fortunate if he sees a newspaper or a London magazine once in six months.

I sailed for England in the Prince Edward, a noble vessel, which performed the voyage in less than seven months. Yet even this transit, rapid as it was compared with the progress of the Hecate, seemed slow to my impatience. No longer was I cooped in a Pandemonium between decks; I now enjoyed all the luxuries permitted to the sea-voyager; but I should have been inhuman had I not sometimes visited the lower deck, on which numerous disabled soldiers were being conveyed back to England. With these poor wretches I spent some time daily, and was enabled to obtain certain small indulgences for them from the captain, a very superior person to the brute with whom it had been my ill-luck to sail on board the Hecate.

It was bleak March weather when I landed at Portsmouth; but no words can describe the rapture with which I inhaled the chill wind of my native country, and gazed on the mean housetops and steeples of the little naval town, with all its common sights and sounds. The *dingy inn* where I put up for the night seemed a palace, and I was

ighted with the novel sensation of being somewhat unceremoniously ved by one free-and-easy waiter, instead of the stately crowd of vish oriental servants, who attended the dinner-table of Mr. Watts d myself as if it had been a banquet of the gods. I cannot, how-r, go so far as to say that the steak which composed my dinner med to me a happy exchange for the pilaus and curries, the various h, fruits, and vegetables of Hindostan; but I was in no humour to critical as to what I ate, being in a fever of impatience that deprived of all appetite.

I started for London at daybreak next morning, on the top of a ge-coach, which seemed to me a thing of supernatural speed after wearisome slowness of a palanquin; but even by this rapid mode of veling I did not reach the city till the dead of night, and was fain await the advent of morning at an inn in the Borough, where I was t into a room looking out on a covered gallery, much like that where had slept on my first coming to London. Nor did I sleep more ndly than on that never-to-be-forgotten night: now, as then, I me friendless to a strange city, and though I carried a small fortune my pocket, I think I would have gladly bartered my three thousand nds for the certainty that one friend would welcome my return with ectionate delight.

I breakfasted as early as London habits would allow, and found self in the streets at an hour when the city had still a half-awakened k, shutters scarcely unclosed, and stout country wenches bawling, Milk, maids below!" at every area. On London-bridge I found kmen busy taking down the ruinous old houses which here impeded thoroughfare, narrowing the roadway to but twenty feet, and in e places only twelve feet. I was not sorry to see this reformation; though the effect of these old many-gabled houses overhanging the er, like a street suspended by some magical enchantment betwixt and water, was very pleasing to the lover of the picturesque, the rrow space allowed for all kinds of traffic was a most serious sance, and the cause of many accidents. This improvement, which hus saw in its commencement, progressed with the slowness common public works, and was not completed till 1760.

On the Middlesex side of the bridge I took a hackney-coach, and de the man drive me to St. James's-square, for I considered that at Marcus Lestrange's residence I should most easily obtain tidings of I came to seek. The Indian sun, to which I had exposed myself newhat recklessly, and seven years of absence, had so much altered , that I hardly feared recognition, whoever I might meet.

I found the house in St. James's-square, with but one unshrouded ndow, just opening itself to the March sunshine, like a fashionable le who lifts one languid eyelid when all the working world has been g astir.

I *alighted and knocked boldly*, determined to run all hazards rather

than remain unsatisfied. The same gigantic porter who had answered my questions seven years before appeared in response to my summons, as little changed in face, figure, dress, or bearing, as if he had been some servitor of fairy legend, and had spent the interval in an enchanted sleep.

I had suffered and seen so much in my absence that I was unreasonably surprised by the unchanged appearance of this man. Seven years! Great Heaven! did I judge by my own feelings, I should estimate the period a century. Seven years, and my noble benefactress, whom I had left in the pride of womanhood and beauty, was mouldering in her grave! Seven years, and I returned to find myself doubtless despised and forgotten by the only woman I had ever loved!

I asked the porter if Sir Marcus Lestrange were in London. He shook his head, and regarded me with a wondering stare.

"Sir *Everard* Lestrange and his lady will be in town to-morrow, sir," he said; "they are on a visit in Surrey."

"Sir *Everard* Lestrange! Is Sir Marcus dead?" I asked.

"Sir Marcus Lestrange has been dead nearly two years, sir. This house now belongs to his only son Sir Everard, and his lady."

"Miss Hemsley that was?" I asked; for the sense of a great lapse of time again seized upon me, and it seemed but too possible that Dora might be dead, and some second wife installed in her place.

"Miss Hemsley that was," replied the porter solemnly, and then asked if I would leave my name.

"No," I said, "the name is of no consequence. I will wait upon Sir Everard in a day or two—here or elsewhere. He frequents some club, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; my master is to be seen at White's in St. James's-street, *by his friends*, who are mostly members of the club."

There was a covert insolence in this which I fully understood. The porter would have me to know that his master was not accessible to any copper-visaged stranger who might seek an interview with him.

"Lady Lestrange is well?" I asked; and to soften this pompous Cerberus I here slipped a crown into his ready hand.

"Yes, sir, my lady is vastly well," he replied with friendly readiness. "Would your honour step in and rest a bit, while I answer any inquiries you may please to make about the family? Your honour has lately returned from foreign parts, I think?"

"Yes, from —" I hesitated a moment as I was about to pronounce the word 'India:' that one word, repeated to Sir Everard, might have betrayed my identity, and I wanted to spend some little time in England before he knew of my return—"from Spain."

"Dearey me! The late Sir Marcus and his lady spent many years [illegible] Would your honour please to sit?"

[illegible] entered the hall, a lofty apartment paved with gray marble, [illegible] by a dismal spiral staircase. Never till this moment had

T. Bolton, sc.

I ENQUIRE AFTER LADY LESTRANGE.

ıetrated even so far into this house, and I looked around me curi-
r. 'Twas here she lived; I fancied her slight figure passing to and
pon the broad staircase, her little hand lightly resting on the grim
ıe balustrade.

Yes, sir," said the porter, completely mollified by my donation;
lady is well, or as well as a lady of fashion can be, that is out at
res and routs, and Vauxhall and Ranelagh, and suchlike, every
; of her life, and at sales of pictures and curiosities almost every

What! she leads a life of pleasure—she loves the amusements of
own?" I said, with an unreasonable sense of bitterness. Because
fe had been one long mourning, did I think she too must needs
solate?

Yes, sir; my lady is obliged to do as other ladies of her station,
Sir Everard likes to see her happy."

Happy!" I exclaimed involuntarily; "and that is called happi-
!"

he porter scrutinised me sharply.

You are some relative of my lady's, perhaps, sir?" he asked.

No; but I come from one who is much interested in her welfare.
ıe to see her soon after her return to town; yet I would rather you
ıot mention my visit either to Sir Everard or my lady;" and to
emphasis to this hint I slipped a second crown into the man's
.

I shall not say a word, sir," he replied, as he ushered me to the

he was well, she was happy, her life a round of fashionable dissi-
n, and she had forgotten me. This seemed to me the sum of
I had heard; and although in my fondest dream I could scarce
hoped to find myself remembered or regretted, it was never-
ıs a pain to me to hear of her gaiety.

Fool!" I exclaimed within myself, "what other fate couldst thou
t? Her love for thee was but a girlish fancy, born of her distaste
ıy rival; and thou gone, and the rival thrust upon her, she has
ciled herself to her fate, and takes life gaily, like other women of
rty."

'hus did I argue with myself; yet so crestfallen was I, that, on
imple strength of this porter's intelligence, I had half a mind to
ıck to India by the next ship that would carry me thither. Better
e facing Meer Jaffier's foes on the borders of Behar than to
· these pangs of jealous anguish in a country where I had not
ingle friend. With the strange perversity of human nature, I,
had so languished to return to England, now felt that my coming
ıeen but a folly. It seemed that I had scarce a purpose in this
city, to which I had hastened with such burning impatience.

he invalidation of my marriage? Yes, that was a task to perform;

but of what avail the undoing of those rites when she whom alone I loved was the happy wife of another? What else had I expected to find her? Had I hoped to discover her a widow waiting for my return? Alas, I knew not what I hoped; I knew only that I had found disappointment.

I carried Philip Hay's letter and statement in a pocket-book that I wore always about me; and provided with this I returned to the City and sought out Mr. Blade's office in Little Britain. I found this office a darksome den in a somewhat dingy locality, and Mr. Blade himself struck me as a kind of practition etter versed in the exercise of legal chicanery than in the nobler fices of the law; a man who would take to a doubtful case with a natural relish, and be more at his ease in the darkest labyrinth of fraud than in the broad highway of honesty.

This gentleman received me with amazing civility, and seemed really moved when I told him of Philip Hay's fate.

"That man's disappearance has always been a puzzle to me, sir," he said; "and I much regretted his loss as client, companion, and friend. In the first capacity he was of little profit to me directly, for I believe he never paid a debt in his life; but I am bound to confess that he put me in the way of two or three very good things with his young patron, Lord Mallandaine. There was an affair on Hounslow-heath, sir, an assault and abduction, which might have resulted in a most prodigious scandal, implicating more than one member of the peerage, if a man had not been found, sir—Jumping Joseph, a young man very well known upon the road—who was tried and hung, sir, for that very affair; and, I think I may venture to say, by my agency alone."

"What!" I exclaimed, aghast at this horrid avowal; "an innocent man was executed for a crime of Lord Mallandaine's! and you are proud of the transaction?"

"An innocent man! No, my dear sir, Jumping Joseph had earned a halter a dozen times over; but it was not he who ran away with pretty Miss Lockson of Holford Hall, Wiltshire, and left her father for dead in his own travelling-carriage, though a train of circumstantial evidence, which I had the honour to prepare, brought it home to him in the most convincing manner. The hemp was grown, and the yarn was spun, my dear sir; it was only a question who should put the rope round his neck."

"And my Lord Mallandaine's victim, this Miss Lockson?"

Mr. Blade shrugged his shoulders.

"I cannot say for certain what became of the girl," he said. "'Twas murmured in her father's neighbourhood that she wandered home one day about a year after the abduction, somewhat touched in the head, and would never speak the name of her betrayer. But your country folks have a knack of inventing these romantic stories. The history of Lord Mallandaine's victims would fill a big book."

"Does the wretch still live?" I asked.

"Live? yes; and is counted of some importance in his party. 'Twas but the other night he stood up in the House of Lords to denounce the reputed author of an immoral poem, with whom he was not long ago on terms of warm friendship.—But I ramble, sir; so to business."

I gave him Philip Hay's letter, which he at once acknowledged as genuine, but was not so prompt to hand me the box containing the papers.

"There is one circumstance our lamented friend appears to have forgotten," he said, with a smothered sigh.

"And pray what is that?"

"The fact that he left these herein-named papers with me as a—ahem!—a kind of security for my claim against him."

"I have no knowledge of that, Mr. Blade, nor, I dare venture to say, had Mr. Hay any notion you would advance such a claim. He spoke of you as a friend rather than as a lawyer."

"I am flattered by the friendship of a man who possessed all the elements of greatness," replied Mr. Blade; "but, as the father of a family, I am bound to remember my claim against our lamented friend, which includes costs out of pocket."

"But you are also bound to remember that these papers are of no intrinsic value—"

"They are of value to you, my dear sir," interposed the lawyer, with a wily grin, "or you would scarce take the trouble to come after them."

This was an unanswerable argument; so I replied to my gentleman with more candour than such a knave deserved at my hands.

"I have reason to believe there is one document in that box of importance to myself," I said; "but I am very sure there is no paper in it of the smallest intrinsic value."

"Intrinsic value is one thing, sir, and personal value another. I never supposed that my lamented friend had left bank-notes or India stock in my keeping. But there is no commodity of such fluctuating value as private papers. I have seen a gentleman's note of hand, and a lady's love-letter, sold at a price that would astound you."

"No evidence of a fine gentleman's iniquity or a fine lady's folly would astonish me, sir. But to return to Mr. Hay's papers."

"To return to those papers, sir. You will perceive, in the first place, that I have an equitable lien upon them in the shape of my bill of costs; and in the second place, had I no such lien, I should not be authorised in handing them to you on the strength of that letter."

"What can be plainer than this letter, Mr. Blade?"

"Nothing, if the writer were still alive, and the property his to dispose of. But the writer's life having lapsed in the interim, the papers in question belong to his next of kin, who, on taking out letters of administration, would be able to claim these with the other effects of the *deceased.*"

"Good heavens, sir, what do you mean by letters of administration? You must be aware that Philip Hay lived and died a pauper."

"I am aware of nothing relative to the last six years of his life, sir; and in the eye of the law he has an estate which must be administered according to the law in such cases made and provided. And I, sir, as a gentleman and an attorney, would be guilty of a gross misdemeanour—nay, indeed, a fraud upon Mr. Hay's heirs, executors, and assigns—should I hand you the aforesaid papers on the strength of that letter."

This was beyond measure provoking, and I was sorely tempted to lose patience with Mr. Blade.

"Come, come, sir," I said; "I doubt there is some little mistake here. My bronzed face deceives you, and you fancy because I have come from the Indies I must needs be a greenhorn in all matters of business. Allow me to tell you that I was a civil servant of the Company, and that my duties brought me in hourly contact with the natives of Hindostan, who are the veriest rogues and knaves that live upon this earth. A man who has dealt for six years with them, sir, has little to learn in chicanery, and will scarce submit to be defrauded of his honest rights by a knavish perversion of justice."

"You are impertinent, sir," replied Mr. Blade, with an air of dignity, "and since you choose to advance your claim in an offensive manner, I shall stick to the letter of the law, and hereby refuse to surrender that box to anyone but the lawful administrator of the late Mr. Philip Hay's effects."

There was a resolution about the scoundrel's tone that told me he was only to be countered by equal resolution on my part. Should I show any desire to conciliate him, or to bargain with him, he would suppose the paper to be of vital importance to me, and would do his utmost to bleed me of my last guinea.

"Very well, sir," I said, rising and putting on my hat; "in that case there is no more to be done. If the letter of the law will not give me the paper my friend desired me to have, I must e'en do without it. I have too much respect for the law to tempt you to a breach of it. Good-morning."

Mr. Blade stared at me for a moment dumfounded; but as I moved towards the door, he skipped suddenly forward and placed himself before it.

"Not so hastily, sir!" he exclaimed; "you had best, at any rate, leave me your name and address. In this letter you are but spoken of as the bearer. If I find I can strain the law in your favour, I—"

"I would not have you burden your conscience to do *me* a service, sir. My name and address are of no importance. Be so good as to move away from that door; I have engagements elsewhere, and am somewhat hurried."

"Sir," cried Mr. Blade in an appealing tone, "between men of business this is childish. You want a paper from that box, or you

ld not have come to Little Britain. What will you give for that er?"

"I decline to treat with you on the subject, sir. If my friend's re gives me no sufficient claim to the paper, I will have none i."

"Sir, this is mere histrionic display. You want the paper. Give Bank-of-England notes for one hundred pounds, and it is yours."

"I will not higgle for it, sir."

"Come, come, sir; say fifty. 'Tis not half my bill of costs."

"I have no money about me, sir, and can very well exist without paper;" and I made another move towards the door.

"Bring me five-and-twenty guineas, sir, and it is yours. 'Twill ly cover my costs out of pocket; but the father of a family is the thing of Fortune;" and at this juncture Mr. Blade brushed away an ginary tear with his dingy ruffle.

"I blush to sink so low, sir, but as the father of a family I will five-and-twenty guineas. In the words of the Apothecary—but ir, I will not trouble you with a hackneyed quotation If you ld let me have the money before two o'clock this afternoon, I ld take it kindly."

"You shall have it, Mr. Blade. I do not much affect this kind of r; but as I have trespassed on your time, I shall be happy to make some recompense, and will bring you the money you demand at o'clock."

"Sir, God bless you! I despise my weakness in thus allowing the ngs of a father to vanquish at once the principles and instincts of gal practitioner; but the times are bad; there is positively no- g doing, sir, nothing."

I left Mr. Blade, and hastened to deposit the bulk of the bills Mr. s had given me with a banker, to whom the same kind friend had mended me. A couple of hundred pounds I kept in hand; and thought it but likely there might be something outlandish in my arance, and as I had no desire to be remarkable, I went at once to pectable tailor in the City, and bade him measure me for a suit of es in the plainest modern style. He would fain have persuaded to choose some gaudy hue, such as that bloom colour which my friend Goldsmith afterwards made so famous; but I selected a of a dark, sober green, which, when he saw me resolute to have Mr. Snip declared was the genteelest thing in his shop. But even this I had some difficulty in leaving him without giving an order a scarlet shag frock, without which he declared no gentleman's drobe could be complete. This done, I was fairly puzzled when man asked me where he should send the goods, and could give him better address than the inn where I had put up. From the tailor's nt to a barber, who dressed and powdered my hair after the pre- g fashion, and tried hard to persuade me to buy a wig, recom-

mending me one entirely of human hair, and in a style which he called John's Jemmy, for it seems that fine gentlemen had of late been seized with a passion for resembling their coachmen. After this he showed me a scratch, which he called the genuine Blood's skull-covering. But finding me unmoved by the exhibition of these, he produced one of a monstrous size and feathery appearance, which he told me was known amongst men about town as the Apothecary's Bush. This last he pressed upon me as the *ne plus ultra* in taste. The price of this modish headpiece he informed me was six guineas, adding by way of apology that human hair was now fetching three guineas an ounce.

"And, pray, where do you get this human hair?" I asked.

"That, sir, is one of the secrets of the trade. We import from Germany, sir, and we buy British hair from the public institutions of this city."

"From the prisons and hospitals, I suppose," I hazarded.

"Well, sir, I confess Sir John Fielding and the gaoler's shears send us many a handsome head of hair. Nor do we inquire too curiously into the origin of the article, provided the quality be unimpeachable. Let me tempt you to try that Apothecary's Bush, sir. With a dark complexion like yours, the effect of those frizzy curls is killing."

"Nay, my good friend, I am but newly returned from the East, and am not yet enough in the mode to prefer the hair of some Mistress Doll Tearsheet or Molly Seagrim to that with which Nature has clothed my head."

I left the barber deprecating my want of taste, and went straight to Mr. Blade's office, it being now close upon two o'clock.

I found the lawyer seated at his desk, with a shabby little tin box before him. It was securely sealed with a cipher that I had seen used by Everard Lestrange; and I thus perceived how close the intimacy had been between these two men at the time of my undoing.

Having paid Mr. Blade the stipulated five-and-twenty guineas, I broke the seal and opened the box. It contained a packet of letters written by Everard Lestrange to Philip Hay; and these I read. I had received the owner's permission to use them against the writer; but this I had no intention to do. I desired only to obtain a yet fuller comprehension of Mr. Lestrange's character than his iniquitous conduct to myself and Margery Hawker had already afforded me.

The letters were in great part incomprehensible to me, so lavishly did the writer employ cant phrases that seemed to constitute a kind of secret language between Philip and himself. But of that which was plain to any reader there was enough to stamp the author of these epistles as a consummate villain. Profligacy and heartlessness were revealed in every line; and when I read those portions of the correspondence in which the seducer alluded to Margery Hawker, my detestation of this man reached a supreme degree it had not attained before. *Alas, poor* victim of a libertine's caprice, couldst thou have seen those

lines in which he described the passion thou didst mistake for love, thy bruised heart must have broken at once! And this wretch was the husband of the pure and gentle creature I had known in the happy, unforgotten days at Hauteville! I shuddered as I thought of a union between beings so opposite. Could I marvel that my lady spent her days and nights in a ceaseless round of fashionable pleasures? For her there could be no such word as home.

I looked up presently from the letters, and saw Mr. Blade staring at me with an astonished countenance, which I doubt not was warranted by my own scowling face.

"Upon my honour, sir, I should have thought you had found a nest of scorpions in that box instead of a bundle of old letters," he said.

"There are viler things than scorpions, Mr. Blade,—the thoughts of a bad man. Do you know Mr.—nay, Sir Everard Lestrange?"

"I once had the pleasure to be of some service to him, sir, in a delicate transaction. My honour as a professional man forbids me to reveal—"

"O, sir, I should be the last to question you upon the subject. Mr. Lestrange did me a most foul injury some seven years ago, and I mean to have redress. Beyond this point I have no interest in him. Where is he most easily to be met?"

"Humph! It is some time since I have been employed by him; but there are certain distinguished characters upon whom a man of the world, and the father of a family like myself, feels it a duty to keep an eye. Since Sir Everard's return from St. Petersburg he has abandoned the onerous paths of diplomacy, and has become solely a man of pleasure. His father's death gave him a handsome fortune; for Sir Marcus, although himself a poor man, had inherited largely from his wife, who died suddenly, leaving him a very fine estate, which now belongs to Sir Everard. He is a member of White's, attends the debates and votes with the Ministry, but seldom or never speaks. He is said to play high, and is a hanger-on of the two patent theatres, where he may be seen paying his court to the younger and prettier of the actresses. This, sir, is what I am told of the gentleman. My own humble opportunities do not permit me to come in contact with him."

"I thank you for your information, sir, so far as it goes. I find here the one paper which I especially require; and now if you please to accept ten guineas as the price of the remainder, which you can examine before parting with them, I am willing to take them."

"Ten guineas is really so contemptible a sum, sir."

"It is offered for a most contemptible commodity. If you will take the trouble to glance over those papers, you will perceive they are but the letters of a libertine written to his venal instrument. It is a correspondence *between Don Juan* and Sangarelle, Mr. Blade."

but which must needs be sufficiently obvious to anyone familiar
previous relations between myself and the writer.

"These shall justify me in the sight of Dorothea Lestrange," I
to myself, "if I survive an encounter with her husband."

LETTERS FROM LILLIPUT

BEING ESSAYS ON THE EXTREMELY LITTLE

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

VIII. On Little Donkeys.

"The Syracusans," writes good Master Stephen Gosson, "used such a variety of dishes in their banquets, that when they were set, and their boards furnished, they were many times in doubt which they should touch first or taste last. And, in my opinion, the world giveth every writer so large a field to walk in, that before he set pen to his book, he shall find himself feasted in Syracusa, uncertain where to begin or where to end. This caused Pindarus to question with his Muse, whether it were better with his art to decipher the life of the nymph Melia, or Cadmus' encounter with the dragon, or the wars of Hercules at the walls of Thebes, or Bacchus' cups, or Venus' ingling. He saw so many turnings laid open to his feet, that he knew not which way to bend his pace." I go with Master Stephen Gosson to the very fullest extent of his argument—he was a clerical dramatist, who, having had a good many of his plays damned, took to preaching sermons against the drama from the "shrowds" of Paul's Cross, and to writing against poetry in "the School of Abuse"—but I confess, for all that, a burning desire to know what "Venus' ingling" may be like. I have known the Paphian goddess do a good many things—she hails from Paphos, my Vennemosables, does she not? or is it from Cythera?—but I have never yet seen her "ingle." *Comment ça se fait-on?*

Yes, Master Stephen is right, and a Syracusan banquet is set out for every man or woman who can wield a knife and fork,—or a pen. Never more so, perhaps, than in these present days; for although a good deal of the French spoken in this country is after the school of Stratford-atte-Bowe, and it has been said that all the proficient German scholars among Englishmen might be put into one omnibus, still, most tolerably educated men nowadays have some smattering kind of acquaintance with the language and literature of "our lively neighbour the Gaul," or with those of our more solid cousin the Teuton. I have known undergraduates from the universities talk quite glibly about *Madame Bovary* and *Le Mari de la Danseuse*,—exemplary French novels, of which no English translations have as yet, I believe, appeared,—and who have displayed a pleasing familiarity with the comedies of MM. Victorien Sardou and Alexandre Dumas *fils*. I fancy that *Le Lutrin* would gravel them, and that they would have hard work to construe

one of Bossuet's sermons, or to English a *tirade* from *Zaire*. Still, if we bear in mind that, twenty years ago, the average young English man's stock of French did not go beyond "Garsong, donnez moi le *Galignani's Messenger*, et look sharp, hang you!" it is in the highest degree satisfactory to find our Golden Youth, who would stare if you asked them if they had ever read the *Alchemist* or the *Maid's Tragedy*, show themselves conversant with all the elegancies of a "scrofulous French novel, printed on gray paper with blunt type." At all events, if a man cannot speak or read French and German himself, he has generally a wife or a sister who is versed in the modern languages (poor creatures! they must speak half-a-dozen before they are worth fifty pounds a-year as governesses; whereas Brother Tom—the dunce head!—whose Greek would go into a half-quartern measure, and whose Euclid into a porte-monnaie, airs himself as a great classical scholar and mathematician, takes the Double-Dutch Degree backwards, and pops into five hundred a-year as head-master of a proprietary college with the privilege of taking boarders)—and this wife or sister he can set to work translating, and providing him with literary fodder to brow upon. For what are wives and sisters made for, I should like to know, but to be bullied and made slaves of? Keep them at it, and don't spare the cowhide if they are slack to their work! Their sphere is Home; let them stay at home and work, while you take a snug little dinner at the club, or sit down to pen smart epigrams against strong-minded women. There is a great deal too much nonsense and sentiment going about concerning love, mercy, sympathy, and all that kind of rubbish. It is quite time for us to be practical, and to look at things for what they are worth; *that is to say, to consider how much we can get out of them.* Do you think that if my grandmother is ill I am to be deterred by any ridiculous considerations of consanguinity from selling her in the open market? Trot her out, and hand me over the dollars! We have had a great deal too much hypocrisy lately. We want candour, frankness, and practical measures from practical men. For instance, there was a noble creature of a juror the other day on a coroner's inquest, somewhere in the Isle of Dogs, a pauperised person—a woman—had had the indecency to die of starvation, or some hypocritical ailment of that sort. The verdict had been sat upon, there arose the question of burying her; whereupon a noble creature of a juror suggested that she might be buried in an egg-box, or, better still, without any coffin at all. For, as this spirit tersely and cogently put it, what was the use of people after they are dead? It so happens that paupers dying in the workhouse serve some purpose of utility subsequent to their demise; for, according to the terms of that Dead-Body Bill which we mainly owe to the Bishop of London, their remains may, if not claimed, be given over to the surgeons for dissection; but this woman in the Isle of Dogs, in the usual thoughtlessness of her class, had elected to die out of

"house;" so clearly she was of no use to Science, or to anybody or anything else, and an egg-box was manifestly the very best sarcophagus for her. But I should like to know this juror; I should like to press his hand; I should like to press his throat; I should like to ask him to dinner, and give him something that would do him good. It is a false and sophistical age, and we do not often meet a thoroughly candid and unaffected man. When we do, let us make much of him, in the Isle of Dogs or elsewhere.

But, dear me! it is a very long way from Millwall to Syracuse. We were saying, if you please, with the Reverend Mr. Stephen Gosson, that an author may suffer from an *embarras de richesses* in the way of subjects: and I took the liberty to add, that there never existed such a plethora of topics as at the present time. If you will only make up your mind to knead bricks, you will find straw enow to furnish fifty kilns a day. There is no need for you to rack your brains to any irritating extent. All you have to do is to be tolerably nimble with your fingers, and to keep a sharp eye on the pocket-handkerchiefs which careless by-passers may permit to protrude from their pockets. Steal right and left; there is no Central Criminal Court for the punishment of plagiarism. A publisher coolly pirated a work of mine once, and I bleated forth a meek complaint in a newspaper; and then the pirate called on me to apologise, threatening to bring an action against me if I refused. Don't trouble yourself with wasting midnight oil in the composition of original works. Let other people use the oil, and be you a wiser virgin, and steal the fruit of the lamp. Steal, civilly if you can; but steal. If the victim resists, knock him down, and jump upon him. The cat-o'-nine-tails laid on the backs of literary garrotters doesn't hurt much. If you are found out, and impudent plagiarism be brought home to you, put a bold face on the matter. Remind your critics that Shakespeare stole the plots of his comedies from Florio's novels; that Molière picked up his property wherever he found it; that the scheme of Milton's *Paradise Lost* is remarkably like Du Bartas' *Holy Week;* that John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is taken from the French —Bunyan didn't know French, but that doesn't matter; that Le Sage patched up *Gil Blas* from half-a-dozen Spanish novels; that Scribe fed like a ghoul on Calderon and Lope de Vega; that Washington Irving purloined his *German Student's Story* from Hoffmann; that Goldsmith's *Madame Blaise* is a translation from De la Monnoye; and that Lord Lytton is indebted to a novel by Frédéric Soulié for all the incidents in the *Lady of Lyons.* And then go on stealing; nobody can harm you; and the world doesn't remember after nine days. I am obliged to work very hard myself; and I mean to feel Balzac's pocket next Monday, to fleece Sainte Beuve on Tuesday, to dévalise Fenimore Cooper on Wednesday, strip George Sand on Thursday, rifle Sterne on Friday, and on Saturday dine royally on the proceeds of the week's robberies. On Sunday I *shall go to church,* and be attentive to the Litany.

It is a grand time—*un jour d'allégresse*—for the literary profession. On all sides I hear the clicking of scissors, and I sniff the pungent mouldiness of the paste-pot. There is so much to write about, and moreover there is happily such an amazing quantity of matter extant written by other people, and of which you may avail yourself without any great chance of being found out. Only line my shelves with complete editions of Diderot—who ever read him through?—of Voltaire—of whose prose works most persons are crassly ignorant—of Fontenelle and of Marmontel; let me have Montaigne, and Burton's *Anatomy*, and Sir Thomas Browne, and Tom Nash, and Jeremy Taylor on my table, and I will undertake to go on stealing for years without so much as a definite charge of petty-larceny being brought home to me. If you are nervous of being tracked by authors whose wails may be tolerably well known even to a few—for it sometimes happens that the critic of the *Saturday Review* may have dipped into the book from which you have been stealing—hie you to the Reading-room of the British Museum; take down the volumes of the catalogue *seriatim*, and look out the authors—the more voluminous the better—of whose works you have never heard. Give *them* a turn. Or perhaps you dislike the labour of wading through complete books. Steal fragments, then. The back numbers of the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh* should properly furnish you with any number of bran-new essays you may be called upon to write for the *Contemporary* or the *Fortnightly*. Perorations of old reviews will make admirable *exordia* for leaders in daily newspapers. If you write in the magazines, secure as many copies of the old "mags" as you can pick up, for twopence apiece, on the bookstalls. It will go hard but *Tait*, and the *New Monthly*, and the earlier issues of *Blackwood* and *Fraser*, will afford you comfortable board and lodging. If you are a contributor to the weekly periodicals, give your days and nights to the plunder of Addison. Ransack the *Tatler* and the *Adventurer*, the *Livre des Cent et un* and the *Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*, *Lupverto erede, Roberto*. I know the thing can be made to pay. Be unjust, and fear not. You are scarcely, as the gentleman in Shakespeare subtly puts it, a robber;—you are only a man who much does need. The only thing about which I feel it necessary to warn you is this, that if you are a comic writer, you had better not fall into the habit of stealing from the back numbers of *Punch*, for the gentlemen attached to that lively journal know all their old jokes by heart, and are much addicted to vamping-up in the year 1869 the *facetiæ* they indited in the year 1845.

I don't think I can do much towards revealing the secrets of the prison-house, *and showing how the thing is done*. Perhaps you will liken me to a bird which bewrays its own nest. I beg to state that I am not a bird, and that I haven't got a nest. I am a DONKEY. I am, brother. You should see my ears. You should hear the deep diapason of my inharmonious bray. Bray! my father was Vicar of that place. I was always

partial to thistles, and if I could afford a *villeggiatura*, its site should be fixed on Hampstead-heath. That which led me to the outburst of candid confession with which I have prefaced this article, was the thought of the enormous, nay I may almost say inexhaustible, fecundity of my theme. This "chapter of autobiography" once begun might go on for ever and ever. The word 'donkey' might serve as an abracadabra spell, and force the magician's slave to go on fetching pails of water in *secula sæculorum*. Who is not an ass? Well, everybody who is not either a mule or a horse. "*Nescis, mi fili, quantulâ prudentiâ regunturhomines;*" did not the Swedish chancellor write thus to his son—presumably a donkey! Oxenstiern was not an ass. He must have been a horse of the Houyhnhnm race, and was therefore fit to govern the Yahoo man.

But there are donkeys and donkeys, as you are aware; fools and fools. The Fool of Scripture, whom Solomon seems never tired of girding at, is not, to my thinking, a Little Donkey. The small ass is a timid, shambling kind of a creature at worst. His asinity is more of the negative than of the positive order. He sins less in consequence of what he is, than through what he is not. Now Solomon's fool is a tall, stubborn, stiff-necked blockhead; an opinionated, intolerant, dogmatic donkey. He is as the great *borrico*, the monstrous white jackass of Spain, to the humble costermonger's moke, which drags greens about Camden-town, and is fed mainly on broken gingerbeer-bottles. The big donkey reviews books; the little donkey writes books to be reviewed. Solomon's fool goes about denying in his heart the existence of a Creator. He is "perverse with his lips, and is a fool," to the end of the chapter. For his back there are stripes, and for his feet the correction of the stocks. Let him be answered according to his folly. He is a violent and aggressive donkey often; reason with him, therefore, with a club or the butt-end of a poker; and when he wags his great lolling tongue foolishly, give his bridle a wrench, and make his jaw feel the curb. He never had any disease that a good thrashing wouldn't cure. A big fool is a more intolerable nuisance than the biggest of villains; for it is the villain's interest sometimes to be harmless: whereas the large donkey, from sheer want of sense, is *always* in mischief. He will hit people he has never seen before in his life; thrust women off the pavement, or plaster their clothes with filth, in the mere wantonness of brutal spite; tear up the fittings of the railway-carriage in which he is travelling, and fling them out upon the line; puff the fumes of his penny cigar in ladies' faces; scratch his name with a diamond ring on the coffee-room windows at Greenwich; wrench-off knockers, and unscrew door-plates; swagger into Mahometan mosques at Cairo on his way to Egypt, and throw his walking-stick at the ostrich-eggs suspended from the roof; scramble hot halfpence from the windows of the Spread Eagle at Epsom; assault the police; throw rotten eggs and bags of flour at people returning from the Derby; bonnet the waiters

at the Alhambra; get up a riot in a country theatre; help to half-murder a poor shrinking "welcher" on a race-course; and imitate the crowing of cocks and the lowing of kine, if, as sometimes happens, he contrives to get elected a member of the House of Commons. Often the big donkey is a Whitechapel rough, and occasionally he is a "heavy swell," wearing the jack-boots and buckskins of the Household cavalry. He has been, in different ages and in different countries, a Bravo, a *Ruffiano*, Sparafacile, Saltabadil, Captain Bobadil, "Black Will with a cudgel," a Mohock, a blood, a buck. At present he may be "no end of a count," or a member of the "Rollicking Rams," or a ticket-of-leave man; but he has always been a thundering fool, and always will be.

There may be one species of Little Donkey, perhaps, who would like to be a "Rollicking Ram" if he could, but who lacks the requisite stamina to assume such a part. There are Muscular Heathens as well as Muscular Christians. A "Rollicking Ram" should be strong. If "muzzling the bobbies is his game," the development of his flexors and extensors should be on a scale to warrant him encountering the members of the metropolitan police-force in single combat. But a medium-sized butcher-boy would be more than a match for the average of Little Donkeys. The animal is not only diminutive, but feeble. Now Gulliver's Lilliputians, microscopic as was their stature, were many of them valiant men of war; and I imagine that I have already remarked in these essays that Little Men—like Little Women—are often the bravest of the brave. With five smooth stones out of the brook and a sling, did not little David knock huge Captain Goliath of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span, all to pieces? The Little Donkey would much like to perform these feats of arms, only he can't. Exiguity of fibre in his deltoid and his biceps forbid him to "muzzle the bobbies." He is delicate at the chest. He is weak at the knees. Premature dissipation has impaired the poor little man's constitution; incessant smoking has played the deuce with his nerves; and it is quite painful to hear his short, dry, husky cough, and mark the hectic spot on his cheek. The Little Donkey is obliged to wear a hareskin over his pectorals, and swaddle himself in flannel all through the winter.

By this time you have discovered, no doubt, that the Little Donkey I am particularising, and who is only one among about ten thousand varieties of *borriquitos* whom I could fabulate had I time, and had you patience, is the small nuisance on whom society has bestowed the generic title of "cad." But I prefer to call him a Little Donkey, for the reason that I think the term "cad" has been in these latter days almost as grossly misapplied as the congenital term of "snob." Many wise philological pates have been puzzled over the etymology of "snob," which, to my mind, is clearly derivable from the Italian *snobile*, 'ignoble'—base and vile. In that marvellous analysis of human weaknesses, however, called *The Book of Snobs*, the late Mr. Thackeray seemed to arrive at the conclusion that the great majority of mankind

must be included in the snobbish category. He found snobs among brave officers in the army, learned college dons, members of Pall-Mall clubs; numbers of gentlemen, in fact, because they happened to be vain, or frivolous, or weak-minded, were classed by the illustrious satirist as snobs; whereas I take it that frivolity and vanity and imbecility are qualities quite compatible with an entire absence of snobbery. So, following in the footsteps of the Mighty Master, did Mr. James Hannay, in a remarkable series of papers in the *Imperial Review*, stigmatise almost every section in the community as being more or less of the "cad" genus. When I was young, the "cad" was a "rough." An impudent, slangy omnibus conductor was called a "cad." Before I was born, the sedan-chair men and ticket-porters in Edinburgh were known as "caders" or "cadies" or "cads." By the term "cad," in fine, was generally understood great bodily strength, combined with that rudeness and insolence which strength unmodified by education is apt to beget. The midshipmen of the Mediterranean squadron, as Mr. Hannay should know full well, were accustomed to call the Maltese boatmen and the cut-throat hangers-on of Nix Mangiare stairs "cads." But the present acceptation of "cad" is of a snob of lower degree,—a ridiculously vulgar impostor, who strives to appear that which he is not; who grotesquely apes the manners of his betters, but who betrays the innate lowness of his origin and the squalor of his intellectual training by every step he takes, and by every word he utters. You may depend upon it, that among the Philistine host there were such contemptible Little Donkeys, erroneously dubbed "cads." Goliath was a Philistine after Mr. Mathew Arnold's own heart; a burly, blustering, swaggering monster, with his brass pot on his head and his coat-of-mail, his greaves of brass upon his legs and his target of brass between his shoulders, with the staff of his spear like a weaver's beam, and his spear-head that weighed six hundred shekels of iron. He was a bully, if you will, and a boaster, but he could fight; he was the heaviest of "swells." How many hundreds of puny creatures were there, I wonder, in the Philistine camp who looked up to this huge, swashbuckling giant with awe and admiration—who tried to imitate the hoarse, gruff tones in which he defied the men of Israel, staggering along with spears too heavy for them, and with brazen helmets which gave them the headache,—who wore greaves *à la* Goliath on their spindle-shanks, and targets of brass between their shoulder-blades.

The "one-horse" Philistine of old, the Little Donkey of the present day, was christened about twenty-three years ago by the late Albert Smith "the Gent." How many of the existing generations of readers, I wonder, have ever perused that diverting little shilling book, published by poor David Bogue, and which was illustrated by Hine and Henning, *The Natural History of the Gent*, sold by tens of thousands? If the author did not make much money by his opuscule, the profits of the publisher, at least, *must have been immense*. Albert Smith showed us the

"gent" in his habit as he lived. About 1846-7 this animal was accustomed to wear a very shiny hat, somewhat low in the crown, with a very narrow brim. The hat was stuck artfully on one side of his head. His upper garment in winter was a paletôt of some amazingly rough and fluffy material, and of light colour, which gave him very much the appearance of a Skye-terrier. His collar was of the "stand-up" order—not the "dog" or "all-round" collar, that came in with the "Noah's-ark" coat, in the first year of the Crimean war, but a stiff and curt collar with spiky ends, which just met the tips of his "aggravators" or love-locks. He wore his hair long and richly greased. The poor little fellow would have dearly liked to wear either a moustache or a beard, or both; but he dared not. Sumptuary laws as to shaving did really exist a generation since. Commercial employers had a horror of hairy faces; and as the "gent" was generally either a clerk or a counter-jumper, it was as much as his situation was worth to leave his upper lip or chin unshorn. He "took it out" in whisker, however, when his whiskers would grow; and when he patronised Laurent's Casino or a Vauxhall masquerade he bought a sham moustache at Mr. Nathan's and gummed it securely on his face. The shirt-fronts of the "gent," when he was prosperous, were particoloured, or were decorated with vividly-illuminated effigies of bull-dog's heads, skulls, ballet-girls, or ships in full sail. The "gent" of humbler means wore a "dickey." His cravat was either a tie of very "loud" colours and with very long ends, or a satin stock, in which were stuck two breast-pins attached together by a chain, and surmounted by monstrous bulbs of coloured glass. Electro-gilding was, comparatively speaking, in its infancy in '46-47, and the "gent" was thus debarred from indulging to any great extent in imitation watchguards and sham lockets. There was a stuff, however, called "Mosaic" jewelry which he sometimes patronised, but a shower of rain was sufficient to rob it of its auriferous sheen, and resolve it into its primitive baseness of brass. The "gent" was not much given to smoking in the streets by daylight. His employers had an ugly habit of classing cigar-smokers with moustache-wearers, and both with billiard-markers, cavalry-officers, fiddlers, circus-riders, artists, and other disreputable characters. The "gent" who smoked a cigar in the street before the shades of evening had fallen was in danger of the "sack." His consumption, however, of penny "pickwicks," three-halfpenny "cubas," and twopenny "gems," so soon as the gas was lit, was prodigious.

The Strand in those days abounded with tobacconists' shops, and in many of these *magasins* there was a pretty girl behind the counter. Peep into one of these establishments between nine o'clock and midnight, and you were tolerably certain to see the Gents "by one, by two, by three"—sitting on the chest which was supposed to contain prime havannas just out of bond, but which frequently contained only the useful but humble hearth-broom and dust-pan. Over this chest

the "gent" would swing his short legs, which were usually cased in trousers of a staring check or with an alarming stripe. He called the pretty girl behind the counter "Loo," and she repeatedly enjoined him to "get along with his imperence." Then he would go up-stairs and lose his little sixpences at pool, and call the marker "Fred." Then he would repair to the public-house round the corner, and toss his comrades for half-and-half, and sup on Abernethy-biscuit and cheese. He would "chaff" the barmaid, and call her "Liz." Take him for all in all, I don't think the "gent" of three-and-twenty years ago was quite so pretentious a thing as the Little Donkey of to-day. He was not ashamed to wear bluchers; very often he dispensed altogether with gloves,—when he did wear them, they were usually of the warm but unostentatious kind known as "Berlin;" on high days and holidays he might disport himself in a "shilling's worth of dog;" and if he went to a soirée at Mr. Frampton's Dancing Academy, he would occasionally go so far as an eighteenpenny pair of white kids. From these he would have his money's worth, however; for he would continue to wear the white kids until they were as black as the portico of St. Paul's.

This was the "Gent" as Albert Smith saw him. On the whole, I think that he was to be preferred, on the score of manliness, to the Little Donkey of our own day. He was not ashamed to dine at a slap-bang shop for elevenpence—sixpenny plate of meat, vegetables a penny, pint of beer twopence, bread a penny, waiter a penny. On evenings when he felt inclined to be steady, or oftener when his funds were low, he was not above partaking of "coffee and a slice" at some modest coffee-shop in Camden Town or Pentonville, and passing an hour or two in the study of some dog's-eared novel in the library of the establishment. When he could not afford to smoke penny "pickwicks" or "cubas" or "gems," he was perfectly contented with a long clay-pipe and a screw of "returns." These humble enjoyments would fail to satisfy the Little Donkey of 1869.

NOCTAMBULISM

By some accounts, Theseus met with his death through missing his step on the highest cliffs in Scyros, and thence tumbling down headlong—the consequence of taking a walk after dark, as his practice was. Serve him right, will be the verdict of those to whom every species of noctambulism, civic or rural, appears a thing unnatural and baneful, and who would apply to every night-walker, on system, Seneca's reproach of baseness, *Turpis est*—on the score of perverting the proper uses of day and night—*qui officia lucis noctisque pervertit.* We have holy writ for it, that if a man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world; but if a man walk in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him.

Nevertheless the taste, not to call it instinct, for noctambulism is in some people so strong as to be practically irresistible. It may be a morbid preference, after the manner exemplified in Elsie Venner—that curious physiological study of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's—who at that period of the year when, on account of rattlesnakes, the Rockland people were most cautious of wandering in the leafier coverts which skirted the base of the mountain, and the farmers never ventured among the bushes except in thick long boots—preferred this particular period for her copsewood rambles; for she "was never so much given to roaming over the mountain as at this season; and as she had grown more absolute and uncontrollable, she was as like to take the night as the day for her rambles." Or it may be an ill-conditioned habit, after the sort ascribed by Samuel Butler to the Duke of Buckingham, whose secretary some affirm him to have been, and whom he makes out to have been a [illegible] for Seneca's own reason, and in Seneca's own sense. For the author of *Hudibras* taxes "a Duke of Bucks" with [illegible] all those lights that nature made in the noblest prospects of the world, and opening other little blind loopholes backwards, by [illegible] day into night, and night into day; with rising, eating, and [illegible] long after all others that go by the [illegible] keeping the same hours with owls and the [illegible] in his house, but haunt it, like an [illegible] the family, and never appears [illegible] . . . He is as inconstant as [illegible] . . . With St. Paul, though in a different [illegible] lives in the night." Although noctambulism may be [illegible] those who defend [illegible] such morbid excrescences from

as a semi-snakish damsel, whose blood is tainted with a fatal , or as a profligate peer damned by more poets than one to ever- fame. The lover, in Thomson, is harmless enough, though s a thought "spoony," in his night-wandering habits; for it is eal, and rather highly idealised, young gentleman's practice not his retirement

> "till the Moon
> Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy East,
> Enlightened by degrees, and in her train
> Leads on the gentle Hours; then forth he walks,
> Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
> With softened soul, and woos the bird of eve
> To mingle woes with his; or, while the world
> And all the sons of care lie hushed in sleep,
> Associates with the midnight shadows drear."

rge Fox used to perplex the rustics, not more by his taste for in a hollow tree all day, than by that for walking the fields by like a man possessed. The Man of the Hill, as he is called in g's chief work, frightens the country people by his habit of ; by night. Mackenzie's Man of Feeling, whom "the country called the Ghost, was known by the slouch in his gait, and the of his stride . . . Yet for all he used to walk o' nights," quoth ate, "he was as gentle as a lamb at times, for I have seen him at tee-totum with the children, on the great stone at the door churchyard." Byron is the original of that young hero of Mr. i's who avows to Venetia his preference for night exercise: thing is so still, and then you hear the owls. I cannot make y it is, but nothing gives me more pleasure than to get up verybody is asleep. It seems as if one were the only living in the world." It is the practice of *le père* Aubry, in Chateau- Indian romance, to rise from his couch at midnight, and on the mountains, in meditation and prayer. Even during the he keeps up this habit—loving to see the forest-trees wave their afless branches, and to watch the clouds fleeting athwart the d to listen to the winds and the waterfalls amid that else un- silence. The poet of the *Biglow Papers*, dating from the same lantic shores, has put on record in characteristic style *his* esti- the advantages and attractions of noctambulism:

> "I love to start out arter night's begun,
> An' all the chores about the farm are done,
> The critters milked an' foddered, gates shet fast,
> Tools cleaned against to-morrer, supper past,
> An' Nancy darnin' by her ker'sene lamp,—
> I love, I say, to start upon a tramp,
> To shake the kinkles out o' back and legs."

xplaining his preference for certain spots, such as Concord-road ncord-bridge, *Esquire Biglow* goes on to report that—

"They're 'most too far away, take too much time
To visit often, ef it ain't in rhyme;
But there's a walk that's hev'ner a sight,
And suits me fust-rate of a winter's night,—
I mean the round whale's back o' Prospect-hill.
I love to loiter there while night grows still,
An' in the twinklin' villages about,
Fust here, then there, the well-saved light goes out,
And nary sound but watch-dogs' false alarms,
Or muffled cock-crows from the drowsy farms,
Where some wise rooster (men act jest thet way)
Stands to't thet moon-rise is the break o' day.

* * * *

I love to muse there till it kind o' seems
Ez ef the world went eddyin' off in dreams.
The north-west wind that twitches at my baird
Blows out o' sturdier days not easy scared,
An' the same moon thet this December shines
Starts out the booths an' tents o' Putnam's lines;
. . . . An' 'twixt the silences, now fur, now nigh,
Rings the sharp challenge, hums the low reply."

Sir Percival Tracey, in the *Caxtoniana*, insists upon it that we do not sufficiently cultivate the friendship of Night, but separate her by too sharp a line from the Day. So it is his wont, as a practical philosopher, to ride out often in summer, and even in winter often to ramble forth, when his guests have been for hours in their beds. He thus takes into his day impartially all the twenty-four hours (in effect ignoring the Scripture query, Are there not twelve hours in the day?—a query that immediately precedes the assurance of that man's stumbling who walks after dark). "There are trains of thought set in motion by the sight of the stars, which are dormant in the glare of the sun. And without such thoughts, man's thinking is incomplete." Mr. Pisistratus Caxton concedes the charm of night, and owns to having often felt the truth Sir Percival has thus expressed; more especially, perhaps, to have felt it when traveling alone in his younger days, and in softer climates than ours. But there comes a time—and "Sixty," *habemus confitentem*, is at the time of this utterance verging on sixty—when one is compelled to admit that there is such a thing as rheumatism, and that even bronchitis is not altogether a myth. "All mortals, my dear Tracey, are not blessed with your enviable health, and there is a proverb which warns us against turning night into day." Sir Percival, in reply, suspects that the proverb applies the most to those who shut out the night; and argues that the unhealthful time to be out is just before and just after sunset—precisely the time which the fashionable part of our population seem to prefer for exercise. Personally he has never found out-door noctambulism injurious, elderly though he be. "My gamekeeper," too, "tells me he is never so well as that part of the year when he is out half the night at watch over his preserves." As this whim of Sir Percival's about night exercise is

captivating and plausible, Mr. Caxton deems it due to the health of his readers, to warn them, in a foot-note, against acting upon it without the sanction of their medical advisers. In a later page of the essay on Motive Power, when the two interlocutors have parted for the night, our author, regaining his own room, opens his window, and looks forth on the moonlit garden. A few minutes later, "a shadow, moving slow," he writes, "passed over the silvered ground, and, descending the terrace stairs, vanished among the breathless shrubs and slumbering flowers. I recognised the man who loved to make night his companion."

With regard to the sanitary aspect of the question, the Original Mr. Walker sided with the French, "who observe rules respecting health more strictly than we do," in professing a decided mistrust of sunset, on account of the vapour which usually rises about that time, and which they call *le serein*, and he adds, from his own experience, "Though I think the fresh morning air is the most invigorating in its effects, there is no period when I have felt actually so much alacrity and energy as when taking exercise, either on foot or horseback, at the dead of night, provided the night is clear and dry, and most especially during a fine frost." The body and mind seemed to him to be more in unison under such circumstances—to be more harmoniously *en rapport*, to pull better together than at any other time.

When the young pastor, in the *Chronicles of Carlingford*, meets his strange acquaintance, Mrs. Hilyard, in the country street at night—the two approaching each other just as if they had arranged a meeting at seven o'clock of that wet January night, in the gleaming, deserted thoroughfare,—his remark that the meeting seems scarcely to be accidental, is met by the assurance that he is talking romance and nonsense, quite inconceivable in a man just come from the society of deacons: "We have met, my dear Mr. Vincent, because, after refreshing my mind with your lecture, I thought of refreshing my body by a walk this fresh night. One saves candles, you know, when one does one's exercise at night; whereas walking by day wastes everything—time, tissue, daylight, invaluable treasures; the only light that hurts nobody's eyes, and costs nobody money, is the light of day."

For many years of his life, night-walking was a frequent practice of Professor Wilson's, whether among the English lakes or deep in the Highland glens. On his way for a midnight ramble in solitude—for his daughter and biographer tells us that in spite of his generally even flow of good spirits, and his lively enjoyment of social pleasures, it seemed as if in his inmost heart he craved some influence more soothing and elevating than even the most congenial companionship could afford—he would often call on a friend, and with him converse for a while, "before taking his solitary way to the mountains, within the deep shadows of which he would wander for hours, engaged in what he appropriately calls MIDNIGHT ADORATION.

"Beneath the full-orbed moon, that bathed in light
The mellowed verdure of Helvellyn's steep,
My spirit teeming with creations bright,
I walked like one who wanders in his sleep."

When, in 1815, he brought his winsome wife to Kinnaird for a Highland tour together afoot, we find from a letter of the lady at whose house they stopped, that he took to noctambulism at once. "They arrived here late last night," she writes. "The following day and greater part of the night he passed rambling among our glens alone."

It is amusing to hear of him, on one of his midwinter sallies from Elleray, through deep snow, arriving at Mr. de Quincey's cottage at Grasmere at half-past one in the morning. The Opium-eater was not in bed, nor was he at home. He was at the Nab; and when he returned about three o'clock, he found his stalwart visitor in possession of *his* bed, and fast asleep. It had been a marvel worth record, if the owner of that bed had been found asleep in it at that hour. Hospitality apart—and he was the most hospitable of men—Thomas de Quincey was not the man to dispute possession of a bed at that time of night.

Swift would seem to have been addicted to night-walking, but rather in town than country. In his later correspondence we meet once and again with expressions of regret at his no longer being able to indulge that preference. "I must do the best I can," he writes to Dr. Sheridan in 1733, "but shall never more be a night-walker." And two years later we find him telling another correspondent, after detailing points of ill-health, and how he deals with them, "I ride a dozen miles as often as I can, and always walk the streets, except in the night, which my head will not suffer me to do" now.

The *noctambule*, we are cautioned, must be carefully distinguished from the *noctivague*—the latter being a person who, in London slang, is said to have "the key of the street;" in other words, one who does not go home because he has no home to go to, and no money to hire one with. Accordingly we learn that the noctivague's highest idea of human happiness is to have a room where he can turn-in at nine, and sleep till the next morning; and if he succeed in getting possession of one, he is said to become in general remarkably regular in his habits and hours. Whereas the noctambule is characterised by a reluctance to go to bed at the time which mankind in the bulk consider proper for that purpose. To him, going to bed at night is a mere conventionality; he sees no necessary connection between night and sleep—sleep being simply intended to repair the wear and tear caused by bodily and mental activity, while night happens to be his period of activity. "L'atmosphère extérieure de la nuit paraît plus en harmonie avec ses goûts, son intelligence, ses sens même." So writes a French essayist, who has made *le noctambule* his special study in Paris by gaslight. And, as one of M. Lemer's English reviewers has observed, *some* noctambulists have pushed this principle so far, that during the

winter months they never see daylight unless when the dawn overtakes them on their way home. Respectability, he goes on to say, may denounce this taste, but cannot condemn it as utterly irrational; it being undeniable that noctambulism has charms and enjoyments of a high order. Who, for instance, but the noctambulist has ever thoroughly and honestly enjoyed a sunrise? "Sunrise finds him [unlike the ill-conditioned early riser, who has to get up on purpose] in the full possession of all his faculties—no remnant of a hastily-snatched sleep lies heavy on his eyelids, like an ill-digested morsel. It steals upon him gently, courting but not demanding his admiration, and he sinks to rest with a mind filled with impressions of beauty which crystallise into golden dreams." Furthermore this apologist for noctambulism maintains that none but the night-walker is competent to give an opinion of any value on the architecture of a great city; that no one, for example, can be said to have seen St. Paul's until he has seen it through the smokeless air of the early summer morning, when all its lines come out clear and sharp, and the cross above glitters in the first rays of the rising sun.

> "On the Rialto every night at twelve
> I take my evening's walk of meditation,"

says Pierre, in *Venice Preserved*. And though the habit may seem in keeping with Pierre's character as a conspirator, it will not tell against him with the candid and the contemplative.

In one of Lord Jeffrey's gushing letters to Mr. Dickens, a paragraph begins with this note of admiration: "How funny that *besoin* of yours for midnight rambling in city streets, and how curious that Macaulay should have the same taste or fancy! If I thought there was any such inspiration as yours to be caught by the practice, I should expose my poor irritable trachea, I think, to a nocturnal pilgrimage without scruple. But I fear I should have my venture for my pains." This was written in 1847; and presumably it is in reference to that period that Mr. Dickens describes, in the *Uncommercial Traveller*, his having suffered "some years ago" from a temporary inability to sleep, which caused him to walk about the streets all night for a series of several nights. This disorder, the result of "a distressing impression," might, he says, have taken a long time to conquer, if it had been faintly experimented on in bed; but it was soon defeated by the brisk treatment of getting up directly after lying down, and going out and coming home tired at sunrise. And in the course of these nights he professes to have finished his education in a fair amateur experience of houselessness. His principal object being to get through the night, the pursuit of it, as he says, brought him into sympathetic relations with people who have no other object every night in the year. Besides the chapter expressly devoted to the subject of Night-walks, his various stories abound in incidental glimpses of the great city on its night-side, or

ings, such enigmatical entries, and such sphinx's riddles of
without obvious outlets or thoroughfares, as must baffle the a
of porters, and confound the intellects of hackney-coachmen.
the pleasure this "nicht-wanderin' man," as the Ettrick Shepha
him, took in the London streets by night was apparently identi
that so heartily and almost passionately avowed by Charles Lam

The author of *Paris au gaz*, already referred to, invites us t
him in tracking the erratic life of a company of noctambulist
who turn day into night and *vice versa*, sleeping till half-past
the afternoon, and then starting for peregrinations which they
through the night—not, he assures us, with any design of mal
pense, of murdering or housebreaking, but merely for the plea
walking about in the company of cats, police-patrols, and *chif*
The eccentric Dr. Gourdy is especially commemorated in this
by M. Julien Lemer; but perhaps the most noteworthy of the
ambules is the poet Gérard de Nerval, hailed by British critic
author of so many delightful tales, and a distinguished contri
the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who "at last was found, after a
noctambulism, hanging at dawn from a lamp-post at a street-
Edgar Allan Poe professes, as a tale-teller extraordinary, to ha
to noctambulism in Paris, with one Auguste Dupin, whose
fancy it was to be enamoured of the night for her own sake, a
into which his companion quietly fell, giving himself up, indee
the wild whims of *ce cher Auguste* with a perfect *abandon*.
divinity would not herself dwell with us always; but we co
feit her presence." And this they effected by a process re
us of Butler's charge against the Duke of Bucks, of dammin

niet observation can afford. Morbid as the practice may n, at any rate it is not morbid in the same degree or kind Sydney Carton's night-wanderings round and about the house anette. "Many a night he vaguely and unhappily wandered en wine had brought no transitory gladness to him; many a ıybreak revealed his solitary figure lingering there, and still there when the first beams of the sun brought into strong ıoved beauties of architecture in spires of churches and lofty , as perhaps the quiet time brought some sense of better lse forgotten and unattainable, into his mind. Of late, the l bed in the Temple-court had known him more scantily than l often when he had thrown himself upon it no longer than a ıtes, he had got up again and haunted that neighbourhood." rentry declares that she *does* like perambulating London streets ght; of course with a gentleman to take care of her (honest ng *the* gentleman)—it is so much pleasanter than being stewed brougham; and if it is delightful even in winter, how much in the hot summer nights of the season! "Your spirits rise nerves brace themselves as you inhale the midnight air, with noky particles pure by comparison with that which has just soning you in a crowded drawing-room." When the Country f the Recreations became a City one, and still continued them, s avowed practice to think out some of his essays "in solitary walks, on quiet winter evenings, in a certain broad gas-lit ımarkable for that absence of passers-by which is charac- ıf many of the streets of this beautiful city" (Edinburgh). indeed is the spirit of such noctambulism from that intimated speare's Faulconbridge, when he says,

> "Who dares not stir by day must walk by night."

ıe who so walk by night, in their own despite, may be too referred to the disreputable category summarised by Mr. Bar- ne of his *Ingoldsby Legends*:

> "In the dead of the night, though with labour oppress,
> Some mortals disdain the 'calm blessings of rest;'
> Your cracksman, for instance, thinks night-time the best
> To break open a door, or the lid of a chest;
> And the gipsy who close round your premises prowls
> To ransack your hen-roost and steal all your fowls,
> Always sneaks out at night with the bats and the owls,
> So do witches and warlocks, ghosts, goblins, and ghouls;
> To say nothing at all of those troublesome 'swells,'
> Who come from the playhouses, 'flashkens,' and 'hells,'
> To pull-off people's knockers, and ring people's bells."

FRANCIS JACOX.

THE VOICE OF GRIEF

O RUGGED, toilsome path of thorns and briers,
Of weary, bleeding [illegible]—
Peopled with shadows o[illegible] reaped desires,
And pleasures [illegible]e!
Land of [illegible] for the dead,
And [illegible]
Where noble lives by cruel hands are shed,
To win the field of strife;
Where Pain eternal, like the Alpine snows,
Crowned above men and kings,
Broods dark as night, and from her bosom throws
Her arrows and her stings!

Shall the sweet breath of Summer sweep the earth,
And make it smile with flowers,
Yet leave to man the pestilential dearth
Of ever-withering powers?
Behold how Sorrow, wandering through the world,
Weeps passionate tears of blood,
And Charity upon the stones is hurled,
Crying aloud for good!
The voice of grief pierces the Silent Land,
Where victory is won—
Is there no haven past Time's dangerous strand,
No joy beyond the sun?

GEORGE SMITH.

BELGRAVIA

MAY 1869

MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY

AUTHOR OF "PAUL MASSIE," "THE WATERDALE NEIGHBOURS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX. SWEARING ETERNAL FRIENDSHIP.

BITTERLY and severely did I echo next morning the opinion of my friend the critic. What a confounded fool I had made of myself! was the first thought present to my mind. How *she* must have despised me! How steadily I had been sinking of late! This proof, the most grotesque and ridiculous humiliation I had ever been put to, was perhaps not the sharpest proof of a lowered nature which pricked my conscience.

For I had yet a conscience and a sense of honour. I have read somewhere a story of a prince to whom a loving fairy gave a magical ring, which was to be his guide and guard through life. Whenever he did wrong, the ring was to prick his finger—sharply, in proportion to the magnitude of his fault. He erred and erred; was pricked and pricked. At last he could not stand the thing any longer; and so he angrily plucked the ring off his finger and flung it away. For a while he was perfectly happy, and could do as he liked unpricked of conscience. But of course I need not say that he went to the bad utterly—unless, perhaps, the fairy came in and somehow redeemed him in the end. Now I had not thrown away my ring, and I felt its sharp pressure very keenly even if I had not conscience and spirit enough to do right and thus avoid its censure.

Two things, at all events, I must do. I must make a humble apology to Christina, and another to Mr. Levison, the critic. The latter gave me no troubling thought; I knew he would receive it like a gentleman, and, indeed, that he was not likely in any case to feel much about the matter. But to meet Madame Reichstein and talk of my shame to her was something quite different—something I dreaded. Perhaps I dreaded *it none the less* because I saw how altered were our

relations now; and I expected from her none of that tender, forgiving interest with which women who care for us as lovers, or brothers, or friends, are only too happy to anticipate our penitence and cover our humiliation.

It had to be done, however; and with an aching head and dogged heart I set about doing it. I lived now, since the Lyndons had left London, in the same house with Edward Lambert. We had taken lodgings together in Brompton; and though our hours and ways differed so much that I sometimes did not meet him for whole days together, we were still friendly as ever, with only one or two subjects on which we suspended, rather than withheld, reciprocal confidence. All this I shall presently come to; for the moment I pass it by.

This particular morning I was glad not to see him; I did not want to talk to anybody. I dressed myself as carefully and well as I could, but it seemed, as I nervously and often scrutinised my appearance, that I could not get a certain dissipated and rowdy look out of my eyes and hair. All that tubbing, and sponging, and brushes, and pomade, and perfumery could do was done energetically; but I still thought the rowdy look remained, like the blood-spots on Lady Macbeth's hands or Bluebeard's key. My soul sickened at the thought of breakfast. I rejected eggs and toast and kidneys, and would not look at the *Times*. When something like a reasonable hour had approached, I started on my errand, and walked to Jermyn-street.

When I stood at the door, this soft and sunny noon, I could not but think of the drear and dripping night when, prouder of soul and poor of heart than now, I stood at this same door and sought Christina in vain. Since then I had many times crossed the threshold, but never sought to speak with her alone and face to face. If we were to speak together now, in a room alone, it would be for the first time since the night when she called a farewell to me, and the rose dropped from her bosom.

I sent up my card, was invited to come up, and I found her alone.

The room was small, elegant, with nothing even in the graceful carelessness of its appearance to remind one of the profession. Everything was quiet, unpretentious, and even homely-looking. Christina had been playing on the piano and singing in a low tone as I came; and when I entered the room she had just turned round and was rising to meet me. She was dressed in a morning-robe of purple cashmere, or some such material, with a white rose in her bosom. The colour of the dress made her bright complexion, luxuriant fair hair, and deep dark eyes look even more striking and dazzling than they were wont to do, and her hair now fell around her as unconfined and careless as when it used to rouse the spinster-like anger of good Miss Griffin in the choir long ago. Rising from the piano, she threw back her hair with one hand and with an impatient toss of the

ıead, and then held out her other hand to me. She scarcely looked ıp, and our eyes did not meet.

"You see," she said with a smile, "how entirely without ceremony : receive you. My hair is in terrible disarray; but if you will make ıch early morning calls, what can one do?"

"I ought to apologise to you for coming, and I would do so if I ıad not so much more serious an apology to make. I am ashamed of ıyself, Madame Reichstein, and of the world; and, most of all, of *ou.*"

"What an alarming preface! What have you done?"

"It is useless kindness, Madame Reichstein, to profess ignorance. Iou know only too well what I have done to shame myself, and what I have come to apologise for. Don't, Christina—don't force me to hink you have really lost all interest in me by telling me that you were not angry with me, or ashamed of me, for what happened last night."

I had till now been standing, and Christina had not left her music-stool. While I was speaking, she rose, and came towards me.

"Emanuel," she said gravely, "I am glad to hear you speak in this way. I am glad indeed; and I will not go on in the tone I tried to take. I *was* angry with you for—for what happened last night. I was angry, and deeply pained, and ashamed—on your account. I could not recognise you last night; but I am glad to believe you could not recognise yourself, and my mind is much relieved. I have thought of it ever since; but now, if you bid me, I will think of it no more. You are not changed, Emanuel? Not really changed, I mean? You have not allowed the world to corrupt you? There was a word or two which used to be favourite with you once—about keeping the whiteness of the soul. You have kept the whiteness of your soul, *nicht wahr?*"

She spoke with a friendly confiding tenderness and frankness, as unlike her ordinary manner now as my drunken display of the previous night could be to my penitent sadness of this morning.

"I hope I have not changed wholly, Christina. I hope so. But :imes have changed, and most people round me; and I sometimes think and fear that I have been allowing myself to sink into something of which once I should have been ashamed."

She laid her hand gently on mine.

"Emanuel, I too fear it. I have watched you closely—from friendhip, believe me; and I do fear that you are allowing yourself to—vell, not to improve."

"Can you wonder at it?" I interrupted her in bitter tone. "What ıave I to care for? Why should I care for myself? If I have changed, ıave not you changed? Are you the same that you were? Do I not ee that you can fling yourself into a frivolous and foolish life?"

"Do you want answers to all these questions, Emanuel?"

"No, I don't; I have no right to ask them. I have nothing to do with your way of living, or your friends, or the people you allow to hang after you, or the reports that other people spread about—I want no answer, Christina; but when you reproach me with having changed, and sunk, and all that, I can only—"

"Tell me to look at myself, Emanuel, and bring my moral lessons to bear *there*, you were going to say."

"No, I was not going to say that, although—But I was not going to say it, indeed. I was only going to say that I never set up for anything, for great moral purpose, or nobleness, or virtue, or any of that sort of thing. I take my colour—most men do—from the hues of those around them. You, Christina, were my dream for long, long years; and you know it. Well, I am awake; and I can't pretend to be dreaming any more. We are all poor creatures, I suppose; and I accept the situation, and don't set up to be any better than my neighbours. I am heartily ashamed of what I said and did last night, and I apologise profoundly for it. I offended you, and insulted your guests, and made a beast and a brute of myself; and it is very kind of you to receive me at all after such a scandal. But for the rest I have not much to say. I have not improved of late; and that's all."

I could not keep back the bitterness of my soul; it found relief, and I was not sorry. Christina did not wince, however; no, not in the least.

"Emanuel, *zwischen uns sei Wahrheit.* You remember the old scene in *Iphigenia?* Between us be the truth! You think I have greatly changed, and for the worse?"

I made no answer.

"Come, speak out," she said impatiently. "You think I have become worldly and frivolous and cunning, don't you?"

"Sometimes I do, Christina."

"I asked you when we met for the first time—I mean the first time since long ago—not to judge me merely from the outside. I don't show to advantage—and I don't always want to; but I don't wish to lose your good opinion wholly, Emanuel; the more as you seem to make my falling-off a sort of excuse for your own. Come," she said, and she sat in a chair and pointed me to another—"come and tell me my faults. Be a friend, and speak out. I have spoken frankly to you."

"To-day, just for this moment, you have."

"To-morrow, perhaps, I shall be cold and careless and frivolous; very likely I shall seem so. Yes, I might have thought, could judge a little better than by mere seemings. Well, will you tell me my faults?"

"[illegible] not been speaking of faults; only of the change [illegible] over you."

[illegible] for you. You think I have no heart and no [illegible] anything but flattery and excitement?"

"I have lately thought so."

"Then you are wrong, Emanuel; indeed, indeed you are. I have a sort of part to play, and I must play it. I do not deny that I love praise and excitement; but I could have loved other things better; and I still am no more in heart what you commonly see me than I am Amina or Leonora."

"Why do you keep that old man hanging after you?"

"I might reply by another question, and say, What right have you to ask? I might evade the question for a moment, as most women would, I think, and innocently ask, What old man? But I suppose of course you mean Mr. Lyndon. Well, Mr. Lyndon has long been an intimate friend of mine, and—"

"And is likely soon to be more, people say."

"Do they? How kind people are! What do they say?"

"Well, five out of every six say you will marry him."

She smiled.

"Indeed! And the sixth—who I suppose has reason to know better—what does he say on the subject?"

"Even he, I think, knows no particular reason to the contrary."

"Do *you* know no reason to the contrary?"

"None whatever."

"Then you know nothing of my life for the past few years?"

"Nothing. Except, of course, what all the world knows."

She sighed audibly.

"I am glad of it," she said; "you shall know it all some time—before long perhaps, but not now. For a while, Emanuel, take me on trust; I am better than I seem. Listen, and I will speak to you as I never meant to speak to you again. Your good opinion is dear to me. Your friendship I would have, if I could. Once, Emanuel, I loved you better than all things on earth, except—see how frank I am!—except success."

I could not repress a groan; and I rose from my chair and turned partly away.

"But I always dreamed of that success with you. And you loved me; but not so deeply and wholly—no, don't speak; if I am stayed now, I shall never be able to continue—not so deeply as I would have had. We went our ways, hoping to meet again before it should be too late. We did not so meet; it was too late. When I wrote to you in London, Emanuel, it was too late."

"No, no, Christina, no, by Heaven! It was the idlest chance, the purest delusion, the error of a kindly, well-meaning friend that made you think—"

"All that I have since learned, or guessed. But I did not and could not know it then; and you kept yourself hidden away until I hated you and myself for the unwomanly advance I had made, and the silence that *followed it.*"

"I never knew, I never dreamed, that Mdlle. Reichstein was Christina Braun; and I was poor and obscure and hopeless, a beggar without a name."

"Well, it is vain talking; let all that be laid aside. It is now too late, and Providence has kindly ordered it for the best. I have only brought back all this that I may say one thing for myself. I have chosen another part in life, and I mean to play it faithfully and loyally to the end. Therefore, Emanuel, I have kept back from you, and received you not even as a friend. If we were friends, you might come to know in time why I do things which appear to you now strange. I cannot have you think badly of me. Your word, Emanuel; can we be friends?"

She held her hand out frankly, and her eyes met mine.

"You do not speak. Will you be my friend? Your word, and I shall expect that, once pledged, it shall be as your oath. Will you be my friend?"

I could not answer for a moment; I could not answer unconditionally at all. For half a life I had loved her; lately I had almost hated her. How could I in a moment promise to subside into pure and enduring friendship? I saw that in her eyes there came a look of anxiety and pity and pathos. She leaned now on the chimneypiece and looked steadfastly at me.

"Christina," I answered at last, and in tones that only struggled to be calm and clear, "I will do my best; I will indeed. That is my promise."

She held her hand out again, and I raised it and touched it with my lips. I noticed that it was the left hand, and I saw the plain hoop of gold on the third finger.

Her eyes too fell upon it; and she coloured and looked embarrassed. She glanced at me doubtingly, inquiringly, as one who considers whether the time has not come to make some confession. I wish I had allowed her or encouraged her to speak; but I did not. I had little doubt that there was some painful story—I would not call it secret connected with her past life; either that she had lost by death a husband whom she loved, or had been separated from one who was not worthy of her. In either case I shrank with keen sensitiveness from provoking a confidence which must be painful. Despite my pledge of friendship just made, I could not speak to Christina of her husband. I rose to take my leave.

"We understand each other, Emanuel, again; do we not?" she asked hesitatingly.

"Better at least than before, Christina."

"And you will not, I hope and pray, throw away your time and your prospects on—on folly and people unworthy of you."

"Some kind friend, Christina, has evidently been telling good-s of me."

"No; but I have heard, and I have even myself observed, things that grieved me."

"Well, Christina, I mean to reform. I hope to become a model member of society; almost, perhaps, like your friend Mr. Lyndon."

"You talk lightly and bitterly. It pains me to hear you."

"Forgive me; I will not talk lightly or bitterly if I can. I do mean to improve. I am not nearly so bad, Christina, as some of my friends or yours appear to think. But I am ashamed of myself; and I will try to take up again the broken threads of my life. I confess that I find life sometimes rather bitter and barren; and I don't well know what particular gain one has from living and struggling at all."

"Nor I, Emanuel, sometimes. But we still live, my dear; and we must do our best to make life worth having. Do you think life is more of a restraint and a disappointment to you than to me? Do you think you have less to hope for or more to strive against in every way than I have? Are you the only one who has to crush-down warm and dear feelings? Ah, no, Emanuel! There are others who are more tried, and have less chance of escaping. Hush!—don't speak; did you hear nothing?"

She went to the window and looked out. It opened casement-fashion, and I saw that she was about to throw it open and apparently to step out on the little balcony in front; but she checked herself, and after a mere glance into the street, drew cautiously back. Her face was very pale when she turned to me, and her eyes shone with a lustre the more striking.

I was about to speak, but she raised her hand to enjoin silence. I remained silent, and without moving. The street outside was singularly quiet. It seemed as if sleeping in the hot glare of the sun. From where I stood I could see through the window only a part of the far side of the street. There was no life stirring there; not even a hurdygurdy was heard. For the few seconds we remained silent not a cab rattled down the street. In the room nothing was heard but the ticking of the little gilt clock on the chimneypiece. When, as we stood and looked at each other, a piano-string suddenly snapped, the clang came so loud and sharp on the ear that Christina positively started.

Then, in the silence which followed, I heard—just what I had heard before in fact, as Christina broke off our conversation—three bars of what seemed to be an operatic air, but which was certainly unfamiliar to me, whistled in the street below. The whistle was of a somewhat peculiar kind, shrill and sibilating; and the whistler stopped suddenly short at one particular note each time; almost as a bird does which is trying to learn some air from its master, and cannot get over some difficult turn, and so stops and begins again. I marked all this now because my ears and senses were on the stretch for something; otherwise I should never have paid any attention to it, or perhaps even

[illegible] I have
[illegible] friendship
[illegible] opportunity of
[illegible] the hand
[illegible] sale of interes
[illegible] ment. Somet
[illegible] of my dego
[illegible] feel grateful
[illegible] wine or eng
[illegible] on our cere
[illegible]
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[illegible] dare-b

been aware of the sound at all. It was, however, the only sound to be heard; and it was clear that Christina was listening to it with all her ears.

Her face, from paleness, had grown to a deep flush of excitement, and her lips quivered visibly. When the whistling had the second time reached the same note, she sighed audibly, as with profound resignation or profound relief, one could not tell which.

"Has anything happened?" I asked.

"O yes; something has happened. Something very unexpected. I must ask you to leave me, [illegible]"

"Two words only. Not[illegible]

"No; something good, very [illegible] I did not expect it yet. I ought to be deeply thankful; I am [illegible]kful. Good-morning, Emanuel. Please don't ask me any more; an[illegible]t stay."

She was all trembling, and qu[illegible]ger and excited. I obeyed her and put no further questions, but [illegible]ed from the room. Just as I was leaving, her German comp[illegible] follower came in, looking excited too, but seemingly in a wi[illegible]ous sense. She came like one who brings good news.

When I reached the street, I could see nobody on either side of it who seemed likely to have been the mysterious whistler. A man was wheeling a barrowful of fruit, wrapped in blue papers, along towards the St. James's-street end. A policeman was tramping the other way. A girl, with a roll of music in her hand, and petticoats high kilted, passed close to me. Other human beings near at hand I could not see. It did not seem likely that anyone of those I had seen could have had the faculty of startling Christina by whistling the fag-end of a tune.

Chapter XX.

AN EXPLANATION.

The conversation I had just had with Christina will help still further to explain a little of my past life. It was certain that I had degenerated since the renewal of our acquaintanceship. Life has to be got through somehow after the heaviest disappointment; and not often in real existence can we raise a Rolandseck over the wasted scene of frustrated love and ruined hope, and go and be pious and patient there. It was only after I had met Christina again that the full bitterness of the thought came to me that I had no longer anything to live for. While we were separated there was always an object, if not a hope. Now there seemed neither. I confess that I sank a lit[illegible] way into a sort of unmeaning joyless dissipation, for which I h[illegible] naturally no taste, and into which I could not by any possibility throw my soul. The champagne of the night and the headache of the morning just a little distracted me, and no more. Ned Lam[illegible] sometimes shook his honest head and tried a gentle laconic rem[illegible]

trance; with the usual effect. I have no doubt he spoke to Christina n the subject, and urged her to bring her influence to bear. Perhaps) this I owed the pledge of friendship we had just made.

Anyhow, the pledge of friendship did not procure me much more f Christina's society, or apparently of her confidence. There was perps a warmer pressure of the hand when we met; and there was ccasionally a deeper shade of interest and anxiety in her eyes as they sted on me for a moment. Sometimes I fear I only set this down) her dread on the score of my degenerating habits; and I felt rather nclined to resent than to feel grateful for it.

No explanation had come or suggested itself regarding her sudden motion on the day when our ceremonial of friendship-vowing was so trangely interrupted.

Mr. Lyndon of course often came to the Opera. One night, just bout this time, I observed him enter the stalls rather late. He came n along with a tall, thin, dark-bearded, remarkable-looking man—a nan with a high forehead, sloping rather back and seamed with prenature wrinkles; a man with a face which would have been stern nd sharp in its expression but for a certain soft and melancholy weetness in his liquid luminous eyes. There was something about his man's appearance which attracted me in an instant; and I could not help thinking it attracted Christina too, for I observed that from ime to time she glanced under her eyes in the direction where he nd Lyndon sat; and she was too much of a true artist ever to think nder ordinary conditions of sending her eyes roaming about the ouse in search of admiration. If you could have got a boxful of nperors, Christina Reichstein would have scorned to sing at them.).I had some reason for silent surprise when I observed that she did ow and then glance quietly in the direction where this man was sitng with his friend. He was, I perceived, usually very marked and nphatic in his applause.

Mr. Lyndon and this man escorted Christina to her little brougham fter the opera. Needless to say that I did not feel much inclined to btrude myself on such company. Christina saw me, and called a iendly good-night, with two or three words added in German, which ade me see her as early as possible next day. Mr. Lyndon and I xchanged, as usual, a very cold salute.

As I turned away I met a brother artist, whom I saw exchanging salute a little more friendly with the dark and pale-faced stranger.

"Who's our friend?" I asked, nodding in the direction of the ranger, who had gone with Mr. Lyndon to the carriage of the latter. threw an immense amount of scorn into my voice; why, I don't know. e to whom I spoke was a Frenchman.

"But I have forgot his name. He is an Italian,—indeed, that goes ithout saying,—and he is going to be a lion of your salons here for season, I *am told. He is a patriot*; he is an escaped—"

"Convict?"

"Convict—yes; that is, Austrian convict, or at least, Austrian prisoner."

"I thought he had a look of Toulon about him."

"Nothing of the sort. You are not *sympathique;* nor I indeed, no more. He has escaped somehow from Spielberg, or death, or something, and he is going to agitate your country to take up arms for the independence of Italy. And she will! O yes; England will spend all her moneys, and her powders and shots, and her cottons, just for a dream."

"But this person?"

"Well, that is all I know. He is a very distinguished man—quite celebrated."

"Whose name you have forgotten."

"Yes, and of whom I never heard before."

"How did you come to know him?"

"Madame Reichstein did me the honour to present me."

"How does *she* know him?"

"O, for that, my dear, you must not ask me. Perhaps your Lyndon has taken him in charge."

"Ah, very likely; he patronises illustrious foreigners a good deal."

"But rather when they are in *jupons* than in pantaloons, is it not? —Where are you going?"

"Home, I think."

"Ridiculous—at this hour! Come and have a game of billiards."

"Thanks—not to-night."

"Come at least and smoke a pipe."

"No; I can't to-night."

Indeed my pipe was quite put out for that evening. I cannot tell how it was that I came to associate the man I had seen in the stalls with the scene in Christina's room the other day; but I did so associate him in my mind at once. When, as she was leaving the theatre, she asked me to come and see her next day,—asked me in pressing tones, and in German (we hardly ever spoke German to each other now),—I felt in some strange way that my conjecture was confirmed. I went home moodily, expecting something painful, I hardly knew what.

Christina received me very graciously when I visited her next morning—very graciously and sweetly. There was a pathetic, anxious sort of kindness about her manner which was not usual with her of late. She was embarrassed too, and her thoughts seemed dwelling on anything rather than the subject we first talked of. For a few minutes there was indeed an awkward pause every now and then in the conversation we carried on, as if each was expecting the other to put some question or begin some explanation.

We spoke a few words about Ned Lambert and his love, and his separation from Lilla Lyndon, of which Christina appeared to know a good deal. I made some allusion to the one great cause of Lilla's

ation to leave London, and found that Christina seemed to understand or have guessed it.

"That, too, I know," she said. "You speak of the wretched man, hen Lyndon?"

"I do."

"I did not know his real name or his real nature until lately." (She paused.) "But I don't want to speak of him just now. I sent for you for another purpose, Emanuel." Another pause—then she said: "I am going to introduce you to-day to a man e friend I want you to be; for my sake first, and then for his own. h you and him to be friends, and I wish that you should know ecrets. You saw me speak to a tall and dark-haired Italian last ?"

"I did."

"He will come here to-day. He is my husband."

hristina dropped her eyes as she spoke the words, and I was glad no gaze was on me; for, despite all that had come and gone, this heavy shock. Spoken suddenly, firmly, the words seemed to go gh me like a rifle-bullet or the thrust of a sword.

hen she looked up again, and a faint sweet smile came over her and our eyes met frankly; and she held out her hand to me the table, as if in obedience to some involuntary and kindly se.

pressed it silently. Thus we sealed our new friendship, and the of my boyhood was really over.

fter a moment's pause she said: "My husband is an Italian, as ee. His name is Carlo Farini Salaris. He had a title and orders honours; but he dropped them all because he was disappointed in es Albert, and in others too. He had two passions in his life—e and his country. Chance brought him to know me when I was r girl,—an adventuress, many people would have called me,—a r almost. He liked my voice; he had faith in me; he had me ted; he brought me out. All that I am he made me. All that ld do for him in return I have done, I am doing."

"I knew that—that you had been married, Christina. I did not that your husband was living."

"Nor must you know it now. Understand me, it is a secret only n to you, and perhaps one or two others. He has only lately es- from an Austrian prison, where he was sent for the part he took ombard plots and revolutions. He has escaped only, I fear, to take in other plots. Think how happy the life of his wife must be! help him, however, in many ways while I am not known to be his I have carried the fiery cross for him from the Alps to the Straits essina, when not even Austrian or Neapolitan police suspected the man soprano of being an emissary of the revolution. Ah, it would long and weary tale to tell; it is a sad memory! In this way I

hold my life at his disposal, and my happiness. I will plot for him, scheme for him; smile while I know that he is in danger, flirt when every moment I think to hear news of his death. This is the only way in which I can repay him: I owe him all."

"Surely you have given him something that might repay anything he has done for you?"

"I have given him all I could, Emanuel; and he was generous enough to have confidence in me, and to believe that I would have given him more if I could. Listen, and I will speak to you with a frankness which others might misunderstand, but you will not. I will speak to you as if I were a ghost come back from the grave, to whom the world could no longer have reality, and who had nothing more to do with human hopes, and loves, and misunderstandings, and all the rest of it. Even before I had made a success c[illegible]r kind, he would have married me, and I would not. *You* know th[illegible]on why. I succeeded through him altogether. He pressed me a[illegible]d again—tenderly, delicately, like a man with a noble nature. I was coming to England. For the first time since I had left it, you u[illegible]tand. He guessed why I was coming, and I told him all."

"All? All of the past, or—"

"I spoke to him as freely as some [illegible] his own countrywomen do to their confessor. I told him that I lov[illegible] you—yes, I am not ashamed to say it now, and I was not then—and that my dearest hope was to find you. And he said, with his melancholy smile, 'Go to England; but if you do not find him, or have any cause to change your purpose, then promise me that you will come back to me.' I went to England, and you know the rest—Fate was against us."

"Fate was cruelly against *me!*" I said, starting up; "Fate was against *me!* And you too, Christina! You threw me away at a word; you had done so before. Don't tell me of love—you never loved me; you were too glad to escape from me; you had your ambition and your career, and you followed your destiny. Well, I don't blame you, and I am not surprised. Peace be between us for the future, and let us be friends if you will; only do not torture me to no purpose by trying to persuade me that that might have been which never could have been. Well, forgive me for interrupting you—"

"You have not interrupted me; the story is all over. It was not very long to tell."

"O no; let me finish it. You saw me; and I was poor and obscure; and you found no difficulty in taking the chance word of a good-natured, thoughtless girl as decisive of my fate; and you hurried back, and married your friend and patron, who had influence and power. You were grateful to him—quite right; and he exacted his recompense for what he had done, and you gave him yourself as his reward. Well, I offer you my congratulations, and to him too. I am late in the expression of my good wishes, but you must remember how well you

kept the secret of your happiness, and that I thought you were a widow, not a wife."

I saw Christina's cheek flush, and her eyes first sparkle and then fill with tears, but I was not in a mood to be stayed. Everything seemed to have conspired to make me savage, and some infernal spirit within appeared to drive me on, adding word to word.

"Emanuel!"

"Yes; I thought you were a widow. So, I suppose, did your other friend and patron, Mr. Lyndon. *He* surely is not in your secrets? Or is he supposed to be your husband's friend, appointed to console you, and give you courage in his absence and his dangers?"

"I have at least had no reason, as yet, to repent of any confidence I may have placed in him, as I have now to repent of the confidence I placed in you. Emanuel, I know you will be ashamed of your bitterness and your cruelty, and I forgive you beforehand. I know you have reason to complain. I owe you something, too; let me pay a part of my obligation by bearing patiently any insult you may choose to offer. You do not know how cruel you are. I have striven to be a devoted and loyal wife to my husband, as a brave German woman ought to be; and I have suffered much; and if I have had my ambition, it has not been fed for nothing, or bought without heavy penalty; and of the old days nothing remains; and now you insult and scorn me. It is much; but I bear it for the sake of old memories."

She had been seated on a sofa. She now stood up and leaned against the chimneypiece, and tossed her bright mass of hair back over her shoulders with the old familiar impatient action of one whom the weight of it oppressed in a moment of excitement. She looked so like the Christina of old that my anger melted away, and I bitterly repented my hasty words.

"I am always asking you to forgive me, Christina; I must ask you now again, sincerely and humbly, for pardon. I was very bitter, and rude, and brutal, and I knew how unjust I was even at the time. But I only ask you to make some allowance for me. You know how I loved you. O, I am speaking now only of the past, and I might say it if your husband stood there! I loved you deeply. No woman can be loved so twice in a life."

"I know it, Emanuel, and I do forgive you, freely and fully, your harsh words. You too must make allowance for me. My life is an anxious one in many ways. So far, it has been a failure; and yet the best has passed. When I look at you, Emanuel, and make you my own mirror, I see that I too am no longer young. What a handsome, fair-haired boy you were when I first saw you! How many years ago?"

"Twelve years ago."

"How old are you now? You may tell me, I shall not betray confidence."

"I don't know—thirty-two or three."

"*Ach Gott!*—so old! And I am—but that does not concern you to know. Yes, youth is gone for both of us. I am talking wildly to-day, am I not? Yes, I can't help it; but I don't often get into these moods. Youth is gone."

She turned to the mirror over the chimneypiece, and still keeping back her hair, gazed intently into her own face. Truth to speak, with all its lustrous beauty, there were faint, faint marks under the eyes, which hinted mournfully of Time's premature footprints.

"I was handsome, Emanuel, when a girl—was I not?"

She spoke without turning to me.

"You were beautiful; but surely you must know that you are still"—I was going to say, "that you are still beautiful;" but the expression of her face was so entirely abstracted and *distraite*, that the compliment, if it could be called one, died upon my lips.

"Yes," she went on, almost as one who talks in a dream, "I was very handsome, and very, very ambitious. I thought I was born for something great—born, perhaps, to conquer the world. You could not know how ambitious I was, and how my heart was set on success; and nothing has come of it after all."

"Nothing! and you the most successful of the day?"

"Yes, the most successful of the day; but who will be the most successful of to-morrow? I shall sing perhaps another season or two, and then be forgotten. I know well enough that I am not like Giulia Grisi. *There* is a singer to be remembered. I shall be extinguished when I cease to sing. My success will die with the echo of my voice. I have often thought that I am like the man in my much-loved Schiller's play, who says he staked his happiness and his heaven on being a hero, and in the end no hero was there, only a failure."

She leaned now on the chimneypiece, and still contemplated her own face. I daresay an ordinary looker-on would have thought there was something theatric and self-conscious in her attitudes and her ways. I did not think there was. From her childhood almost—she was little more than a child when first I knew her—there was that rare and striking harmony of mind and body in her which made every word and unconsciously its natural expression in some gesture or attitude. This was not surely, one would have thought, a German attribute. Still less was it a faculty anyone can get up, or even cultivate. It came by nature. It made her a successful actress; it made her seem natural on the stage, because every action expressed so easily and gracefully the emotion which suggested it; it made her seem theatric off the stage, because so few people either will or can allow their moods to find any outward expression beyond that of voice and complexion.

She suddenly turned to me, and going back to the earlier part of our conversation, she said,

"You think I kept all this purposely a secret from you?"

I knew of course she meant her marriage and its story.

"I did think so, Christina."

"Well, perhaps it was partly a secret—at least, until I could learn what sort of person time and change had made *you*. Perhaps you did not at first show yourself in a manner which greatly invited confidence. Perhaps I fancied that you already knew nearly all the truth. Perhaps I may have thought—" and she stopped and sighed, and then smiled a strange, nervous, painful smile I did not like to see. Then she made a quick gesture with both hands as if she flung the subject from her, and came back to her seat. Looking at her watch, she said,

"My husband will be here soon. You know now why I was so much confused and embarrassed the last day you were here?"

"Yes; that was his signal I heard?"

"It was. He always whistles those few bars—first once, then again with the slight variation; and I know he is coming. That is, you understand, when I have not seen him for some time—when his coming is unexpected; and it may be necessary to make some preparation to get rid of inconvenient visitors—"

"Like me?"

"Like you that last day, before he knew you or had given me leave to trust you. O, I am thoroughly disciplined and obedient to him, believe me. I have heard that whistle in many places—in places where I knew that a mistake or a delay, or a precipitate motion on my part, might involve his discovery and his death. I did not expect to hear it so soon, although I knew that the plan for his escape out of the Lombard prison was in good hands and progressing well. I have not a genius for conspiracy, Emanuel, and they don't trust me much with details; even *he* does not. I wait and watch and keep the secrets, and do faithfully as I am told. And I have denationalised myself for his sake, and forgotten my country; indeed, had I not forgotten it long ago? and I have learned to hope that the German soldiers may one day be chased across the Alps. My husband is a man to inspire anyone with his own hopes and his own will, as you are sure to discover before long."

A card was put into Christina's hand, and she directed that the visitor should be shown up.

"It is *he*," she whispered to me when the servant had left the room. "*Here*, just now, he is only on my ordinary visiting-list. He is to me an Italian patriot who honours me with his acquaintance—no more."

In a moment Signor Salaris entered.

I do not know whether he had expected to find her alone, but in the mere flash of time from his announcement to his reaching Christina, I saw three distinct changes of expression in his face. His wife stood at one side of the chimneypiece, nearly opposite the door; I had fallen back to one of the windows looking into Jermyn-street. As he came in, I could see him, but he, naturally looking directly before him,

did not see me. He crossed the threshold, therefore, with the formal bow of an ordinary visitor, and the corresponding expression. Apparently then, as he only saw his wife, he assumed that she was alone, and his pale face lighted up with a warm and bright expression, and he seemed for the instant, the second, like one rejoicing to throw off a weary disguise. And then he saw me; and with a change quick as the motion of light itself, his countenance subsided into the genial, courteous expression of one who presents himself to a friend. Probably no unprepared eye could have noted these changes. I saw them clearly, and they were significant of a character and a life.

Christina reassured him with a smile and a few words.

"My dear Carlo, here we are all friends, and you are my husband, not my visitor."

"Then this gentleman," he said, turning to me and speaking in excellent English, though a little slow and with a deep Italian accent, "this is Mr. Temple? I might have known him, indeed.—I have seen and heard you more than once, Mr. Temple, but I did not at first recognise you. I offer you my hand; I am, if you will allow me, your friend."

I gave him my hand, and we exchanged a cordial grasp. I think both our faces flushed. I felt mine grow hot. I know that across his pale cheek something faintly approaching to a crimson tinge came flashing, and a strange sudden spasm passed over it. Can we be friends? Here is the man who has robbed me of Christina; can I be his friend, sincerely, truly?

I think so; at least I will try. I like the expression of his face; I like his soft dark liquid eyes, with an expression at once wild and gentle and beseeching in them, like the eyes of a gazelle; I like the contrast they present to the rigid, deep-thinking, inflexible expression of the brow and the lips and the chin. I feel sure this man has an unconquerable will, and a pure tender heart. He is artist and conspirator in one. He ought to have lived centuries ago, and been a minstrel and a patriot at once. Or he ought to have lived half a century back or thereabouts, and been a Girondist and led the chorus of the Marseillaise on the day when he and his brothers went out to die.

Yes, I liked the man at once: and as I looked from his face to Christina's and noted her expression, I liked him all the better, for I felt an indescribable pang of sympathy and pity for him. His liquid loving eye looked melancholy when it turned on her, and hers sank beneath his glance.

We talked like friends. He told me of his escape from prison in a pleasant simple kind of way, very agreeable, and even fascinating, to hear. There was a quiet modesty about all he said relating to himself that won upon one immensely. We talked of music and art, on which he was almost eloquent. When for a moment the conversation lapsed into what may be called generalities and conventional talk,

subsided into silence, and his mind evidently withdrew itself altogether into its own habitual thoughts.

I noted that Christina's eye always quietly followed his expressions of feature; I noted that the moment he lapsed into silence she changed the conversation, appealed directly to him with some question or other, and drew him forward again. I think I read their story.

"She has given herself to him," I thought, "and she esteems him, and fears *for* him; and she would love him if she could. But she cannot, and she knows it; and neither is happy. I read in his face high aim, and courage, and absolute self-devotion, and brooding perseverance—and failure. Whatever his hopes, they are doomed to fail."

Heavy and blank was the first feeling of disappointment with which I left Christina's house that day, knowing as a certainty and for the first time that she had a living, loving husband. But was I only disappointed—was the disappointment utter and without shade? Was there not some vague perception of a sense of relief? Month after month, year after year, I had worn myself out with almost unendurable agony of longing and disappointment, hopes and sickening pangs of despair; and now at last the doubt and the conflict of feeling were over, and I was released from the struggle. Now the torment of hope was quelled; now the worst was known; now the bitterness of death was past. Many a man sleeps, says the gaoler in Scott's romance, the night before he is executed, but no man the night before he is tried.

Yes, I felt a sense of relief. I should torture myself with doubt and hope no more. I should walk up and down my room of nights trying to squeeze hope out of every word she had uttered, every glance she had caught—as shipwrecked sailors becalmed on a burning southern sea strive to squeeze moisture out of rags—no more. I should rehearse what I could say when next we met, or lament that I had not said this and that when last we met, no more. I should now be able to drudge through my life unvexed because hopeless. A resolve, too, came up at once with a great new pang of relief. I had become a singer and taken to the lyric stage to please her, to win her, to prove to her that I could succeed; now I would give it up. I would cease to sham an artist's part, for which I really had no true taste or soul. I would go to some other country, to America, and see my brother. How fraternal we all grow, how we think of far-off brothers and sisters and mothers, when some woman has thrown us over! We are all like the gamester in the famous classic comedy of France, who only remembers her to whom he owes his duty when the luck of the night has gone against him. I might have lived long enough content with very rare and passing scraps of news from my brother, but now a sudden and surprising tenderness sprang up in my heart, and I wondered how I had waited so long without seeing him; and I quite resolved to go out to the States, and perhaps, with such money as I could get together, join him in some new Western settlement, and be a farmer. I thought of

my own stout and sinewy arms and rather athletic frame, and came to the conclusion that, after all, digging, or felling trees, or hunting, was the sort of thing for which Nature had clearly intended me.

In a word, I was used up, and wanted a new and freshening life. I envied my Italian friend his schemes and his aspirations, and thought I should dearly like to have an oppressed nationality to plot for, and if needs were, die for; and I really wished I could, even through his influence, get up within myself a sort of bastard philo-Italianism, and fling myself into the cause of Italy as so many Englishmen were beginning to do even then, and as Byron and Stanhope, and Hastings and Finlay, and so many others, had done for Greece. But I was never much of a politician; and I was so sick of the stage that I recoiled from the notion of converting my individual life into a new piece of acting. I had long come to think, and I do still think it seriously and profoundly, that nothing in life—no, nothing whatever—is so enviable as the capacity to merge one's individuality and very existence wholly in some great cause, and to heed no personal sacrifice which is offered in its name. I don't much care whether the cause be political, or artistic, or scientific, or what not: let there but be a cause to which the individual is subjected, in which he freely loses himself, and I hold that man happy, if man can ever be happy at all. Never had it been my fortunate fate to have found such an object. My own profession never gave it to me. Therefore I accounted existence so far a failure. I had tried many modes of activity and amusement, and distraction and enjoyment, and they had done nothing for me, because I had never gone deeply enough into any path of life, or thought, or work; I had never had a cause to live for, and I might as well not have lived at all. If I have any faith left in me, it is that faith in a cause, as the soul, the grace, the beauty, the purpose of life.

I will seek then, I said to myself, a new activity. I will steep life in freshness, and recolour it in the dyes of new sensations. *Ich will mein Glück probiren—marschiren!*

Chapter XXI.

EXILE AND OUTCAST.

Yes; I began to think seriously of going to the United States, making my way out westward, buying land, and turning farmer. Vague and delightful visions of the forest scenery of the New World filled my visions of woods where tints, which in our European region we know of only in manufactured colours, mingle and contrast in the living glory of the autumnal foliage. Dreams of the rolling prairie, and the deep wine-coloured brooklet, and the rushing river, were in my mind and before my senses. It seemed to me that nothing but the fresh bosom of the young mother Nature of the West could revive my exhausted and flagging temperament. I was fast growing more and more

y of life as I found it and as I made it. Heat and crowd, and night suppers, or lonely midnight grumblings and reflections, per- al excitement, fatigue, overwork, too much wine, and the almost ant cigar,—these began to take effect just as I might reasonably expected. I found that my voice already was beginning to show of suffering. Nobody else noticed it yet; but I could not be ired. I consulted a medical man, who recommended rest and try air; and I thought of acting on his advice soon—some time, aps, when the season was over, or next year, or whenever con- ent.

Meanwhile I went on as before; I mixed a great deal with joyous pany of all kinds. A positive necessity for distraction of some seemed to have seized hold of me, and it even appeared as if dis- tion relieved my mind and improved my physical condition. The ve to give up the stage and go to America, supplied a delightful se and temptation. It would be clearly a waste of power, an unne- ry vexation, to put myself under heavy restraint just now, when hort a time was to bring about a total change of life and habits. fresh manly life of the New World would soon restore me to that ical strength and brightness of temperament which I used to enjoy. use, then, in beginning any reform before I undertake the enter- which shall change scene and habits and life altogether.

I sometimes even thought of the expediency of marrying and ging myself; taking a companion with me to America to be a kwoodsman's wife. But I always ended by dismissing the idea as that brought up a sensation of repulsiveness with it. To begin h, I knew nobody whom I would or could marry. Most of the men I knew were singers or actresses; and I saw most of them closely to be likely to fall in love with any, even if a deeper and ier feeling did not absorb my heart. There was one to whom at s I did feel myself slightly attracted; she was the little French- man with whom I had had a sort of flirtation on the evening when therwise made a fool of myself at Christina's apartments. She did discourage my attentions whenever they were offered, and I did etimes pay court to her. She was young, and very pretty. She not witty or intellectual, or gifted with any conversational power ond what mere animal vivacity and flow of talk may give. I do not w why on earth I cared for her company, except that she was easy ccess and full of life, and her society served to distract me, just moking or drinking might.

My new friend, who called herself Mdlle. Finola, and was the ghter, I came to know, of a fat couple who sold slippers in one of passages of the Palais Royal, was a girl with a very agreeable light ch sort of soprano voice, and pleasing vivacious ways, and an inor- te amount of self-conceit. She was not by any means a bad little on, *and would rather,* all things being equal, do a kindly thing

than not. She was, I have no doubt, practically, or as Heine would say, anatomically, virtuous; but she had no particular prejudice in favour of virtue, and probably never troubled herself much by thinking on the subject. Her ideas of life consisted of flattery, singing, lyrical successes, complimentary critiques in newspapers, jewels, crinoline (crinoline was rather a new fashion then), pleasant little dinners and suppers, carriages, and a fair prospect of a brilliant match. She had no more true lyrical genius than an Italian-boy's monkey; but she sometimes captivated audiences, and set them applauding with a genuine enthusiasm which Pasta might have failed to arouse. She had a quick arch way of glinting with her eyes, which conveyed to some people an idea of immense latent humour and *espièglerie*, that, I can answer for it, had no existence in my little friend's mental constitution. She turned her bright beaming orbs in flashing rapidity from stalls to boxes in a manner which irresistibly kept attention alive. Who could withdraw his interest for a moment from the stage when he could not tell but that the very next moment those glittering laughing brown eyes might roguishly seek out his own? She had apparently the faculty of eye-flirting with every man in a whole theatre in turn. Then she shrugged her very full, white, and bare shoulders with such a piquancy, and had such quick graceful gestures, and so fluttered her pretty plumage, that it was quite a pleasant sight to see. Of course, all this told with much more decided effect in the Italiens, or some such house, than in one of our great temples of opera; but even in our vast house it had its effect upon the limited section from whom the rest of the audience, and the town generally, took their time.

Not, however, to be merely *piquante* and vivacious, Mdlle. Finola had a way of throwing a momentary gleam of tender softness into her eyes, and looking pensively before her, as if consciousness had withdrawn itself wholly from the audience, and buried itself in the depths of some sweet inner sadness; and she so trilled out a prolonged, plaintive, and dreamy note, that people sometimes declared her pathetic power quite equal to her humour and vivacity. When ordinary observers note any little effect produced with ease, they are apt to believe that the performer has a capacity for doing something infinitely greater, if he or she would only try, and did but care to succeed. A sad mistake generally; for on the stage and in real life we almost invariably do all we can and the best we can; and that which you see is the display of our whole stock of capability. But audiences could not readily believe that the one little bit of effective show had exhausted Mdlle. Finola's whole resources. The result was that in her own parts, Rosinas, Figlias del Reggimento, and so on, she was greatly admired, and her little tricks of instinctive coquetry and vivacity were accepted by many as the deliberate and triumphant efforts of graceful art, if not indeed the stray sparks which indicated the existence of a latent fire of true lyrical *genius*.

Now this little personage was beginning to be very popular about the time when Christina's husband came to London. She had not indeed come as yet into any sort of antagonism or rivalry with Madame Reichstein, and they never sang together; but Finola's nights were usually very successful, and she was even rallying a sort of party round her both in audiences and critics. Perhaps Christina's passionate enthusiastic style had begun to be too much for some of her hearers. True art is a sad strain upon the intellects of many of us; and little Finola was a great relief. She was Offenbach after Meyerbeer: and a good many occupants of opera-stalls to-day know what that means, and can appreciate the charming relaxation to wearied humanity which it implies. And though not as yet anything of a rival to Christina, Finola was beginning to be talked about a good deal. I don't think Christina at this time cared in the least, or grudged the little thing any sprays of laurel that might fall to her. But she always affected to think me an admirer of Finola, one of Finola's party, and indeed, more than that, one of Finola's lovers; and at last, out of pure spleen at being so set down, I acted intentionally as if I were one of that silly throng; and as Mdlle. Finola liked flirting with anyone, she showed herself willing enough to flirt with me.

I have spoken of all this for the purpose of showing how matters stood as regarded Christina and myself just about the time when her husband made his appearance so unexpectedly in London. We—Christina and I—were on strange, cold, almost unfriendly terms, so far as all outer appearances went. My soul was still filled with love for her, wildly dashed sometimes with a bitterness not much unlike hate. She, on her side, seemed to me to be leading the life almost of a frivolous, careless, heartless coquette; I was drifting away from all my old moorings of steadfastness and perseverance and patience, and becoming an idler with the idle; I drank midnight, and thought midnight, as the phrase has it. With the sudden appearance of the Italian exile came a change in all our relationships; chance, utter chance, conspired with his own character and purpose, and the place he held in Christina's life, to make his presence the source of change and event to all of us.

In a very short time after his coming, Signor Salaris became the recognised lion of the London season. He had, in the *impresario's* sense of the word, quite a wonderful success. He delivered lectures on his imprisonment and his escape, which crowded Willis's Rooms, and filled King-street with coronetted carriages. He pleaded the cause of his country; he called upon England to regard the independence of Italy as Europe's most pressing and vital question; and countesses clapped their kid-gloved hands and waved their perfumed handkerchiefs. He dined now with a Cabinet minister, and now with the leader of the Opposition. He spent great part of his time at Mr. Lyndon's. He was intrigued *for and battled for*, as the attraction of evening-parties. He

bore it all patiently, as one who does a work of drudgery with a good object; but he smiled sadly and shook his head when one congratulated him privately on his success. I once told him he ought to be a proud man. He said he felt profoundly discouraged. A great illusion, he calmly said, was gone. England, he now knew, would do nothing for his country. He had come to plead for protection and help. He found himself the hero of a carnival scene, pelted with flowers and sugar-plums.

I am not a politician, and this is not a political story. I introduce the subject of Salaris and his success, because at this time in one way, as later in another, it affected my own life.

I went one evening to hear my new friend tell his story and make his appeal in Willis's Rooms. I went alone; the room was crowded, Mr. Lyndon M.P. presided. There were present what Ned Lambert would have called "no end of swells." Salaris was speaking when I got in. He was really not, in the rhetorical sense, an eloquent man. He had nothing of Kossuth about him, nor had his style anything of the poetic grandiloquence of Mazzini. He talked in a simple, severe, unpretending sort of way, with hardly any gesticulation. The sincerity of his purpose, the clear straightforwardness of his language, the sweetness of his expression, made the great charm which, added of course to the romantic nature of his recent escape, delighted the West-end. He was a novelty in the way of exiles. He positively seemed, I heard a lady near me remark, quite like an English gentleman. In fact, the Thaddeus of Warsaw personage was played out; and the West-end now thrilled with a new sensation, to see an escaped and exiled patriot who looked like an ordinary gentleman, and spoke as composedly as a financial member of Parliament.

I looked round the room, expecting to see Christina there. I was not disappointed. She was seated two or three rows of seats away from me, and she looked very handsome, but melancholy, and a little fatigued. She was apparently not listening much more attentively than I was. She saw me, and nodded a salutation, and whispered something to a lady at her side. The lady, who seemed to have been listening very closely to the speaker, looked up, and glanced towards me. She was very young—about nineteen, perhaps—with a delicate, clearly-shaped, youthful Madonna face, and eyes that had a tender violet light in them. They were eyes that did not flash or glitter or sparkle. They rested on you with a quiet luminous depth, like the light a planet seems to give. Her face had a thoughtful, sweet, almost sad expression until the violet light arising in the eyes suffused the whole countenance with its genial radiancy. It was a face not to be forgotten, once you had seen it; and I had not forgotten it, for I had seen it before, and had many a time wished to see it again. It was the face of Mr. Lyndon's youngest daughter; the girl to whom I had spoken in Palace-yard when wild Stephen Lyndon made his absurd mistake.

..d you ever on an evening of reckless revelry, amid an atmosphere ..ng with heat and lights and the fumes of wine, in a room ring- ..ith laughter and frivolity, suddenly open a window, and looking ..atch a glimpse of the blue summer heaven and the pure light of ..stars? If so, you will understand how I felt when I looked up .. the increasing degeneracy of my life, with its foolish excitements ..its barren spasmodic passion, and saw the face of Lilla Lyndon.

I glanced many times to where she sat, and I forgot the cause of ..y s independence. Once, only once, she looked towards me.

There was a slight movement on the platform; a letter was handed .. Mr. Lyndon. That gentleman said a word to the lecturer, who at ..e stopped, bowed, and drew back; and Mr. Lyndon rising came to ..e front and apologised for having to leave the chair. He was obliged ..o go down to the House immediately. His distinguished friend the ..ean of some place or other, whose remarkable work recently published had proved how well he understood the Italian question and how thoroughly he sympathised with the cause of Italy, had kindly consented to take the chair. There was a murmur of genteel applause ..r Mr. Lyndon, another for the Dean, as the latter gracefully threw himself into the vacated chair; and then Mr. Lyndon disappeared from the platform, the lecture went on, and the audience settled itself to listen as before.

Once and only once did Salaris make any attempt at eloquence; and even that was but the eloquence of passionate conviction. It was at the close, where he proclaimed, rather than merely predicted, to his hearers that, let who would be friend or foe, the day of Italy's independence was sure and near. "Only yesterday," he said, "an English lady—I see her now in this room—gave me as an omen of good a translation of a noble poem by a great living poet, a German, which bids my country be of good cheer and expect her deliverance. Will you listen to a few lines? The German poet reminds my country of the story of Penelope: how she was fair, and persecuted for her beauty, and how the reckless strangers revelled in her hall:

Twenty years the purple tissue span she weeping on her throne;
Twenty years in bitter sorrow nurtured her beloved son;
Twenty years remained she faithful to her husband and her name—
Weeping, hoping, sending seekers—lo, and her Ulysses came!

Woe to the audacious wooers when they heard the avenger's tread,
And the bitter death-charged arrows from his clanging bow were sped;
With the red blood of the strangers hall and pavement dripping lay,
And a fearful feast of vengeance then was held at Ithaca.

Knowest thou that song, Italia? Listen, and in patience wait,
Even although the swarm of strangers throng through thy ancestral gate;
Rear thy sons to fearless manhood, though with many a burning tear;
Wait and hope; thy hour is coming, thy Ulysses too is near.

To the *closing lines* he gave all the dignity, the thrilling force, ..

strength of pathos and of hope, which the words deserved, and which his penetrating voice, his noble earnestness, his expression, now animated, could lend. "It is," he added slowly, "the poetry, the hope, the encouragement of a German! *Quod minime revis!* The sympathy and the hope are the more welcome, the more delightful. I accept the omen for my country, and I say to her:

'Wait and hope; thy hour is coming; thy Ulysses too is near.'"

He remained for a moment motionless and silent, and the audience did not know whether he had finished or not; then his hand dropped upon the desk near him, and he bowed to the assemblage, and drew back from the front of the platform.

There was quite a cordial and enthusiastic demonstration of applause; and then began the rustling of silks, and calling of carriages, and the babble of talk with acquaintances, and the crowding on the stairs.

The moment the movement of departure began, Madame Reichstein invited me by a look to come to her. She and Miss Lyndon had withdrawn into a corner a little out of the stream of the departing crowd. I made my way through groups of people and over trailing skirts to where they stood.

"How did you like it?" were Christina's first words; and then without waiting for an answer she said, "I wish to introduce you to Miss Lyndon—Miss Lilla Lyndon."

Before the ceremony of introduction was well through, two or three acquaintances closed round Madame Reichstein, and Miss Lyndon and I were left for the moment together.

"Am I wrong, Mr. Temple," she said, "in thinking that we have met and spoken together before?"

"No, Miss Lyndon, you are quite right."

"That day in Palace-yard, when that poor man came up and stopped the carriage and called me by my name?"

"That was the day. You have a good memory."

"It made a painful impression on me, that scene and that poor man. I thought I could not have been mistaken, Mr. Temple, in you, when I saw you a few nights ago for the first time since that day. May I congratulate you now on your success—on the name you have won since I first saw you? It always gave me pleasure to believe that it was you with whom I had spoken that day, for you were kind to that strange poor creature."

This was a subject that somewhat embarrassed me; I turned to something else.

"The lines that Signor Salaris recited were translated by you, Miss Lyndon, I venture to think?"

"They were. Did you like them?"

"*I thought* them noble in spirit, and I hope prophetic; and they

—I have not seen the original—like a pure and exquisite

glad; they are Geibel's. They seemed to me prophetic, d them to Signor Salaris. He is a noble creature, and er he engages in may succeed; but I don't understand affairs."

leed, Miss Lyndon."

And yet you ought to be at least a sort of stepson of

ow my stepmother's voice. Her interests she keeps for en."

oing, Emanuel," said Christina, who was leaning on the ntleman.

Miss Lyndon my arm, and she leaned on it: I felt the light touch, and I was thrilled by it.

now, Mr. Temple," she said, as we descended the stairs, ceased to think that there was some mystery about that yard which I ought to know, and that *you* could explain e come to know my name, and why did his face seem so t so familiar to me? Will you tell me?"

ss Lyndon, don't ask me; I cannot tell you anything least not now; not without thinking over it. The secret, ay not be mine to tell."

re is something?"

had some reason for knowing me and calling me by my

't ask any more. He had."

," she said; and an unconscious vibration passed from e.

e, Miss Lyndon, you may know all; and it may be in do good by the knowledge to people who are unhappy, deserve to be so."

l into my face, with surprise and deep interest in her yes.

was already at the door of her little brougham waiting ded Miss Lyndon in. Christina gave me her hand with- d I saw a strange expression in her face, as if something lexed and irritated her. I could not understand it.

lon held out her delicate little hand with a frank and ssion. I touched it, and the light pressure lingered long I left the place, I felt like one on whom the first breath ying and sacred influence has fallen. The presence of strangely affected me when first I saw her, and I had n the sensation. Now it filled me almost wholly. It *ble; at least, I* cannot describe it any better than by

saying that while the presence of Christina seemed to allure me wi the rich incense of flowers, that of Lilla Lyndon made me thoughtf and full of pure regret and humility, like the light of the stars.

In most stories of ghosts and demons and warlocks, is it not su cient to speak of the odious and supernatural creature in order evoke his presence? Apparently some spell of the same kind haunt me this night. Miss Lyndon and I had spoken of the man who posted her in Palace-yard; I had never seen him since my return fro Italy. I had hardly got a dozen paces from the door of Willis's Roo when I came straight on him.

Keeping the same side as you walk from Willis's Rooms towa St. James's-square, you may see as you look across the street a row white and stuccoed houses on the other side, one of which has a fa attached to it. When I nearly fell over Stephen Lyndon, he was stan ing on the edge of the footpath, looking up at that particular hou He did not seem a day older than when I saw him last. He wore t black wig as before, and was rather better dressed than I had seen hi on some former occasions, though not up to the mark of one memora occasion when he came out resplendent. It seemed to me, too, th there was a little more of quietness and caution about him than w his wont in earlier times.

I did not know then that he was there waiting for me. So I fe vexed when I nearly ran up against him, and recognised him in t clear moonlight of a beautiful night, and saw that he had recogni me, and there was no escape without at least a parley.

"Good-evening, Temple," he said in the coolest and easiest ki of way, as if we had met only the night before last; and he quie laid his hand on my arm and stayed my going farther. "I have be contemplating that house over there; the first of the row. I have be meditating, Temple. An exile lived there once, my child of song — illustrious exile. Where is he now, Temple? Only on a throne, m swan. There are exiles and exiles, Temple. Our patriotic and ba ished friend Salaris will hardly, I think, come to so brilliant a pla The throne for one conspirator, and the prison or very likely the blo for another. Crowns for the crowns that have brains under the blocks for the blockheads. He is a gifted and touching blockhea that friend of ours, Mr. Temple. I like him; but I was always a chi of sentiment. I saw *you* in Willis's Rooms."

"Were you there?"

"I was there; O yes. He and I, you know, are old friends. I sa Goodboy on the platform, and he saw me. I think he winced a litt but it was a lost fear. I have given up my notion of doing anythin with him in the way of street-scenes."

"I am very glad to hear it. I do hope you have turned decent an honourable and manly. Mr. Lyndon, there are many reasons why I *wish you* well."

Thanks; I daresay. I really believe you, Temple; and I think
e a good sort of fellow in your way. Yes, I am quite a reformed
In fact, Temple, he was too much for me that way."
"That way?"
"You never heard, then?"
"I have not heard anything about you for a long time."
"True; you were away in Italian myrtle-bowers, and that sort of
ful thing. Well, I opened fire regularly on Goodboy; waylaid
his door; pursued him to the House, to the Club, to the Opera.
do you think he did? He coolly took the bull by the horns.
me in charge to a policeman; he followed up the charge at
ice-court; he delivered his version of the business with a dig-
mock humility which quite touched and charmed 'the worthy
rate.' He recounted all the things he had done for me, and
venerable father had done; and it was a magnificent scene,
And do you know, Temple, while the whole thing was a hideous
beginning to end, there was not a word in it which was not
true? It put me in an unpleasant light; that I must frankly
Well, there was nothing for me but to find bail—which of
I couldn't do—or be sent to prison, or pledge my honour to
him no more—in that way. Temple, I was defeated. I had
Respectability, and was overthrown! At least, I had the sense
that I was beaten, and I surrendered and promised."
"I am very glad to hear it."
"Are you? So I daresay is Goodboy. But wait for the end. Do
ver read the Greek dramatists, Temple? I suppose not. Well,
s some good advice given by one of them about counting no
uccessful until you have seen the game all out. You just wait.
tested Goodboy before, do you think I like him any better now?
know, the cunning old boy managed so well, that not a line of
siness got into the papers; so that I had not even the satisfaction
ging open scandal on him. I wrote letter after letter to the
; need I say that no editor did me the favour of putting the
the wrongs I had suffered into print? Well, there's enough of
I have had rather a hard life of it since. Give you my word, I
think anything could have kept me up but my deep religious
and my determination to be revenged upon my enemies. I
t it well to retire from the metropolis for a little. I broke
from my base, and marched right into the heart of the country—
ool, Manchester, and that sort of place. Coarse, cloddish, with-
ul, without humour, and, let me tell you, by no means green or
rd with the cards and the billiards. Ah, *mon Dieu!* it was hard
ull. No matter, I live! Providentially preserved, I still live!
n to town at last, led doubtless by my star. I find two of my
quaintances established as lions of the season. You are one;
rbonaro of Willis's Rooms is the other. Good Heaven, it ought

to teach the vainest of us a lesson in modesty, when such people c be successful."

We were now walking round St. James's-square. We might h been mistaken for two dear and intimate friends. Lyndon was lean affectionately on my arm, even when he was propounding lessons humility drawn from the incomprehensible fact that such a person as I had succeeded.

I thought of him then as I had thought of him always since first meeting—as a hopeless old reprobate, whose inner nature no po on earth could touch, and whose utterly selfish and heartless levity co only be explained or excused by the theory that something not un insanity was mingled with his blood. Yet I now walked with h listened to him, allowed him to lean on me, felt even a positive inte in his welfare.

Why? Was it for the sake of Ned Lambert and his love, and sincere friendship for them both?

In sad sober truth, it was not.

It was because the thoughtful violet eyes of Lilla Lyndon younger had looked into mine with kindly interest while she spoke this man. The thought of her transfigured him in my mind. N this miserable wretch was a sort of link between us. His very mi might be the cause of our meeting again.

And at this time I had no more thought of loving Lilla Lyn than I had of falling in love with a saint or a star. I still belie that my life was to be for ever shadowed and frustrated by hopel unfading passion for Christina Reichstein.

I listened, then, to Lyndon's talk, and even encouraged him, assured him I would save him if I could.

"Now that," he said, "is the very thing I am coming at. I re do think, Temple, that you are a sincere sort of person; and that y mean what you say. My daughter has disappeared somewhere; cannot find out where; and I don't suppose, you know, that it mu matters, because I daresay the girl is hard up, and drudging and to ing, and that sort of thing, and of course she couldn't do anything me. I should think Goodboy turned her adrift; he's quite mean enou for it. Well, you see, it's no use my looking her up. Do you kno I am so sensitive, and epicurean, and chivalrous in all my ways, th I can't bear to see women who are drudging and poor and overwork It isn't the poetic idea of womanhood, is it? Women don't look as they ought to be seen then. They get pale and washed-out-lookin and the plump outlines go, and their hands look dirty and need marked, and all the rest of it. No; I really prefer, as a father, not see my daughter just now. You follow me, Temple?"

"I do," was my grim reply. Even the colour of those violet e was fading from my mind as he talked in this way.

"You appreciate what I mean?"

ıite," I replied more grimly.

ɔw, on the other hand, look at my niece. Aha, have I touched I suppose I started. "There is a lovely girl, charming to ; a little pale, you will say; but so very interesting, and with ı expression of goodness. Now, Temple, don't you think *she* ɜ brought to do something for me? Don't you think, at least, ht to be allowed to know of my existence? I know it's kept from her. I know she is ignorant of the tender tie that binds me. Now, Temple, my boy, here is your opportunity! You ɜr; you are in your own way a kind of success, and I daresay ass off easily upon her—she's evidently very green and innocent ıite a distinguished and delightful sort of person. I saw you ; her to the carriage to-day; you did the thing quite in good daresay she wouldn't notice any difference. Now, *your* motive be suspected. Mine, I confess, is open to misinterpretation! , do a benevolent deed. Here is an outcast uncle panting for ɜ redemption, and very, very hard up. There is a lovely niece, r little bosom overflowing with family affection and benevolence ıantic nonsense of all kinds, and with unlimited influence over ırse. Temple, need I say more? You have a heart, and quite ıtable appearance. Bring us together, and look for your reward

ınaged to escape at last, without making a promise of any kind; squeezed my hand warmly, accepted a trifling loan, and went ımming a hopeful tune.

GOLD

The Bank-rate has gone up. Such an announcement, even if the t were far greater than what has taken place, would fall languidly up the ear of the charmed circle of Belgravian Society. And the fact worthy of attention, as showing how heterogeneous is the imme population grouped within the precincts of London, and how disti from one another are some of the circles of life into which this hu metropolis may be divided even geographically. The true Belgravi world is severed by a wide gulf from that busy heart of London call the City. A financial cyclone may be revolving with destructive fo in the narrow precinct which has the Bank and the Royal Exchan for its centre, while not a breath disturbs the serenity of Belgrav The high world of Fashion is far removed from the turmoil and terri fluctuations which beset Trade. Like the gods of Olympus, it lo down in calm upon the storms that agitate the world below. T denizens of Belgravia—the *crême de la crême* of Society—derive th revenues from the stable Land, not from the shifting profits of Co merce. And hence, during the terrible crisis of May 1866, when m ters were at their worst, and when the highest names and most pow ful establishments in the City were tottering for want of ready-mon it was noticed as a remarkable thing that a sale of diamonds, jew and articles of *virtù*, at the West-end, went off with the greatest bri ness. While City men were in such straits that they could hardly at all, raise money even upon the most valuable securities, ready c was as rife as ever, even for the purchase of mere ornaments and lu ries of Art, in the serene Olympus of Belgravia.

But, quitting West-end circles for a while, let us examine the n character of the financial event which—certainly not from its mag tude, but chiefly from its suddenness—excited so much interest in t City. The rise of the Bank-rate was only 1 per cent, and, after t rise, the Bank-rate was no higher than 4 per cent,—which is just t ordinary rate of discount in this country. Nevertheless, the effect the change was comparatively very great: for, before the close of t day on which the change was made, the mercantile community had pay about one-half more to the banks for discount-accommodation th they had done upon similar bills discounted in the forenoon. N what was the cause of this rise in the Bank-rate? The rise itself, we have said, was comparatively trivial; but the cause of it, we thi is a matter of no small importance.

There are two legitimate grounds for raising the Bank-rate: these grounds are quite different from each other in their charact *nor do they* necessarily go together. One of these is, an increased d *mand for* loans on the part of the public; the other is a decrease

gold in the Bank. The first of these causes operates in a way perfectly intelligible to all. The banks have a certain amount of money to lend, and their whole profits arise from their lending this money to the public at the highest rate which they can get for it. Accordingly when an increased demand for loans arises, the banks naturally charge higher rates for the use of their money than before. All classes of traders act in the same way. Banks trade in lending money, as a merchant trades in the sale of goods. And just as a corn-merchant raises the price of his stock of grain when a dearth occurs, so do banks charge more for the use of their stock of money when the public wants more loans than usual. In both cases, it is true, there *might* be no rise of price. The portion of his stock which the corn-merchant sells at 80*s.* the quarter after a dearth has set in, cost him no more than the other portion which he had willingly sold at 60*s.* a few weeks previous. In like manner, the stock of money which a bank has to lend costs it no more after an increased demand for loans sets-in than before. But the Bank, like the corn-merchant in a time of dearth, finds that at such times it can get a higher price for the commodity in which it trades; and hence, quite legitimately, it avails itself of the wants of the public to increase its own profits.

The other cause of a rise in the Bank-rate is a decrease in the stock of gold in bank. The demand for loans on the part of the public may remain at the usual amount, but the lending-power of the Bank is diminished. Accordingly, having less money to lend, the Bank seeks to charge more for its loans, in order to maintain its profits at the usual rate. This is quite natural. The same principle prevails in every department of trade. The dealer, whether in money or in goods, always endeavours to get the highest price he can,—this, in fact, is the whole object of trade.

The Crisis of 1866 offers an example of a rise in the Bank-rate, owing to an increased demand for loans on the part of the public, but without any important decrease of the Bank's stock of gold, and while the stock of gold in the country (as shown by the excess of imports over exports) was being largely increased. Of the great and sudden increase in the demand for loans which then took place, we need say nothing—everyone knows it. But it is most important to notice that, so far from there having been any drain of gold during or prior to the Crisis, the imports exceeded the exports in the first six months of 1866 to the extent of five millions sterling. And even in the critical month of May, the imports of gold exceeded by one-half the amount of the exports—the former being 322,870*l.*, and the latter 242,330*l.* And in the Bank there were at the worst time of the Crisis nearly twelve millions of gold more than the public either needed or asked for—although this large amount of gold was needed (under the Act of 1844) by the Bank itself. And the upshot of the whole case was, *a minimum Bank-rate* of 10 per cent., fearful losses to

the public, and the largest amount of profits to the Bank (975,655*l.*) ever made by that establishment in any half-year of its existence.

As is well known, and as the above case amply shows, under our present Bank Act a most serious monetary difficulty may be experienced even when an enormous quantity of gold lies in the Bank neither wanted nor asked for by the public. But it is important to notice that the course of action adopted by the Bank Directors of late years has been such as to aggravate the defects of the Act of 1844, and to render the operation of that Act still more oppressive to the public. Until nine or ten years ago, when there were twelve millions of gold in the Bank, the Bank-rate was little more than half what it is now in similar circumstances. The supporters of the Bank Act and of the Bank management eulogise this as an increase of *prudence* on the part of the Directors: but, whatever be the correct term for such conduct, it at least tends to increase the Bank's profits.

Gold under the Act of 1844 plays a terribly important part in our monetary system compared with what it used to do: and as a fresh instance of this, we may state that the recent rise in the Bank-rate has been attributed mainly to the pitifully small sum of 240,000*l.* in gold having been sent to America!—although the amount of gold still in bank was no less than 17½ millions sterling. This is too preposterous, but the true cause was due simply to a periodical and temporary incident which of itself ought not to affect the Bank-rate of the country. There are periodic tides in the currency—in the public requirements for notes and coin; and of these tides, the most regular are those which occur at the end of each quarter. These quarterly tides are produced by the Government payment of salaries, of the dividends of the National Debt, &c., and also by the payment of rent and other quarterly obligations on the part of the community at large. These quarterly payments usually occasion a withdrawal of a million and a half of money, in notes and coin, from the Bank; but the withdrawal is merely momentary: in three weeks' time all this money finds its way back to the Bank in the shape of new deposits. An incident of this kind certainly does not justify a rise of the Bank-rate.

We do not raise any grave objection to the recent elevation of the Bank-rate, for the rate is still no higher than usually prevails in this country. We simply desire to point out that the recent rise was made only in consequence of a periodic and momentary increase in the demand for notes and coin, which of itself does not justify a rise of the rate of discount. And the other matter which we have in view is to remind the public of a plain fact, which seems to be too little remembered, that the Bank acts (and quite rightly) just on the same principle as other traders—namely, at all times to charge the highest terms it can get for the commodity in which it deals, and to take advantage of every incident, however momentary, to raise its charges *as against the public.*

Alfred Thompson, del.

THE DREAMING SEA.

THE DREAMING SEA

I.

I HAVE been told there is a wondrous land,
Fairer than other in this darker earth;
'Tis girded in by mountains huge, that stand
Changeless since first the old world saw its birth.

Grim giants they, which guard it closely round;
Sheer from their heights the precipices fall,
Barring it in with adamantine wall,
And closing it from outer sight and sound,

Save where a cleft lets a bright river through,
Seeming to sleep, but flowing onward still,
Waving the reeds that slowly rustle too,
And all the shore with slumb'rous murmurs fill.

The very air is drowsy, and the sun
Shines through a veil with soft light dimly shed;
Faintly the blue sky glimmers overhead,
Faintly the rivers whisper as they run;

Stealing along, and flowing to a mere,
Blue, bright, and calm, yet treacherous and deep;
No ripple stirs upon its surface clear,
It seems as dead, yet doth it only sleep:

It sleeps, wrapt in a vapour close and dim,
Floating and breaking like a summer cloud,
Which sunshine melts into an airy shroud,
Wherein faint images, like visions, swim:

It sleeps above the stilly depth profound;
Nor only sleeps, for shapes and forms there seem
That it doth fashion, changing like a dream,
They gather, flit, and pass without a sound.

Beneath the wave they float, and you may see
Others above it, passing from the gaze,
Fair, lovely phantoms, in the glimmering haze;
Therefore *men call that* mere "the Dreaming Sea."

II.

There are strange people in that land of shade;
They idly watch the visions that they see
Vanishing slowly into vacancy,
And others follow, and as slowly fade;

Like from a glass reflecting form and face,
Which, passing, leave it glittering as before,
Till others flit and fill the vacant place,
Then darkness follows, and we see no more.

And if you ask them what they watch so long,
So silent, with a fixed and dreamy gaze,
They point unto the ever-shifting haze,
And answer low, like echoes of a song:

"These are our dreams—we find them here again;
Once they all fled from our impassioned grasp,
But here our truant bliss once more we clasp;
We hold our joys, and leave far off our pain.

Here flits their beauty, and to aching eyes
Brings what the world crushed in its iron hand;
Here, lovelier than before, for aye they stand,
Visions of joy to love and idolise;

Here those dear faces which we lost below,
Here those loved voices, low and sweet in tone,
Anew exist for us, and here alone,
Traced in the mists that glimmer to and fro.

Here spring again, as with a fairer birth,
Sunset's bright clouds, the warm wind's perfumed breath;
The rose's blush, untouched by time or death;
The grace, the glow, the glory of the earth;

The dreams of joy, the smile, that faded soon;
The hopes that died, the love that grew so faint;
Earth's fairest fruits, undimmed by blight or taint;
Life's sweetest echoes, chimed in perfect tune.

Why should we struggle vainly with our lot,
When we have gained these shores of calmer joys,
Far from the heat, the hurry, and the noise
Of that stern world by which we are forgot?

Pleasures are here that are not bought and sold,
That with a beauty and enchantment rare
Bid us forget the weary, grinding care
Of the old life that was so hard and cold.

So cold! so hard! Ah me! why should we tire,
To dash ourselves against its iron bars,
Or lie crushed down by its triumphal cars,
Until not only joy but hope and life expire?

Enough of care and toil, of wounds and woe,
Enough of sobbing-out our weary pain,
Enough of tears, that fall like bitter rain,
Enough of wrecks and heartbreak there below.

Trouble us not; our old life fades and falls;
It passes, but we care not; let it rest;
While we can here gain all we love the best,
Trouble us not—we care not what befalls!"

III.

Yet sometimes comes a change across the mere,
A shiver passes o'er it, and there rise
Dark struggling forms with wild and awful eyes,
And hollow sounds fall muffled on the ear;

They mingle strangely with the phantoms fair;
The heavens grow dark; and the grim undertone
Seems to reëcho shriek and wail and moan,
That quiver through the dull and drowsy air;

And then there comes, sounding along the shore,
The growling of the thunder far away,
The darkness rises and blots out the day,
And the storm bursts with loud and fearful roar.

It rends the vapours with its mighty breath,
Tossing them wildly through the gloomy air;
The sea is rough and cold, the shore is bare,
And the land turneth to a land of death.

Briers and thorns and rough unsightly stones
Show in the glaring light of cruel day;
The flowers, the mossy banks all pass away,
And bare skulls grin, white among dead-men's bones.

Then all the shivering wanderers ye behold,
Wistful and weary, seeking something lost,
Seeking the visions whirled away and tossed,
Leaving them bare and naked in the cold;

Pale ghosts, that wildly throw their heads on high,
And gaze with woful yet all-tearless eyes,
Questioning all things with a mute surprise,
And crouching *helpless* 'neath the bitter sky;

Till the air groweth still and close and warm,
And the mists gather with their glimmering haze,
The treacherous image on the water plays,
And back returns the dim enchanting charm.

Then rest they all again upon the shore,
Watching the phantoms gathering all the while;
They welcome them with faint and gentle smile,
And deem that these shall pass away no more.

IV.

Ah, yes; 'tis sweet (we know it but too well),
Ere comes cold truth, which all too soon arrives,
To live once more by memory's misty spell,
To live our dreams, and dream away our lives:

To bid awhile the weary labour cease,
To let our lives, by many a tempest tost,
Gather in fancy bright things loved and lost,
And gently drift to visioned rest and peace;

Calm and yet happy, and forgetfully
Wrapped in the mist of a delicious dream,
Floating adown life's dark and treacherous stream,
Yet gliding onward to a Dreaming Sea.

CATHARINE WEBBE.

SERPENTS AND VENOMOUS SNAKES

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

he First Part of this subject I limited myself to enumerating the and most common species of the non-venomous reptiles. In present paper I have more tragic elements to deal with, namely, snakes whose bite is dreadfully venomous, and those whose bite bsolutely deadly and beyond all reach of cure yet known to man. subject is just now exciting peculiar interest, from the alleged veries of a cure for snake-bites in South Australia, by the injec- of ammonia into the veins near where the poison-wound has been cted. The large reward, too, offered by the Indian Government a cure for the bite of the cobra has led Indian surgeons into a field of inquiry and experiment. This is not the time or the in which to discuss medical researches; it is sufficient to say, efore, that as yet all efforts to discover an antidote have signally ed. It is, of course, impossible to set any limits to what science accomplish in the future; but for the present it has done no- g; and the most eminent medical men who have given their atten- to the bites of the *deadly* reptiles confess with sorrow that they ve that the Government might as well offer a reward for the very of a man who had cut his head off, or swallowed an ounce russic acid or strychnia, as for the recovery of a patient who had bitten by the real Indian cobra. Nor is the Indian cobra the t specimen of his very bad class. There are many others which, gh not more certainly fatal, are more swiftly fatal than this rep- It is this swiftness of action which takes away the chance of dy. Most persons are bitten when in wild districts, and generally way from medical aid. Under the most favourable circumstances, y minutes must elapse before the surgeon sees them, and a minute es the difference of life or death; for all the blood of the human e passes through the heart once in every four minutes and a half, ulating the poison throughout the system in all directions. Thus that neither surgeons nor ophiologists attach much importance to injection of ammonia into the veins. Ammonia, as an antidote to bites of many dangerous snakes, has long been known and is freely in India, where it is kept at all the country police-stations, with ted directions on the bottle for its use. But ammonia can be ad- stered internally by anyone; whereas the injection of the fluid the veins is a delicate, and sometimes a dangerous, operation even *skilled surgeon. At any rate*, whether injected or swallowed, it

has never been asserted that ammonia could do the least good in the case of a cobra-bite; the cure for which the Indian Government are most properly, though as yet unfortunately most vainly, seeking to discover. The chances seem now as remote to English and French surgeons as they have always been to the natives who have dwelt among the reptiles for ages.

Before going further into the subject, it is well to divide it under its two proper heads: first, of those snakes which, though dreadfully venomous, are not of *necessity* deadly, if the person bitten is of strong constitution, and, above all, if *instant* and *proper* precautions are adopted; secondly, of those snakes which are absolutely fatal, and against the effects of the bites of which no remedies we know of are of the least avail. I am sorry to say that the last class is almost as numerous as the first. Under the first head I include the English viper, the large black viper of Southern Europe and Asia Minor, the black snake, brown snake, tiger-snake of Australia, the spotted snake of Southern Canada, the moccasin snake, and the rattlesnake, which latter abounds in most parts of North America. There are, of course, degrees in the amount of venom of all these snakes, as there are degrees in the rapidity with which death follows on the bites of those which are fatal. Thus, a tubobo's bite leaves the victim to linger in four or five hours or more of hopeless agony before the inevitable death ensues; whereas in the case of the coral-snake, or *la dama blanca*—the white lady—the stupor which precedes dissolution ensues within a few minutes after the bite, certainly within a quarter of an hour. Thus also is it with the more deadly snakes. The proportion of those who die by the bite of the common English viper is probably not more than one per cent to those who die by the bite of the black viper, which is about five per cent; and so on up to the rattlesnake, when I fear the proportion of fatal results is more than eighty per cent; and the same with what are erroneously called the *deadly* snakes of South Australia. It may seem strange that I should include the terrible snakes of South Australia, and above all the dreaded rattlesnake, among those which are not *necessarily* deadly in their bite; but I believe I shall be able to show my readers that such is really the truth.

I have lived at different times upon the prairies both east and west of the Mississippi, upon the wild barren region which skirts near the "staked plains," and the more fertile though equally desolate-looking expanse which is covered with sage-brush up to the very foot of the Rocky Mountains. In all these places rattlesnakes were to be found, and sometimes in alarming numbers. On little sunlit knolls or rounded boulders as many as twenty or even more might be seen in the space of a few square feet, coiled up asleep, basking in the sun, but each with his tail-rattle left out, free to move at the first alarm, and warn the intruder of his danger. The rattlesnake is not a *vicious snake*; that is to say, it will not bite wantonly, like the cobra

the copper-head. It is preeminently a sluggish reptile, almost as ggish as the puff-adder or the most beautiful but terrible coral-ke. When disturbed, it does not move off, but simply rattles its l to warn those coming near; and if the intrusion is persisted in, it often is, will simply crawl slowly away, rattling all the time as a d of menace that it must not be followed. This, in some prairies re the grass is less luxuriant, always leads to its destruction. With-the aid of its rattle, its soft beautiful velvet markings of black and low can always instantly be seen, and the reptile can be killed by a d with a switch. It cannot, however, be treated with the same indif-ence by the prairie-hunter during the dark night, and where the grass thick. Then, when the dry rattle is heard ahead —a sound which I can pare to nothing better than to the noise of peas rattled in a tin box an instant halt is called, and everyone throws bits of stick, or earth, stone in the direction of the sound, till the vermin is driven off and s rattling away, when of course the party give his locality a wide th, and decamp from it. The great danger of rattlesnakes is, in , their sluggishness. They sleep so sound and are so inert, that y will remain till actually trodden upon without any warning rattle, then, as a matter of course, they bite instantly; for even the best-pered snake does not like the heel of a heavy prairie-settler on his l.

My first visit to the great western prairies was made, among other ects, to inquire into the truth of the statement that the bite of rattlesnake could be cured. I prosecuted my inquiries, indeed, and wide; and the result left no doubt upon my mind that the tlesnake is not necessarily deserving of the title of a *deadly* reptile n instant and proper precautions are taken. I believe Dr. Acland, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, when on the prairies of inois with the Prince of Wales, made similar inquiries, and with a ilar result. My information on this head, apart from general report, nes from trustworthy persons who had been bitten once, and one least who had been bitten *twice*, in the same year. In all these es the intended victims to the reptile's anger were powerful, healthy ng men, and were with companions who had the means and knew to apply the remedies. These remedies are simple to the extreme severity. The instant a person is bitten—and in ninety-nine cases of a hundred the bite is just above the ankle, or in the calf of leg below the knee—a ligature, generally a leather boot-lace, is tened both *above* and *below* the wound. A piece of stick can be erted between this thong and the flesh, and by twisting the stick nd and round, the ligature is contracted till it almost cuts to the e. Corn-whisky—a terrible distillation of Indian corn, which, as prairie-men themselves say, "will kill at forty rods"—is given in copious doses as the poisoned man can swallow. In the mean time, posing *only a few minutes* have elapsed, the flesh between the

ligatures has become so numbed that it is almost dead to feeling, and it is then excoriated around the poisoned fang-marks, and allowed to bleed as freely as it can. Gunpowder is next rubbed into the wound, and a little pile of about an ounce put over the incision. This is lighted by a match, and the ignition, which at once takes place, not only cauterises the wound, but partially destroys the tissues. A blister almost immediately rises over the place, and this again is opened. A more speedy and more efficacious method of cauterising wounds does not exist in medicine. Indeed, the whole treatment is especially adapted to the wild regions in which this impromptu surgery is exercised; for very few prairie-parties are without corn-whisky, still fewer are without gunpowder, and none at all without the means of making ligatures. The most important part, however, remains to be told, and that is the rule *never to let the injured man rest.* The torpor which comes over any unhappy one bitten by a rattlesnake, or any South-Australian snake, is, if indulged in, the sure precursor of death. It is a torpor and sleepiness such as few narcotics could produce—it is the torpor of departing vitality. Even if the poor fellow has to be dragged along on his back, or rolled from side to side, or tumbled about in all directions, he must *not sleep.* Another essential, at least in the prairies, is the continued administration of corn-whisky. No matter how much the stomach rejects it, it must be given continually, and in large doses. In about twelve hours after the wound, the worst symptoms begin to abate; but there is sure to be a recurrence of them in a modified form about twenty-four hours after the bite was inflicted—and for these the same treatment as to walking about and whisky is continued, though also in a very modified form. In the end a profuse outbreak of painful boils on the skin, which generally continue for three or four months, completes the cure. Once, when on the prairies, I had occasion to try these remedies on a mule. I was out with a hunting-party, and in the course of a week we lost two mules. No one thought they were bitten, so that when the torpor overtook them, and they lay down near camp, none suspected that they were doing more than resting themselves. Both, however, were found dead in the morning, and one not only dead, but cold and stiff, so that he must have died soon after sunset. Both, our hunters declared from the inflamed appearance of the nostrils, had been bitten by rattlesnakes while grazing. We were of course very unwilling to admit such an unpleasant fact; but nevertheless, admit it or not, it turned out to be the truth; for in a few days afterwards one of our party actually saw a rattlesnake bite one of the mules. His attention was attracted by the noise of the rattle near where a mule was feeding close to camp. He went cautiously towards the sound, keeping his eye fixed upon the spot whence it proceeded, and, as he did so, he distinctly saw the reptile lift its head and strike the mule in the nose. An alarm was given, the snake was easily followed and as easily killed. It was not a

rge one—barely three feet long—but it was thick for its size. Its o poison-fangs must have been recently shed, for they were singularly all, not larger than the thorns on a rose-tree. The mule never irred after it was bitten, but remained with its head to the ground as transfixed. Now was the time to try the prairie cure. "We made a twitch," and got it round the poor brute's nose, which we compressed ntil it became like a dumpling. It was then very deeply cut, and very ely bled too. By the aid of the same twitch we got nearly a pint d a half of corn-whisky down its throat. During all these proceedings e mule, which was, like most mules, by no means remarkable for its od temper, made not the slightest effort at resistance. It was evint that the fatal torpor was setting-in, so we hurried over the rest of r surgery. The animal was carefully blindfolded, and a flat piece wood brought, on the end of which about one ounce and a half of wder was placed in a lump with a train leading to it. The mule's e was placed on this, and the powder fired. This apparently was e only part of our proceedings to which the animal objected, for in te of the twitch and all our efforts, it reared with a tremendous nge and fell on its back. It was not, however, allowed to rest for g, and by dint of flogging and pulling we got it on its legs again, d by means of the same rough stimulants took it in turns to keep trotting up and down for some four hours. Then it was let rest; d next day it was better, though too weak to carry anything. It s never, however, fit for much while we had it—for about a fortnight re. Its hair came off in patches, and the least load gave it a sore ck, so we "dickered" it away on the first chance for a little mustang ay, paying in kind the obvious difference between the value of the o animals.

It is generally supposed that rattlesnakes are rare; but, in fact, y are about the most common of all the dangerously-venomous tiles that we know of. They are not, of course, to be found in streets of New York or on the side-walks of the western cities of cago or St. Louis; but Mr. Beirstadt, the great American landscapeinter, assured me that he could show me places within twenty miles of w York where I could find plenty of them; and I know, of my own owledge, that they can be found within five miles of either St. Louis Chicago. In the western parts of Pennsylvania they abound, and y abound likewise all round the cliffs at Niagara. The gentleman whose house I was staying at Niagara, and who had a very large ned cellar beneath it, with common barred openings to admit the t and air, told me the place was always more or less full of them, hat for that reason they seldom, if ever, used it. The first reptile this kind I ever killed was among the rocks round the whirlpool ow the Falls, where they are most numerous; and the largest I ever led was within a few miles of the same place—Brock's monument on frontier of Canada. He was a very large fellow, nearly five feet

[illegible] and very thick. His poison-fangs, too, were unusually [illegible]—[illegible] half-quarter of an inch.

[illegible] about these poison-fangs, in reference to which the [illegible] prevail. They are in no snake more than two in number. [illegible] on each side of the very front part of the upper jaw. They are [illegible] in a state of repose, or, indeed, until in the very act of striking, are [illegible] in the roof of the reptile's mouth. They are [illegible] and as pointed as the finest needles. From the root [illegible] they are hollow in spite of this fineness, and the [illegible] with the venom-ducts or bags in the roof of the mouth. In striking, the muscular action of the mouth elevates these [illegible] as sharp fangs, and by the action of the reptile [illegible] by the force of the actual bite, the drop [illegible] from the ducts into the hollow hook and into the wound [illegible]. In extracting these fangs, collectors (and they are more numerous than most people would believe) cannot be too careful. [illegible] should they ever be touched with the hand, no matter how [illegible] gloved. When pulled out—the smallest kind of [illegible]—they should be boiled for at least an hour, and [illegible] of the strongest spirits of ammonia for a [illegible] while squeezing off a cable into a box two [illegible] drove one rather [illegible] after his hand and [illegible] A similar accident, [illegible] in the keepers in the Zoological Gardens, was [illegible]

[illegible] venomous and deadly snakes [illegible] often in a short [illegible] from actual experi- [illegible] and also a most [illegible] we tried how [illegible] For this not [illegible] together some forty [illegible] The experiment lasted nearly [illegible] less than twenty-seven [illegible] the cage from the top by our [illegible] deeply through the [illegible] into the cage, [illegible] further notice, nor [illegible] the least degree of apprehension, [illegible] the large cage, and in two [illegible] of its harsh vibrating [illegible] to make the [illegible] with a thin iron [illegible] and struck at the [illegible] in a few minutes, but

was more than twenty minutes before they died. We did not, however, wait for their dissolution, but, now that the snake was roused, kept on putting in rabbits, guinea-pigs, and rats as fast as he struck them, and each time he hit, the inevitable death came more quickly, until, at about the twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth victim, they all died within four minutes. By this time the snake, in his fever of rage, had broken three joints off his tail with its incessant vibrations, and went from end to end of the cage biting as he passed the bodies of the animals he had already killed, and not biting each once, but five or six times with the rapidity of lightning. As we did not wish to lose him, and he appeared likely to kill himself with rage, we covered the cage with a cloth, and let him rest for an hour, and then put a rabbit in. The little animal went over to the snake instantly, and crept across him, when, without rattling or any sign of anger, he rose at once and struck bunny at the root of the ear, and the rabbit fell over, and died apparently within two minutes. This experiment convinced us that the rattlesnake can generate its poison in proportion to its anger, or what it thinks its danger or annoyance. In July, August, and September the bite of the rattlesnake is considered fatal, as in those months it sheds its skin, is sick, deaf and blind, and seems to secrete an extra quantity of venom for its own protection. I was once staying in a large prairie-farm, where cattle were kept by hundreds; and the proprietor assured me that when cattle were bitten in the three months I have mentioned, they never came home, but were found dead on the prairie. In the other months, when the cows were struck they managed to get back to the barns, though they nearly always died.

The rattlesnake's poison, I may add, is very fluid, quite colourless, and without either smell or taste. It may be put on the tongue in most minute quantities, on a piece of ivory, if the mouth is perfectly free from abrasion, and be well rinsed immediately after with strong ammonia-and-water. This, however, is a trial from which little good can come, and from which the most serious danger may arise.

Of the same class as the rattlesnake—that is to say, terribly dangerous, but not, as a matter of course, deadly—are the large family of South-Australian reptiles—the black snake, the brown snake, and the beautifully-marked tiger-snake. These were at first reputed to be deadly; but long experience, and the free use of the same remedies in the bush of Australia as are applied in the long grass of the western prairies, has shown conclusively that their bites can be cured. All, however, as with the rattlesnake, depends on a rare concurrence of three conditions, which in those wild parts are seldom to be found united. The first, as I have said, is a powerful constitution; the second is immediate help at hand; and the third is intelligent devotedness on the part of those who aid to carry out the whole of the severe treatment with unshrinking firmness from first to last. I have spoken with several who have been bitten by rattlesnakes or South-Australian

snakes; but the best account I got was from my brother, an eminent clergyman in South Australia, who was bitten by what is still reputed to be the deadly brown snake. He was going up-country, to visit some outlying districts, for the area of the parishes he has in charge is equal in extent to that of any diocese in England. In the mid-heat of the day he arrived at a police-barrack; and finding that three men were going on in the cool of the evening to the station to which he was bound, he dismounted and decided to wait for them, for the sake of their company and escort. Being passionately fond of botany and geology, my brother of course went out, in spite of the heat, to see what he could find to illustrate his continued works upon his favourite studies. He had not walked twenty paces from the barrack, when a rare species of saxifrage moss caught his eye, and he stooped to gather it. While doing so, a brown snake rose from beneath it, and, with the rapidity of a cobra, instantly bit him in the wrist. He at once ran back to the barrack, told what had happened, and the whole place was, at the news, immediately active. One experienced bushman fastened the ligatures above and below the wound, while another, in repeated small doses, made him swallow the best part of a pint of strong whisky in a few minutes. The wound was also cut and cauterised by an explosion of gunpowder; but my brother declares that from neither of these unusually painful operations did he suffer much; indeed he laughed at the general anxiety about him, and began to think he must have given a false alarm. In about twenty minutes afterwards, however, he felt his *skin* getting cold. It was not any internal coldness, but the whole surface of the flesh chilled as if in ice. This was the beginning of what was almost a mortal agony. In a short time after, he grew livid, and, when he was able to write about it, told me that he felt as if the feeling of a week's sea-sickness was condensed in all its bitter agony of nausea into every minute that passed; while above every other feeling was the one intense yearning to lie down and be left quiet. In this last wish, however, the kind police were careful not to indulge him. My brother is a very powerful man, nearly six feet three in height, and rides about seventeen stone. It was, therefore, no easy matter to keep him moving continually; but by relieving each other, and taking him one under each arm, the police managed to keep him going, till, some twelve hours after the accident—about two in the morning—he was able to sit his horse in front of a policeman, and so was kept in motion and without sleep till nearly six o'clock. During all this time the doses of whisky were given continuously, but without in the least affecting his head. Twenty-four hours after the bite was inflicted, the symptoms recurred in a mild form; and on the third day he was able to return by easy stages to Penola, though it was some months before he entirely recovered from the effects of the poison. This case is worth mentioning because a few days afterwards, at the same barracks, at a time when *there* were only two policemen there, one was bitten by a brown snake

nearly an hour elapsed before he was able to reach his comrade, and then he was too far gone in torpor for the aid of one man to keep him moving. He died the same night.

That the South-Australian snakes are not of *necessity* deadly in their venom has just been put beyond all question by a man of the name of Shires. What his antidote is he naturally keeps a secret, for his profession is that of a showman, and he goes about the country with a great collection of venomous snakes, which he first makes bite rabbits, etc., to show their power, and then Shires stirs them up with his hand, till, in their irritation, they have all bitten him freely. He then takes his antidote, and again goes through his performance, always once a day, sometimes twice. This he has continued for months without the slightest ill effect. He went at last to Melbourne to exhibit, and doctors were at once about him to know what his secret was. As, however, he declined to divulge it, he was set down as an impostor, who only experimented with venomous snakes from which the poison-fangs had been extracted. Mr. Drummond, a magistrate, and one of the most rising young men of the colony, was weak enough to adopt these doctors' general ideas, and was determined to expose Shires as a charlatan. He accordingly attended one of his exhibitions, and insisted on being bitten by a tiger-snake which had just killed a fowl and afterwards bitten the showman. All remonstrances on the part of Shires were useless; Mr. Drummond put his hand into the cage, and had his wish instantly gratified by being bitten in the wrist by the same tiger-snake that had bitten Shires. After a few minutes Mr. Drummond began to faint, and Shires at once gave him his antidote from a little vial, when he almost instantly recovered and walked home, apparently in perfect health, and quite pleased at having proved, as he thought, that the snakes were not really venomous. Some surgeons who knew what Mr. Drummond was about to do, and had heard of what he had most foolishly done, called upon him the same evening, but found him quite well, and elated at having, as he thought, exposed an impostor. Next day, however, exactly twenty-four hours after he was bitten, all the symptoms of snake-poisoning returned. Doctors were sent for, and Shires was sent for. The latter could not be found; the former did no good whatever; and poor Mr. Drummond died in about two hours. The inquest, to the astonishment of all in Melbourne, resulted in a verdict of manslaughter against the showman, who is now awaiting his trial, though my private letters assure me that the feeling is that Mr. Drummond alone is answerable for his perverse obstinacy. The doctors, however, are against Shires, who, to this hour, refuses to tell what is his antidote. Professor Halford gave evidence on the inquest, and, on being asked by the coroner how Shires's immunity was to be accounted for, gave the simple answer that he supposed that his system had become so impregnated with the venomous poison, that snake-bites had no effect upon it. But the question still comes back on us, How did his system first be-

come proof against the venom, as suggested? At the best, the mystery is only moved a little further off by the professor's stupid theory, and Shires himself refuses to throw any light on this most interesting point of physiology.

We have, however, done now with the venomous snakes which are not *certainly* deadly in their bites. Let us, then, look for a moment at the other side of the picture—to the reptiles from whose little wounds all the skill of science is unable to avert a fatal result. Unfortunately there are but too many of this class in Africa, America, and Asia. Taken according to these great divisions, we find Africa, as we might expect, to be especially cursed with these pests, in addition to hosts of noxious and venomous insects, and scores of kinds of snakes which are almost as dangerous as the rattlesnake. She has no less than seven distinct varieties of serpents, all of which are known to be absolutely deadly. These are the horned cerastes (Cleopatra's asp), the plain cerastes, the cobra or najii, the black adder, the puff-adder, the Morocco snake, and the river-jack. Let us take them in the order we have mentioned them; some will only require a few words, others deserve a longer notice. The horned cerastes is the most repulsive of all reptiles. It is not much above a foot long, of a dull sand-colour, with a round flat head about the size of a florin, deep sunk in which are a pair of cold, gray, glassy looking eyes, with two curved horns projecting outwards over each, which give it an expression that is absolutely fiendish. This is the asp with which, according to tradition, "the queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes" balked the great Cæsar's fame. It is abundant enough in the deserts of Egypt and Upper Africa, where it basks in the sun, but where it is so like the colour of the sand that a person might be walking among a dozen of them without seeing one. Its bite is *death*, and it is so very sluggish that it will scarcely move out of the way to avoid been trodden on; and this makes its danger. Camels are constantly killed by it. The plain cerastes is much larger than the horned, quite as deadly, and much more abundant. Yet it does much less mischief: for it is easily seen, is very timid and very agile, and gets out of the way on the least alarm. Not so with the najii or Egyptian cobra. This deadly snake is much longer and altogether larger than its Indian namesake; but, like its eastern kinsman, and indeed like all the family of cobras, it is untamably vicious. Most snakes in captivity will get accustomed to those who keep them—so far, at least, as to refrain from striking at them when they come near the fronts of their glass cages. The cobras, especially the Egyptian cobras, never acquire even this small amount of negative good-temper. Nothing will keep them quiet, even among themselves; for they are incessantly fighting and biting each other in the most vindictive manner. They are so abundant in Egypt, that numbers are sent annually to the collectors in England, and not ten per cent of them arrive alive. They rarely live more than a twelvemonth in captivity, as they will

feed, and kill themselves by constantly striking at the glass of cages when anyone comes near them. To human beings, camels, their bite is fatal in an hour or a little more.

It may seem strange that I should say these snakes are constantly each other, when the effect of their poison is so fatal to other als; but such is the fact. All who have kept venomous snakes that they bite each other with impunity, even though they are of ent species. But the bite of a venomous snake will kill a non-mous one as quickly as it would a rabbit. There may, therefore, be thing, after all, in the old wives' tale, that the fat of a killed snake has bitten a person is good to apply to the wound. The black is found only in South Africa. It is a hideous reptile, about four long, very deadly in the swift action of its poison, and so sluggish movements that it may easily be trodden upon. Fortunately, fore, it is rather rare, and only found in thick underwood. I I could say the same of the puff-adder. This most repulsive-ing serpent literally abounds in Southern Africa. It is, in fact, so nt and so easily caught, that even after all the cost of transit the Cape fine specimens can easily be got in London at from 30s. 0s. each. This is really a terrible snake. It grows to a length of than five feet, and is often thicker than a man's arm. Its colours dull and repulsive as is its very large, flat, javelin-shaped head. eding it is insatiably voracious. I have seen a large one eat three en-pigs and twelve sparrows at a single meal—a bulk very nearly eat as its own body. In captivity, too, it is terribly quarrelsome its mates, and they are continually biting each other in the most e manner. I saw one actually leave one of his poison-fangs stuck into the head of his fellow-prisoner, where it remained for days. sluggish, disgusting reptile, which haunts dry places and rocky d, is looked upon with the greatest dread in Southern Africa; in parts the fear of it goes to such an extent that, even after the ure is killed, the natives will not touch it with their hands, ving that the very skin can communicate the deadly poison, which gs only to its fangs. In the Bosjesman country, on the contrary, e this adder is enormously abundant, the natives hunt them—first, poison for their arrows; and next, when the coveted head is cut the reptile, to eat the thick body of the snake itself. These ges always creep upon the adder, as they can very easily do, un-es, and break its back at a single blow. They then carefully extract poison-glands from the roof of the mouth. This venom is very thick, glycerine, and has a faint acid taste. This they mix up on a flat with an acrid poisonous gum, which, as well as I can recollect, is d "parki." It is thus worked up till it gets to the consistency of glue, when it is spread over the barbed head of the arrow, and for two inches up its point. The arrows are then dried in the sun, put away in a *special sheath of* their own, apart from the common

shafts. Every warrior carries some half-a-dozen of these devilish weapons; and I am told, and I quite believe it, that the wounds they inflict are as fatal as the bite of the adder itself. Only two more African snakes remain to be noticed; one is the river jack—a singularly beautiful reptile, exquisite in its colours, and of great size and thickness for a deadly snake. It haunts the rivers of Western Africa, where it is easily caught or killed; generally the latter, for not many are sent to Europe. The last is the Morocco snake, which is abundant in North Africa. This is one of the most quickly deadly of all snakes, and quite as venomous as the coral-snake, or *la dama blanca*, of Central America. Yet it is very rarely seen in collections, because of its excessive timidity and quickness, which enable it to fly away like lightning on the first disturbance or noise. It is a very pretty-looking snake, and very docile in captivity; yet the bite of this creature is always followed by an apparently painless death within half an hour, and generally in a few minutes.

Let us pass now to the deadly snakes of America. We need not dwell long upon the copperheads of the Middle States, or black water-vipers of the Mississippi: both kinds are very common and abundant enough, the latter especially, and most unpleasantly so. Indian tradition and the experience of planters and negroes have shown but too clearly that there is no remedy for the bite of either, though the action of their poison is slow and very painful. It is in the districts of Central America that we must look for the swiftest death-dealers. Foremost among them is the coral-snake. It is not a large snake, being only about four feet long, with a thick, blunt, stumpy tail; but its colours, its rich iridescent markings of coral and pearl scales, that actually seem to glow and sparkle, make it the most beautiful of reptiles. The East-India diamond-snake is nothing to it. Unfortunately the coral-snake abounds in Central America, and, more unfortunately also, it is one of the slowest reptiles of its kind. It can scarcely wriggle. Believers in spasmodical providences maintain that Nature has thus deprived it of the power of quick motion in order to restrain the exercise of its terrible poison. If so, Nature made a great mistake; for it is a fact that more fatalities are recorded from bites of coral-snakes in Central America than from the bites of all the other snakes put together. The truth is, that the other deadly reptiles, the tuboba or *le diane blanca*, can and do fly at the first noise of coming footsteps; the coral-snake *literally cannot*. He hears the footsteps coming, but finds it impossible to get out of their way; he can neither rattle nor hiss, to warn away the approaching victim; and unless the latter can see the glowing colours of the reptile in the grass, he is a dead man in a few minutes if his step strays within three or four feet of a coral-snake. All the premonitory symptoms of dissolution set in almost [illegible] after the bite, and death always takes place within half an [illegible] great danger of the coral-snake is that it haunts the neigh-

bourhood of outhouses, and is much abroad at night, when of course its vivid markings cannot be seen. The effect of the poison of this snake is almost at once to solidify the blood; whereas the effect of the cobra's bite is to liquefy it. For instance, a rabbit bitten by a coral-snake would, if its head were cut off a few minutes after, be found with a solid purple stuff in its veins something like dark currant-jelly; if a rabbit were bitten by a cobra, and its head cut off an hour or so after death, the blood would be found to be entirely decomposed into a light, thin, straw-coloured fluid. It is evident that the action of the poisons of these two dreadful reptiles is essentially different on the human and animal frames; yet cobras and coral-snakes have been kept together, and have indulged their natural propensities by biting each other most freely, and I am told, on good authority, without the least sign of ill-effect to either. The coral-snake is greatly dreaded in Central America, and the deaths it causes in those regions are probably equal in number to the deaths caused by cobras in India, and which, as far as can be estimated in such a country, are supposed to amount to several hundreds in the year. I only personally know the particulars in one case of death from the bite of a coral-snake, and this occurred in southern Demerara. The victim was a M. Flament, a wealthy planter. His wife had been dangerously ill, and been visited daily by two physicians. While out late in the afternoon, strolling with his little daughter near the house, he was told by a servant that the doctors had come. He immediately hurried home by the shortest way, crossing a wide patch of grass. When nearly through this, and close to his own door, he was bitten by a small coral-snake, on which he trod while the reptile was vainly attempting to wriggle away. He rushed into his house, where the physicians were, and with trembling lips—for he knew his danger—told them hastily what had befallen him. Yet, though he had the benefit of their best advice and assistance within a minute after he was bitten, nothing served to check the fatal action of the poison, and he died in three-quarters of an hour. The shock of this terrible calamity was fatal also to Madame Flament, who died the following evening.

Another deadly snake, which also abounds in Central America, is called by the natives the tuboba. It is a dark-brown reptile, about seven feet long, and though intensely venomous, does comparatively little mischief; for it is both as quick and as timid as a hare, and is off like an arrow at the least disturbance. Its poison, though inevitably fatal, is slow and most painful in its action, death rarely ensuing in less than six or seven hours after the bite. In this, and indeed all other respects, even to a similarity of name, it closely resembles the daboia of India. Both, though numerous enough in their respective countries, are very rare in collections; for their excessive timidity and rapidity make it most difficult to take them alive, to say nothing of the extreme danger which must always accompany such an intended

capture. One of the rarest and most quickly deadly of all known reptiles is occasionally seen in the wildest parts of the rivers of Central America; it is called *la dama blanca*—the white lady. It is quite without markings, of a dull cream-colour, and about six or seven feet long. The Indians relate most terrible tales as to the extraordinary rapidity with which this snake kills. Fortunately it is very scarce, and mostly haunts the banks of wild rivers, passing nearly all its time in the water, gliding along with its head raised a few inches above the stream. On the first alarm, it dives or makes for the reedy banks with which the shores of all those rivers are fringed, and once among these, it is instantly safe from detection or pursuit. I do not know of any instance of one having been brought alive to Europe, though museums have several specimens preserved in spirits. Of the snakes of India the most fearfully deadly are undoubtedly the cobra, the diamond-snake, the daboia, and the snake-eater. Unfortunately, our Eastern empire possesses a host of snakes which, though not quite deadly, are still most dangerously venomous; but the four I have named are fatal, and no remedy or even palliative is known for the effect of their bites. The best known of these, because infinitely the most numerous, as well perhaps as the most quickly fatal, is of course the cobra. This reptile abounds in most parts of India, and, like the coral-snake, it rather prefers than otherwise the vicinity of houses, and likes to make its retreat amid gardens, garden-walls, and old outbuildings. Though quick in its movements, it is a bold, vicious reptile, and one which, if it thinks its neighbourhood is wantonly intruded on, will rise and wait for the unhappy trespasser, and strike at once. This makes its great danger, though at the same time anyone on his guard can see the snake as soon as it rises; and when seen, it is very easily killed. It is only the number of these reptiles, and the certainty of the result of their bite, which makes them in some districts almost a scourge in India. In the brushwood and light jungle round the caves of Elephanta they swarm.

I know nothing in nature which gives me such an idea of terrible and fiendish power as the aspect of a cobra when thoroughly enraged. With its little head bent down between the spread of its broad, livid-looking hood; with its keen small black eyes, that actually shine with ferocity; with its body, raised about two feet, lightly swaying backwards and forwards in act to spring, it is about the most dread-looking symbol of deadly power that exists on the earth. It is no wonder that the Egyptians adopted it, and carved it round the effigies of their stony-hard kings, in mute but telling significance that in the hands of kings rested power of life or death. I have seen wounded leopards, I have seen tigers and lions, and these, as a rule, are bad enough; but, they are tame and spiritless in comparison to the concentrated anger of a cobra you have provoked, which shows of its detestable breed a knowledge of the tremendous

power it possesses, and which you see it is on the alert to use without mercy. Compared with this silent grim reptile, motionless, but ready with its hood spread and head bent, always on the watch, the mere roaring of lions and tigers becomes as insignificant as the bellowing of bulls. The idea of sudden or violent death is always more or less associated in our minds with noise, struggling, or tumult. It appears, therefore, something awful and supernatural to see a cobra glide without a sound across his cage, and with a touch apparently light as a feather inflict inevitable and almost instant death on whatever animal is put near it. Rattlesnakes will only kill when they are hungry or irritated; but both the Indian and Egyptian cobras will kill everything that comes near them, whether they are hungry or irritated or not. Dr. Fayrer, in India, has tried a most interesting series of experiments with the cobra, in the hope of discovering some antidote to its poison, but as yet without the faintest prospect of success; indeed, I am told that this eminent physician now almost quite despairs of attaining any. The experiments have been made with all kinds of animals. A horse bitten by a cobra died in one hour and fifteen minutes; and it was found that the blood of a sheep which had been killed in half an hour by a cobra, when injected into a healthy sheep, carried enough poison with it to cause death, though not in so short a time. In these cases, it may be said that there was little power of giving what are supposed to be antidotes to the animals, and this is to a certain extent true; but in the case of a keeper bitten by a cobra at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, nearly twenty years ago, the unfortunate victim had all the resources of University-College Hospital, with the most skilled assistance in London to minister to him, yet the man's life could not be prolonged an hour.

The case, to which I have alluded in my first article on this subject, is peculiar. Two keepers had been out to take leave of a friend who was going to Australia, and had passed the night on "the spree." They came back to their duties at the gardens at about seven o'clock, on a raw November morning, both of them far from sober. One of the two men dared the other to take out the snakes, which were lying coiled up half torpid beneath their rugs, as they usually are in cold weather. Terrible and deadly as such a challenge seemed, both men entered into its spirit of defiance, undid the cages, and took snake after snake out, laid them on the floor of the reptile-house, and then put them back again. It may seem incredible, but it is the fact that the whole collection was thus treated. The diamond-snake, the Morocco snake, the water-vipers, the puff-adders, the whip-snake, and the rattle-snake were all so handled. Only one more snake remained to be meddled with, and this was a large Indian cobra. The keeper took it out, and the reptile seemed quiet, as anyone conversant with the habits of snakes would know it would be early on a cold winter's morning. After being handled *a few seconds, however,* it thoroughly awoke with signs of

time; for the body of the foolhardy man showed no signs whate
rigor mortis, or stiffness after death, nor did the most carefu
mortem examination detect anything but decomposition of the
which had reduced it to a thin straw-coloured fluid.

Experiments which have been made with the deboia snake s
to be, as I have said, almost a prototype of the Central-American t
Dr. Fayrer made one of these reptiles bite a horse, which, though i
agony, survived the injury eleven hours. It may seem, at th
glance, that these experiments are cruel; but, in truth, they are
and wholly conducted with an earnest effort to endeavour to di
some antidote which will render human beings safe against t
juries which these terrible snakes are inflicting almost every
India and all tropical climates. It is said that a cure for the bite
diamond-snake has been discovered. I can only say I very much
it; and even if it were true, it would not, as a discovery, be of
importance, for the diamond-snake is rare and excessively timi
so does but little mischief. The discovery of an antidote here
only be of relative value in so far as it should afford some clue t
with others before the mortal effects of whose poison science
helpless. Of this great result we have yet no prospect. These
snakes were deadly before the Pyramids were built, before the ca
Elephanta were carved, before Confucius preached among the h
Northern China; and I feel no confidence whatever that, as lo
these reptiles exist, and as long as men and animals remain to be
by them, they will not prove deadly to the end of time.

N. A. WOO

ON A CERTAIN PASSAGE IN "VANITY FAIR"

An Essay suggested by a Picture in the Royal Academy

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

No honester, manlier, kindlier painter lives, and will long live, I trust, to adorn the English school, than Mr. Henry O'Neil. He is worthily an Associate, and ere long I suppose will be numbered among the Forty. The good work he has been doing for so many years clearly entitles him to reach the highest grades in the pictorial hierarchy. They are not many, and the highest is of no very surprising altitude. The President of the Academy—on the principle of the Russian Civil Service, in which a copying-clerk ranks with an ensign, and a commissioner of audit with a major-general—may be just on a par, perhaps, with one of those dignified clergymen with shovelled hats and black-gaitered legs who, during the season, are continually pottering about the water-colour exhibitions. Why should the dignified clergy seem almost exclusively to patronise water-colour painting,—see, there goes another little green ticket, at the bidding of a "party in a shovel,"* into one of Mr. Birket Foster's frames,—and why should their wives always wear orange-poplin dresses? But this by the way. I say that an English artist cannot hope to rise very high on the social ladder; no field-marshal's *bâton* lurks in the drawer of his paint-box. There are no cardinal's hats for the members of St. Luke's College. I read the other day with astonishment that Canova was a count. What could the crowned heads have been about to confer nobility on a mere kneader of clay and chipper of marble? Sir John Cowslip Chawbacon, Bart., on the other hand, of Dairyfed-park, and with a rent roll of thirty thousand a-year, is clearly a personage whose elevation to the peerage is an act as just as it is graceful. Napoleon I., being a usurper and "cad,"† made those painter-fellows David (a Red Republican, my dear!), Gros, and Gérard, barons; and the nephew of the usurper, the *parvenu* as he audaciously terms himself, when Horace Vernet lay dying, sent him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. That glittering bauble, lying on the moribund's pillow, was of no great account, perhaps; yet may the symbol of the honour in which he was held by his prince and by the whole nation have been as a drop of balm on that quiet deathbed.

* In an Alford I am resolved, now that so much nonsense is talked about pure English, whenever I use a slang expression, to give my authority for it.

† For the natural history of "cads," vide Mr James Hannay, in the *Imperial Review*.

No, Mr. H. O'Neil, you will never be Baron O'Neil.—Sir Edwin, they have done as much as they can for you in allowing you to share the *accolade* sometimes conferred on aldermanic cheesemongers when they come up to St. James's with an address. You will never be Viscount Landseer.—"*Comes et Eques Titianus sit,*" cried Charles V., indeed, when he saw the "Assumption" at Venice. Was there ever a patent of peerage so informally bestowed! We can't decry old Charles Quint as a "cad," perhaps; but he was a Catholic, and those Romanists, you know, have shockingly bad manners.

Wending my way to the private view of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy one Friday in the last past May (1868), I remembered that I had not enjoyed the courtesy of the R.A.'s, as signified on a clean white ticket, by their obliging secretary, Mr. John Prescott Knight, for four whole years. Forty-eight months had passed since I had seen, in Trafalgar-square at least, a Landseer, a Maclise, a Millais, a Faed, an O'Neil. "Now I am going to enjoy myself," I said. The expectation and the aspiration were as candid and proved as fallacious as Elizabeth's "Welcome, life: mine is going to be a very happy one," in Miss Thackeray's charming story. I found myself in the middle room, and in front of Mr. Henry O'Neil's crowded picture, "Before Waterloo." I had already heard something about this performance. Panegyrics upon it had leaked out in previous numbers of the *Observer*. Little Tchorturps, the "Gossiper from the Studios," who goes round in a hansom the day before "sending in," and bores all artistic St. John's-wood and Kensington to death, had said some sprightly things in the *Percolator*, the journal to which he is attached, about Mr. O'Neil's "Before Waterloo." It was a "grand and massive composition" according to Tchorturps. The "*chiaro oscuro*" was "wonderful." The "keeping" was faultless. The manner in which the middle distance had been "stippled" and the foreground "scumbled" was marvellous. If it had a fault, it was perhaps that some of the "carnations" were deficient in *morbidezza*, and that the *impasto* of the high lights was somewhat too strongly marked. Thus Tchorturps. He is worth his guinea a-week for the fine words he uses.

Mr. O'Neil is, I am happy to believe, a popular favourite. Not in the sense in which that term is applied to the Great Vance and the Jolly Nash. They are but popular in posting-bills and *Era* advertisements, and the estimation of the donkeys who bray at music-halls. But I think the people believe in Mr. O'Neil, and like him, and admire his genius. We have all wept and smiled, I suppose, over "Eastward ho!" and "Home again." I was prepared either to be Democritus or Heraclitus over Waterloo; but after inspecting the picture I elected to be neither the laughing nor the weeping philosopher, but to go [illegible] sulky, disappointed, and yawning: nor did I recover my spirits [illegible] I lighted on Mr. Webb's "Scene from *She stoops to Conquer*." [illegible] goodness gracious me!—which is a much better apostrophe than

Diable!—in the name of all that, &c., Mr. Henry O'Neil, what have you been about so stolidly to misconstrue the spirit and sentiment of a scene which, among all living British artists, you seemed most qualified to paint? Why, Mr. John Gilbert, who, in the astonishing softness with which he paints flowing drapery, rich embroderings, fretted cornices, and diapered panels, often forgets the exigences of a thing called Human Expression, and whose best works look like splendidly-coloured woodcuts from the *Illustrated London News*, would have succeeded better in the "Morning of Quatre Bras" and the "Eve of Waterloo." Here was no obscure text to puzzle a painter—here were no ambiguous readings, no faulty gloss, no half-told story. You had, Mr. O'Neil, only to take down your Byron—the cheap edition may now be bought at the railway book-stalls for three-and-sixpence—turn up "Childe Harold," and begin:

"There was a sound of revelry by night."

Byron is as full of suggestion as to the battle-week, as the *Annual Register* for 1815 is of facts. The Childe has noted down every point that a painter should dwell upon: Belgium's capital; beauty and chivalry; fair women and brave men; voluptuous swell of music; cars rolling o'er the stony street; Brunswick's fated chieftain; gathering in hot haste; daybreak on the Place d'Armes; Scots Greys defiling through the Porte de Namur; cannon's opening roar. Why, Byron's poem is a whole Wardour-street full of glorious *bric-à-brac* ready to the artist's hand and mind. That Mr. O'Neil has read "Childe Harold" is obvious. He quotes six of the very weakest lines in the third canto, and his work is as weak as his text. I have nothing to say for or against his "composition," his "keeping," his "*chiaro oscuro*," his "middle distance," his "scumbling," his "stippling," his "*morbidezza*," or his "*impasto*." Viewed in the light of so much colour skilfully applied to so much canvas, the picture is well enough; but it is an utterly insignificant, dumb, inert, immobile, useless, soulless thing. You only see a lobster-sauce and cherry-pudding-hued mob of officers in military uniform tramping down a staircase, and some namby-pamby young ladies simpering at them through the bannisters. Some are pretending to whimper; but their tears, you can see, are as false as the paint on their faces. It is well-nigh distracting to mark how, in a moment of unaccountable aberration, an excellent master has suffered a glorious opportunity to go by. What a story might have been told on that staircase! Was Pozzo di Borgo there? Brunswick was. What has Mr. O'Neil done with *him?* And where, if you please, is my Lord of Uxbridge, and Captain Rawdon Crawley of the Lifeguards, and two gentlemen by the names of Dobbin and Osborne, captains in a marching regiment?

Ah, then, when the familiar names came back to me, I felt consoled, and dismissed the bad picture with a strong "May the master live to

paint a better!" As for me, the crowded, dusty, garish Academy-rooms, with all their glistering of gold-leaf, their odour of newly-applied varnish battling with the scents from Mr. Rimmel's shop; with all their lisping fops, and fatuous critics—number me among *that* little lot, Vennemosables—and their dyed and painted and stencilled and frizzed and crimped and powdered "girls of the period," with their high cockamajig top-knots of false hair, and gaunt or fubsy mammas following in their trains, watchful, anxious, lynx-eyed, as though a young fellow with money might be hooked, even at a picture-show: all these faded away, and Charing-cross and London with them, and I was wandering mentally in dear old Brussels, strolling about the Parc, and skimming the last yellow-covered novel; toiling up the Montagne de la Cour, and peering curiously into the lace and jewelry shops; taking shelter from the rain in the Galeries St. Hubert, among plump grisettes, and stolid Flemings in blouses; or standing in the Great Place, and turning now to look on the Maison des Brasseurs, and now on the Maison du Roi; now at the mansion on whose front is written the supplication to be delivered from plague, famine, and warfare; and now at that astonishing Hôtel de Ville, by one side of which I know there runs a cunning little street, leading to the more cunning little niche where the Mannekin—drollest and most harmless of pagods—indulges in his unutterable and everlasting impudence. But the memories roll farther back. I am still in Brussels, but it is in days long before the Chemin de Fer du Nord or the Galeries St. Hubert were built. The year of grace is eighteen hundred and fifteen; and it is a knot of British grenadiers who are gathered round the Mannekin, cracking their rude jokes, at which, though understanding never a word, the sturdy Low-country wenches, who have come to fill their pitchers at the fountain, giggle. Do you see that tall man in military jacket swaggering out of a tavern, twisting his moustaches—a rare ornament in the British army in '15—and clanking his spurs on the pavement? He walks arm-in-arm with a thickset fellow with a broken nose, top-boots, a white hat, and a belcher handkerchief round his neck. A belcher! Why, he in the top-boots is Jem Belcher himself, and the military swaggerer is Shaw the lifeguardsman.* Mark that dashing officer in cavalry undress, spurring his charger towards the Parc. He stops to speak to a stern-looking gentleman in civilian garb, who strides along alone, and as though he *wished* to be alone. He is stern Sir Thomas Picton. Trinidad and "*aplicase la cuestion á Luisa Calderon*" may yet be ringing in his ears, not to be subdued even by the trumpet-blast of glory with which these ten years past his name

* Not having *Bariana* or *Pistiana* at hand, I am not quite certain as to whether the celebrated Mr. Belcher was "flourishing" at the precise period of the battle of Waterloo; but if he did so flourish in 1815, nothing is so probable as that he should have been in Brussels, and consorting with Shaw, who was himself a prizefighter. At any rate, if I have fallen into error, it is not more grievous, I hope, than that into which Sir Archibald Alison fell when he stated that "Sir Peregrine Pickle" † present at the † George Canning.

been borne all over Europe. The dashing dragoon-officer who has just reined-up his steed to ask his stern comrade to dinner—an invite which the stern comrade as sternly refuses—is the Earl of Uxbridge, our Murat, our Cid, our Achilles. He is destined within the next few days to lose a leg and win a marquisate.

But enough of the ghosts of men who really lived; place for the phantoms of those who never had existence save in the imagination of the romancer. Come along, Jos Sedley, covenanted servant of the honourable East India Company. There is Jos fat, pale, ineffably conceited; curled, oiled, and perfumed; wrapped, though it is mid June, in a furred and braided pelisse, and slipping into a hired barouche at the door of the Hôtel du Parc. He is about to take that pretty timid-looking lady, in the purple spencer and the coalscuttle bonnet of white chip, out for a drive. She is his sister, Mrs. Captain Osborne, indeed. Her husband's father is enormously rich; but her own papa has had misfortunes, and sorrows even more poignant are preparing for her. Away with you! Enjoy the sunshine while you can, poor little Amelia! silliest but most affectionate of heroines.

A hired barouche—well, it may be hired; yet another carriage I see is the most sumptuous *remise* to be hired in all Brussels. Two horses! Pooh! nothing under four horses will serve Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, who is the wife of a baronet's son, an officer in the household cavalry, an aide-de-camp on the general's staff. Times are altered since Miss Sharpe, the governess, was browbeaten by the cross old woman at the Chiswick boarding-school, and since callow Becky, with a bottle under her ragged shawl, was sent from the drawing-academy to the public-house at the corner to fetch gin for her dissolute papa, the painter. Radiant now, in satin and lace and jewelry, is Mrs. Rawdon Crawley. It is not she who pays for the hire of the barouche. *She* pays for nothing. It is not the Captain, her consort. *He* pays nobody. The Amphitryon—he will now fully earn his title by inviting them both to a grand dinner at the restaurant this evening—is General Sir George Tufto. That is he, the grandly-whiskered and padded gentleman with the corsets beneath his coatee. See him lift his hat to a passing cavalier. That is the Sir Pepyton Cotton better known to fame as Lord Combermere. Mrs. Becky is all nods and becks and wreathed smiles. She has a smile even for that stupid, awkward, good-natured Captain Dobbin, who comes hot and panting to the hotel-door with an enormous bouquet he has just bought in the Marché aux Fleurs, and is grievously disappointed to find that the lady for whom he intended it has just driven away. The lady was not Mrs. Crawley; her name began with an A—that is to say, with an O. As for Rawdon Crawley and George Osborne, they are drinking cognac and playing billiards in a café, and the cavalry is winning the ready cash of the other arm of the service rapidly.

Thus the world goes on in 1815. Thus it went on, perhaps, many thousands of years before: thus may it go on many thousands of years

[illegible] Why [illegible] their [illegible] are the [illegible] their bil[illegible] Why should they? [illegible] poor [illegible] indi[illegible] have b[illegible] Israel's life in [illegible] the ye[illegible] in some [illegible] the goodwif[illegible] and shadows begin t[illegible] the powering [illegible] the tattoo o[illegible] galleys: bu[illegible] Nay, yet they wo[illegible] a festival to-nig[illegible] throng. [illegible] horse, foot, and [illegible] Israel's hall.

[illegible] William Dobbin to George

lean shaven, bestriding his famous charger Pyramus. There is Rawdon Crawley, his eyes wet with parting from the worthless little woman he loves, riding slowly in the wake of his general, smoking a cigar—is not this the tiniest bit of anachronism, oh! W. M. T.?—mefully. See, there is George Osborne marching at the head of his company; and here, a couple of days later, is the bloody field of Waterloo, and George Osborne lying on the plateau of Mont St. Jean head, with a bullet through his heart.

I can with difficulty assume that there are any intelligent persons of the Victorian era who have not read and re-read the wonderful drama of human life, the more wonderful analysis of human vice, weakness, meanness, and folly, called VANITY FAIR. And with much greater difficulty could I deem it possible for any literate person to wander about Brussels, or take that inevitable but sorely disappointing trip to the field of Waterloo itself, without peopling his mind incontinent with all the Thackerayian *dramatis personæ*, and all the phases of the Waterloo episode in *Vanity Fair*. In comparison with the astonishing skill with which Thackeray has made out of the great battle—which, in itself, he never describes—an unseen pivot on which turns, from first to last, the whole machinery of his story, the Waterloo chapter in Victor Hugo's *Misérables*, brilliant and graphic and powerful as it is, seems but a clumsy piece of "padding," dragged in by the head and shoulders to fill up a gap. For my part, the last time I went to Waterloo, I found Hougoumont and the Belle Alliance and the Haye Sainte, so many blackened and crumbling booths in Vanity Fair. I should not have been at all surprised to find the names of the Marquis of Steyne and Sir Pitt Crawley in the visitors' book at Mont St. Jean, or to be told by the cicerone at the Cottonian Museum, that yonder battered shako hanging up had belonged to M. le Capitaine Osborne, or that the dinted broadsword hard by had been worn by M. Crawley, *officier aux Gardes, Milor Anglais.*

The highest praise which, as I conceive, can be awarded to a work of fiction is that the circumstances therein narrated may be taken to be the truth, and the personages represented accepted as real people. The *Iliad* is probably a fiction, and *Paradise Lost* is certainly one; yet everybody believes in Nestor, and Thersites, and Ulysses, and Agamemnon; and Abdiel, and Ithuriel, and Raphael the good-natured angel. Even a battle in heaven with real cannon, or the interference of all the deities of Olympus in the petty squabbles of a lot of rascally Greek chiefs, do not strike us—so exquisite has been the dexterity of the [illegible]—as being very out-of-the-way occurrences. The reality, how-
Vanity Fair does not demand even the slight concessions which
had from the imagination of those who read Homer or Milton.
a plain-clothes one, and we may take it for granted as
we take the *Times* newspaper or *Hart's Army-List*. The
ce attained by Mr. Thackeray in his chapters on the

Waterloo time is on a par with the excellence attained by Captain Siborne in his model of the battle-field itself. It is excellence of the kind recognised by the horse and the birds, when the first neighed at the painted representation of a horse, and the last pecked at the painted fruit in the old Greek's picture. The old ship-captain who, when the conversation turned on the voyage to Liliput, declared that he knew Captain Gulliver very well, only that he lived at Wapping and not at Rotherhithe, passed on Swift's immortal satire a criticism analogous to that which might be passed on *Vanity Fair;* and Swift, be it remembered, to his greater praise, was dealing with the most extravagant personages and the most incredible circumstances. The wonderful verisimilitude which marks the writings of Defoe continues to excite astonishment and delight; but Defoe's workmanship, like his genius, was of a much lower order than those of the masters I have named. He was certainly gifted with a wonderful faculty for "lying like truth;" but he availed himself liberally of real incidents, and unscrupulously of the materials placed in his hands by real people. I once transcribed, in a book called *Captain Dangerous*, the narrative of the real Alexander Selkirk, as it is to be found in the *Voyages of Captain Woodes Rogers;* and in his *Account of the Plague, by a Citizen who lived in London the* [illegible] as in all his other fictions, from *Moll Flanders* to *Colonel* [illegible] Defoe probably worked on a borrowed canvas and with borrowed colours. The cunning, however, which guided his pencil is beyond all praise.

The only romancer I know who can at all compete with Thackeray in the art of making the reader forget that he has before him imaginary scenes and impalpable beings, is Balzac. The romances of Scott, mighty magician as he was, seldom conceal the art with which they have been constructed. The quaint but often irksome introductions—I am [illegible] generation would never stomach Jedediah Cleishbotham and Peter Pattison—the poetical headings to the chapters, the [illegible] "gentle" and "courteous" reader, and the [illegible] at the end of the volumes, let us too fully [illegible] Sir Walter's glamour. His Robin Hood is a capital [illegible] than the "Robyn Hode" of the "Lyttel [illegible] Mary Queen of Scots is a beauteous tragedy-queen; but [illegible] and cotton-velvet when we turn to the [illegible] *Belle* or his *Splendeurs et* [illegible] on the other hand, with *Vidocq's Memoirs* [illegible] as I have torn out the Waterloo [illegible] *Vanity Fair*, and bound them up [illegible] published by Mr. Murray, and [illegible] and Bernager's *Cinq Mai*.

[illegible] as a work so artistically perfect, in the [illegible] they form a work not of [illegible]

ry best sense of literary perfection, the art being all but entirely con-
aled, that I have often asked myself with surprise and bewilderment
at the artist could have been thinking of to introduce in this said
'aterloo episode an incident which I can but think grossly unreal,
probable, and unnatural. I allude to the proposal made by George
borne to Becky Sharpe, on the night of the Duchess of Richmond's
ll, that she should "fly" with him. I own that George was over head
d ears in love with Becky—infatuated, *ensorcelé*, by that baleful little
ry with the green eyes—whom I heard qualified once by a French-
n who had read the Hachette edition of *La Foire aux Vanités* as
me incarnation de l'absinthe des plus désastreuses." I grant that a
n who is in love with a woman will stop short of no folly and no
urdity in the avowal of his passion, and that very few considerations
common sense will hinder him from attempting the most desperate
ds to win her. The restraint is less, perhaps, when the object of
e happens to be another man's wife; for the passion being *ab initio*
uilty one demands, on the "much more blood" principle in *Macbeth*,
re and more criminality as it approaches culmination. But Mr.
ackeray's George Osborne, although a vain, empty-headed coxcomb,
s not a raving madman; and no one but a howling lunatic would
ve asked, circumstanced as George Osborne then was, a woman to
ly" with him. Whither were they to fly? Into Napoleon's lines?
Ostend? The pair would have been stopped on the shore, and
orge would have been arrested as a deserter, tried by court-martial,
d shot. Could they conceal themselves in Brussels? Could they
ch Paris? Why, George Osborne was bound by a hundred indis-
uble fetters as strong as Acadian steel to Flanders, to Brussels, and
the headquarters of his regiment. He was a captain in the famous
itish army. He was on active service. The campaign had begun.
om hour to hour a deadly conflict might be expected. Was it likely,
s it feasible, was it within the range of possibility, that a British
icer—a brave one too, notwithstanding all his conceit and ignorance
would desert his colours, would betray his country, would submit to
branded as a rascal and a dastard, in order to "fly" with his friend's
fe? Elopements have been heard of before now, I grant. In peace-
times dissolute gentlemen show as little reluctance in levanting
h other people's spouses as in deserting their own; but Don Juan
s not commit an amorous escapade in front of the enemy. Faublas
s not smuggle a marchioness into a post-chaise and abscond with
on the eve of a tremendous battle. That this strangely-improbable
ident was of no hasty or careless commission on the part of Mr.
ackeray is clear. It marks a very important point in the story.
osequent events of the story hinge upon it. The *dénouement* of
nity Fair is affected by it. It is in the first volume that George
borne makes this preposterous proposal. It is not until the close of
third that Becky, *to bring* about Amelia's marriage with Dobbin,

triumphantly shows her the letter which she has been hoarding [illegible] long years—the letter given to her in a bouquet by George on [illegible] night of the Duchess of Richmond's ball, and in which the young [illegible] had asked her to "fly." The production of this *billet-doux* at [illegible] forces George's widow to the conviction that her darling husband [illegible] a false-hearted humbug, and, her eyes being opened, she very [illegible] marries Major Dobbin.

This passage in *Vanity Fair* has been to me a stumbling-block [illegible] years, and over and over again I have asked myself, with increa[illegible] perplexity and general discomfiture, how ever this piece of false [illegible] could have crept into a wondrously-polished and homogeneous work—how ever the Homer of this prose epic could not merely have nodded but have sunk for a time into a slumber as deep as Rip Van Winkle's. When I was young I used to bewilder myself almost as desperately in guesses as to the probability of a broken-down, bankrupt, knavish captain of horse—a *roué*, a gamester, a sharper, such as Rawdon Crawley was—being appointed to the governorship of a West India island; but years and experience, and the attentive study of the *Court Guide* in connection with the *London Gazette*, have mitigated both my perplexity and my incredulity on *that* head. As things go, have gone, and are likely to go, one need not be surprised at the appointment of anybody to anything. I have some hopes of getting the mission to Timbuctoo myself when I am old and broke.

The only tenable hypothesis I can form as to this "flying" matter in *Vanity Fair* is one which may not be very agreeable to English ears. So long, however, as we have the published reports of a Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes, we are constrained to admit that the elopement of other women's husbands with other men's wives are not always of the same Platonic nature as that of Mr. Carker with Mrs. Dombey—the oddest wild-goose chase perhaps ever imagined by a novelist. These divorce-court people mean naughtiness, and as a rule commit naughtiness. I cannot help fancying that the acute philosopher who wrote *Vanity Fair* meant in the first instance that George Osborne should avow his adulterous love for Rebecca Crawley, and ask her for a rendezvous. A French novelist of the present century, or an English novelist of the last one—the virtuous Richardson even—would have made no bones at all about the matter. But Mr. Thackeray may have hesitated. He knew that he was appealing to a refined, a "genteel," a fastidious audience—an audience who will listen unblushingly to the grossest scenes of profligacy at the French plays, but who, when it visits the Olympic or the Princess's, expects that profligacy shall be [illegible] up in cotton-wool, and naughtiness softened down to in- [illegible] Half the *vaudevilles* which English playwrights translate [illegible] and impudently pass off as their own, turn on the [illegible] of a young man for a married woman, or *vice versâ*; but in [illegible] the criminality involved is generally slurred

by the convenient device of the young gentleman being in pos-
on of certain letters written by the lady before her marriage; at
h discreet compromise refined, fastidious, and genteel society re-
s greatly. May not the expediency of a similarly discreet com-
ise have occurred to the author of *Vanity Fair?* and what would
been more discreet than George's proposal to Becky to "fly" with
? It is a pity that in conceding so much to genteel squeamish-
, a very serious blemish should have fallen on an otherwise perfect
: of art.

BEYOND

When the thoughts of each dark morrow
Strike the lone heart with affright;
When the soul awakes to sorrow
In the pale gray morning light;

Be ye near us, radiant angels,
Spirits of the true and brave;
Come and whisper words of comfort
From the realms beyond the grave.

Ye who left such deeds behind you
As are stars of saintly light,
Singing ever to earth's children
Through the mists and clouds of night:

"Never yield ye, never yield ye
To the tempter's earthly lure;
Spurn the present's dross far from ye,
For the guerdon far but sure.

Cry to Faith, Hope's holier sister;
She shall teach to you the hymn
Which at each great thought and action
Bursts from lips of seraphim.

Faith alone can see the glory
Which shall crown the seraph-head
When the body lies discarded
In the dark ranks of the dead."

When the thoughts of each dark morrow
Strike the lone heart with affright;
When the soul awakes to sorrow
In the pale gray morning light;

Be ye near us, radiant angels,
Spirits of the true and brave;
Come and whisper words of comfort
From the realms beyond the grave.

WILLIAM STIGAND.

Edward Radford, del. W. L. Th

"MY LOVE IS LIKE THE RED RED ROSE!"

GLAMOUR

BY THE COUNTESS VON BOTHMER

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

CHAPTER I. DOLORES.

YES, her name was Dolores; and yet how could one associate ideas of grief or pain with so bright a creature? There was a sort of breezy freshness about her, a sunny ardour, that made her the type of all that was joyous and brilliant; and as she stood in the porch, with a great bunch of violets in her hands, from time to time plunging her face into the fragrant purple and inhaling long breaths of spring perfume and delight, she seemed a creature sorrow could not touch or care dim.

There she stood in the sunshine, looking out from beneath the fringes of her thick eyelashes at God's beautiful world, singing unconscious hymns of gratitude and love, rejoicing in the beauty of the spring with a radiant fulness of rejoicing.

She was no vaporous golden-haired blonde, but a firm healthy brunette, with a cheek that was "like the Catharine pear, the side that's next the sun," her eyes were long and brown, her teeth small, white, and regular; her smile bewitching, her pout irresistible. She had the figure of a young nymph; and her feet, of the true Andalusian type, as well as her slim form and easy carriage, she had inherited from her Spanish mother. She had an air of nobleness above and beyond her beauty—which was positive enough—that made her slightest gesture harmony, grace, delight. And then that wild, fresh, breezy carelessness—how irresistible it was!

Now she stood with her nosegay in her hand, and her face grew serious as she thought of her poor, weak, spiritless old father, in his small, poky suburban house; of her hard, stingy, narrow-minded half-sister, who managed that meagre household, and who had never got over her father's second marriage, though his beautiful young Spanish wife had died during the Peninsular War, soon after the birth of Dolores in Spain. Rebecca had never seen her stepmother, but she resented her stepsister's existence as a personal injury, and was unjust and hard upon the young girl, preaching at her by day and night, year in year out, with "a petty hoard of maxims," well calculated to make that young ardent nature writhe beneath the yoke.

But, fortunately for Dolores, her mother's small fortune had been voted to her education, and she had been sent to school, where, among girls of a class superior to her own, she had formed friendships and imbibed a grace of manner and address which seemed strangely out of place in the murky little house at Kensington.

Oftentimes it seemed to the old doting father as though the beloved and beautiful Annunziata of his middle age had come back to him once more with sweet soothing caresses, or to enliven him with bewildering flights of graceful caprice; but all these things he had in his heart, fearing the cold and unsympathetic eye of the more prosaic Rebecca.

And now Dolores' education was completed, and at seventeen she had come down to visit her uncle and aunt, who lived in a quaint Elizabethan dwelling under the shadow of Edgehill, farming their modest acres, cultivating their vines and fig-trees, feeding their flocks and herds, gathering their apples and honey, and enjoying the unbroken calm of a tranquil existence, with all the simplicity of guileless unemotional characters.

Dolores did not look more Spanish than half a hundred English girls I know. Rebecca called her Dorothy; her Aunt and Uncle Skeffington "Dolly;" her father, "Dolores;" and Mr. Stapleton, "Miss Skeffington." "Don't call me Miss Skeffington," she said to him one day, "that's Rebecca's name; call me Dolores." "But would that be proper?" "Yes; for you it's quite proper," she said, "because you are old, and all that kind of thing, you know." Mr. Stapleton winced, and never called her anything (to her face, at least) but Miss Skeffington. He overheard his pupil, Lord St. Vincent, call her "Dolores," with secret wrath and pain, as the two young people were sportively mocking and teasing each other in the garden; but as he only *over*-heard it, he could give no sign, unless calling St. Vincent into the house in an angry voice almost immediately afterwards might be so designated.

"There's the pious Æneas howling after me," said St. Vincent calmly; "where he leads this bear must follow, you know."

"He's a cross old wretch," answered Dolores sweetly; "but I wish you wouldn't call me 'Dolores;' you're not old enough to do that."

"No, only Ursa Major is allowed to do that."

"But he never does."

"Well, give me that rose—

> 'My love is like the red, red rose
> That's newly sprung in June.'"

She gave him the rose. He stuck it in his buttonhole with the gay debonair manner which was destined five years later to captivate so many fine ladies' hearts, and bowing gallantly to Dolores, who laughed, and asked him "who was his dancing-master?" departed.

Robert Stapleton's heart gave a great throb, and his brow was gloomy. "Come," he said, "it is time that we should be going; you have scarcely worked at all to-day."

As the two men strode away through the evening sunshine, Lord St. Vincent turned, and gracefully raised his hat to Dolores, who stood in the porch watching them. Mr. Stapleton turned also; he saw his pupil

ceful greeting, he saw the answering smile and nod, he saw the red, red rose" flaming in St. Vincent's buttonhole. He had seen ough, his voice was harsh and dry when next he spoke. "We must t be so idle," he said; "your guardians will be disappointed, my lord, I do not fulfil my part of the agreement; great things are expected you: you must study more and idle less."

St Vincent looked surprised. Mr. Stapleton only called him "my d" when he was displeased; but the easy-natured young man put it wn to "Stapleton's crankiness," and whistling gaily, said something out the weather being so "confoundedly hot."

Meanwhile Dolores had turned into the house. Her good-natured id aunt was knitting a bed-quilt; Mr. Skeffington was yawning over e county paper.

"Good-night, aunt," said Dolores, looking round her rather eanly: "I am tired, and think I will go to bed."

"That's right, Dolly; beauty-sleep is the best cosmetic. I wish, ild, you wouldn't go so much in the sun without a hat or bonnet."

"The sun does not burn me, aunt; I'm the same colour summer or nter. That's one advantage of being dark, you know."

"Never mind, my girl; you'll wear well," said her uncle from his m-chair.

"I don't mind, uncle," said Dolores, "I like it. My mother was s; I like to be like my mother."

"Good-night, child; and don't think too much of your looks."

"No, uncle," said Dolores; but as she walked up-stairs she sang ly to herself—

"My love is like the red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
My love is like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune."

en, when she got into her room, she set down the candle before e looking-glass, and untwisted the heavy coils of thick black hair ich were wound round her graceful little head. She shook the long ky coils out over her white dressing-gown, and then looked at her- f once more in the glass.

"I mustn't think too much of what he says," she whispered to her- f; "perhaps he is only laughing at me, and trying to see how vain I . I will write to papa, and then I shall forget what I ought not to member."

She brought out her little desk, and was soon busily occupied in ing to the fond foolish old man in the shabby little house at Ken- gton.

"Dear Papa," she wrote, "I have been very idle about writing lately; the weather has been so fine and so warm, that I have lived out of rs. They are very kind to me here, and I should be quite happy for the thought of you, and the fear that you may be dull without

me. I hope you go into the Kensington-gardens every day; are not the trees and flowers beautiful this year? But London trees and flowers cannot be like these, where the air is so soft and pure, and where there are no smoky chimneys and no horrid dust. I hope Rebecca does not give you rice-pudding too often. It often seems to me that I am very selfish eating so many good things and enjoying so many pleasures without you. But then I may as well eat and enjoy, as leave them; for in that case we should neither of us be the better. I am very tired to-night, so I will only say once more that I am very happy, and often think of you. Give my love to Rebecca. Uncle and aunt told me always to send theirs when I wrote. I kiss your dear old bald head a thousand times, and remain your

DARLING DOLORES.

"P.S.—Mr. Stapleton, who is our clergyman, and his pupil, Lord St. Vincent, are here sometimes. Mr. Stapleton is very severe, and has gray hair. Lord St. Vincent is a boy, and a good-natured one. I was at school with his cousin, Miss Dalrymple."

With the tears standing in his weak old eyes, Captain Skeffington read this letter at breakfast to his daughter Rebecca, discreetly omitting the allusion to the rice-puddings.

"Saucy little minx!" he said fondly, "there's a lord making love to her, and she cares no more for it than though he were a wagoner."

"I don't see anything about making love," said Rebecca curtly; "but if you think so, you'd better have her home directly; her head will be turned by all this folly and nonsensical admiration."

"No," cried the old man fondly, "her head won't be turned; she's been used to it all her life. Didn't my poor fellows carry her about, and pass her from one to another when there was no woman to look after her; and didn't she reign over us all like a little queen?"

"Stuff!" said Rebecca impatiently.

"And now," said the old man, still rambling on about his ewe-lamb, and entirely disregarding his Regan's contemptuous interruption—"now isn't she fit society for anyone? Wouldn't the greatest nobleman be proud of such a jewel in his coronet? And is she not more graceful, and cleverer, and gayer, and better than any other girl? Why should I take her away when she is so happy?"

"By all means let her remain," snapped Rebecca; "she can scarcely be in a worse school than this."

And so Dolores stayed on. The beautiful summer-time was waning, and the harvest-moon was high in the heavens, and a soft warm breeze was moving the dusty fragrant air, as she stood at the end of the garden, and leant upon the fence which divided it from the field below. She was soon to go home; she was to leave her gay, happy, careless life behind her, and was to return to that small daily treadmill routine, so bare, so hard, so wearisome. She shivered as she thought of all the

small economies; of Rebecca's pinching and saving; of the nipping of lights and screwing of fires; of the tallow-candles and rice-puddings. No more morning sunshines upon her fragrant lavender-scented bed; no more joyful springings-up with that sense of enjoyment in the coming day which seemed to include all happiness in itself; no more lingering over ample breakfasts, where the cream and the eggs, and the bread and the butter, tasted as no mortal food had surely ever tasted before; no more wanderings over the fields; no more moonlight walks, or merry haymakings, or harvest-homes; no more fragrant breath of placid cows or cooing of wood-pigeons; no more cakes and ale; no more sparring with Lord St. Vincent, or silent listenings to Mr. Stapleton's graver and more polished talk. Poor little Dolores! her heart was very heavy; and as she sighed a hand was placed upon her own. It was St. Vincent's.

"My lord!" she said, startled, and with something of shy dignity; "I thought you had left an hour ago, with Mr. Stapleton."

"So I did, Dolores; but I left my stick behind me, and have come to fetch it. Besides, I wanted to say something to you. Dolores, I am going away."

"And so am I," said Dolores ruefully.

"Ah, but that is different. I am going on the grand tour, as they call it, and sha'n't be back for two years or more; and I want you to promise you won't forget me, Dolores."

"I shall never forget this happy summer."

"Nor me?"

"Nor anybody."

"I don't care about anybody. I want you to promise to remember me."

"I shall often think of you and Mr. Stapleton."

"O, hang Stapleton!" said the young man impatiently.

"But I like Mr. Stapleton," said Dolores; adding simply, "he has been very good to you."

"Good to me! Of course he's been good to me; but I haven't been bad to him. I don't want to hear about him now; I have had enough and to spare of him any time during the last three months. I want you to say you won't forget me."

"No: I won't forget you."

"Say, 'I won't forget you, Hugh,' then I shall believe it."

But Dolores made no more professions; she stood silently looking into the field with a mist before her eyes, and a dim, dull, aching pain at her heart, and kept saying to herself, "Two years, two years, two years." Her face grew white and rigid. She saw with cruel distinctness all the dreariness of that scrap-and-nag existence which must be hers; her heart felt cold, and her eyes glittered.

"I must be going," whispered St. Vincent. "I have your promise, Dolores, not to forget me, and I will take this rose to remember you by,

and this kiss from your sweet lips!" cried the audacious young man, suddenly clasping her in his arms, and kissing her pretty mouth; "and every night and every morning I will kiss my 'red, red rose,' and whisper the name of Dolores; for—

'As fair thou art, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till all the seas gang dry.'"

And his curly head came close to hers again, whilst he tried to look into Dolores' downcast eyes. Was he laughing at her, or did he really mean it?

"You won't answer me, Dolores," he said plaintively, "and so I may as well go; only don't pretend when I come back that you have misunderstood me, as young ladies are apt to do."

She looked up, her eyes brimming with indignant tears.

"Well," he said, "don't be angry; and remember my farewell verse:

'Till all the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee well, my only love,
And fare thee well awhile;
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile!'

But it isn't as far as that, you know."

There were footsteps on the gravel.

"Dolly, Dolly!" called her aunt from the terrace above, "'tis damp, and uncle is waiting supper; come in, child, or you will take cold!"

"Yes, aunt, yes; I'm coming!" Dolly faintly called through the gloaming. St. Vincent had her in his arms. "Put me down!" she cried, all flushed and trembling; "let me go!"

"But not in anger, dear Dolores?"

"Let me go!"

"Say you are not angry."

"Let me go!"

"Darling Dolores!"

"Let me go!"

"Only say you are not angry."

There was a moment's silence, during which Dolores glanced timidly up at that handsome face (ah, how handsome, and loving, and mischievous, and kind, and triumphant it was!); then with a sob she said, "But I ought to be."

The next moment she had slipped through his arms and fled from his embrace.

Chapter II.

THE TIME OF ROSES.

Dolly sat once more in the little parlour at Kensington. Her body was there, but her soul was wandering to and fro on the face of the earth and could find no resting-place. The dull, stagnant, spiritless life was hateful to her. She reproached herself, and tried to take an interest in her surroundings; but she sickened and turned away from them with a loathing that frightened her by its very intenseness and pertinacity. It was winter-time. The small fires, and the tallow-candles, and the cheese that seemed always to be only a shaving of rind; the long hours when Rebecca would not allow lights, and when Dolores sat hopelessly in the dusk, with her hands clasped round her knees by the comfortless hearth, listening to her sister's shrewish tones below, as she scolded the little household drudge; whilst her father snored in that horrible prickly old horsehair arm-chair on the other side of the little black grate,—gave the girl ample time for reflection. "I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it!" she would cry passionately to herself, her great brown eyes filled with angry tears of impatience and pain. She longed so for something bright and beautiful to come to her life. She wanted light, and air, and sympathy; she pined for the green fields and the country sounds; she wanted companionship and young talk, and occasional laughter. Her mind went wandering from Paris to Rome, from Berlin to Brussels, from Munich to Naples, from Florence to Vienna; and then, tired with those vague and fruitless wanderings where all was so confused and formless and indistinct, her thoughts would finally hover over the old familiar hill-tops, and settle down in the gray-stone manor-house, where her aunt was still knitting her quilts, and her uncle still yawning over the county paper. They were very quiet simple folk, and yet she had never felt dull there. The movement, the freedom, the thousand small interests, the competence of that life, had seemed to her like absolute happiness itself. She had never wanted anything beyond what that homely daily routine afforded; she had rejoiced in the birds, and the beasts, and the flowers; she had cajoled her uncle and patronised her aunt; she had made friends with all living creatures about the place, and knew every child in the village by name. She had trotted on her aunt's charitable errands, and had known so well how to win the hearts of the simple labouring folk, that she had dwelt in a continual atmosphere of love and attachment, which made itself felt in a hundred ways, though no flattering expressions conveyed it to her outward ear.

Dolores loved her father; but as she looked at him under his yellow-silk handkerchief, she told herself bitterly that he had no need of her. He had got used to this dull, monotonous, ugly, threadbare life; and *if he could doze away the* afternoons, and have an occasional

evening paper, his wants were gratified, and he was content. With that ingratitude which seems inherent in the young, Dolores longed, at any cost, to get away into a new state of existence, telling herself that it would cost her father nothing to lose her. "I would come and see him on half-holidays," she said, "and then I should feel he was pleased to see me; whereas now he scarcely seems to notice I am here, unless Rebecca is worrying me more than usual."

So she sat, and rebelled with a godless rebellion, and hungered and thirsted for a change, with an angry sense of injustice and cruelty that made her eyes glitter and her heart swell.

At night in her little room, with its painted furniture and snowy curtains, she would look in her glass and the hot tears would come, and she would bury her head in the pillow and stifle her sobs, lest Rebecca, who slept close by, should hear.

When the nights were moonlight she would put out her candle (that candle which Rebecca insisted must last her a fortnight), and wrapping herself in an old shawl, would sit by the open window, though the nights were cold, and gaze up at the heavens, studded with innumerable stars, flooded with that serene argent light, and wonder, and gaze, and wonder, until often sleep surprised her, and she would wake with a sudden start feeling chill and stiff, to creep to her little hard bed and so finish her rest.

These were her happier hours. There was something in the calm, serene, passionless stillness of the broad moonlight which at once subdued and soothed the poor child's eager, rebellious heart. She felt awed; all was so pale, so pure, so grand; the heavens seemed to declare the glory and might and majesty of God to her, and to show her, better than a hundred sermons could have done, how vain, how impious, how sinful were all such petty human rebellions and repinings; how futile such resistance against His kingdom and power and glory.

She was no longer the careless, light-hearted, spoilt darling of whom the feeble old father had spoken so fondly only a month or two back; she was mostly moody and thoughtful now, as one who broods on some absorbing subject, silent and self-contained. She scarcely [illegible] Rebecca's taunts and jeers; she never played-off prankish tricks upon her now, as once had been her wont; they met on more [illegible] grounds, and Rebecca began to wish she had the impish, freakish [illegible] in place of that silent, resolute, handsome girl, who [illegible] and was so little to be moved by scoldings or [illegible]

There was [illegible] the manor-house after the first. Old Cap[illegible] had [illegible] Rebecca could tell him about his [illegible] for his boyhood [illegible] after a day or two even [illegible] and he spoke

of it no more. Rebecca disapproved of all such talk on principle: she thought Dolores had been made far too much of at Kingsmead, and she considered it good for that young person to be discouraged from dwelling on so frivolous a portion of her life.

And so Dolores sat and thought, and rebelled. And day by day, as these thoughts, which she kept to herself, grew stronger and more pertinacious, her secret rebellion waxed more and more fervent, and her heart more sore and angry.

After Lord St. Vincent had left Kingsmead, Dolly had still stayed on. Her uncle and aunt had got so used to her bright young presence in that childless home, that they declared they could not spare her; and she was well content to remain.

"Though you have lost your playfellow now, child," said kind Aunt Skeffington to her one night, as Mr. Stapleton looked in on his way home to tell them that he had heard from his pupil, who had joined a very pleasant party, and was enjoying his first foreign experiences immensely.

Mr. Stapleton heard the remark.

"Yes," he said, "St. Vincent is little more than a boy; but he will have great responsibilities with his great wealth, and I can only hope his volatile character may steady down during the next two or three years."

"Not much chance for a young man to steady down scampering over the Continent with plenty of money at his command," observed Mr. Skeffington.

"I don't know. His present tutor has just the qualities in which St. Vincent is deficient, and possesses the talent, or gift rather, of attaching the young in an eminent degree."

Dolores sat listening to all this with eager eyes. She longed to ask if those cousins with whom Lord St. Vincent was travelling were pretty? and how old were they? and did they sing? But she prudently held her tongue, and pondered all the more on these things in secret.

As Mr. Stapleton was going away that night, her uncle sent her to fetch his stick and hat.

"You can go as far as the iron gate, Dolly," said her aunt, "it saves Mr. Stapleton a good quarter of a mile; and mind you lock it and bring the key back."

At the iron gate they stood a moment; then, letting him pass out, Dolly locked it after her companion, and reaching her hand across the iron-work to him, "Good-night, Mr. Stapleton," she said; "you will come again soon, won't you? Uncle and aunt like visitors in the evening."

He said he would come, and he came—again, and again, and again; sometimes with news of St. Vincent, sometimes without; but Dolores had no need to ask him, he always told them when he had a letter; and the kind old couple, who had regarded the young man with that sort

of simple admiration which they would have accorded to some beautiful young animal, never failed to inquire for him.

And so the days grew shorter and the nights longer, and it began to be cold and damp and wintry at Kingsmead.

The leaves were falling very fast one Sunday afternoon as Dolores walked through the village to bid good-bye to some of her poor friends there. There was a faint damp smell of decay, and the air was still and heavy; and now and then a yellow leaf came floating silently down, and laid itself to rest with its brethren and companions on the moist ground. It seemed like a voluntary act; no angry wind tore it from the branches; it had borne its solitude as long as it could, and had now flown calmly down to rest with old and loved companions gone before. This going away, this saying good-bye, the farewell pangs, the silent regrets, all swelled Dolores' heart; and then the solemn words of that afternoon's sermon, "So soon passeth it away, and we are gone." Mr. Stapleton had spoken so earnestly, so solemnly, with such unutterable love, with such tender pleadings, that as Dolly sat in the green-baize pew she had shed floods of tears. They had relieved her at the time; but the burden of them seemed still to lie upon her poor little heart, and as she walked along with her eyes fixed upon the ground an agony of regret seemed to rend her soul.

Someone stopped her. It was Mr. Stapleton.

"I will go with you," he said, in answer to her observation that she was making a round of farewell visits; "for I have a word, [illegible] to say to you."

He called her by her Christian name, and his tone, though gentle, was very serious. She, vaguely wondering why it was so, said to herself, "I cannot feel more miserable than I do; so let him scold or [illegible] as he likes." She walked on silently, her eyes still upon the [illegible] and her thoughts dwelling sadly on her numbered hours. She [illegible] Mr. Stapleton, although she had been thinking of [illegible] He and his sermons were two totally different things, and [illegible] being "preached to" yet, it must be confessed, she [illegible] preaching to himself. If she had looked at him, she [illegible] that he was disturbed and troubled; that there [illegible] in his eye that went and came; that he evidently [illegible] not being able to choose the right [illegible] But she was too self-absorbed to [illegible] and so she walked on, thinking her own [illegible] silence.

[illegible] At a glance she saw [illegible] and striving vainly after his usual [illegible] Was he going to say it to her? Was St. Vincent dead? or was he [illegible] She looked [illegible] "No, [illegible] he should have read too [illegible] and a [illegible] to her brow.

"Yes?" she said timidly, in a low gentle voice, as one who hopes and fears.

"Dolores, do not let me startle you. If I could tell you what I have to say in any way gentler than another, I would do it; but I am afraid—I greatly fear that, use what language I may, I shall startle, alarm, perhaps even offend you—"

"Well?" said Dolores anxiously. It was evidently something dreadful that was coming. "Well?"

"Dolores, dear Dolores, I love you!"

"O!" she said, infinitely relieved.

"And I have striven against my love for months, only to find it grow stronger and stronger day by day, hour by hour. I know all the folly, the presumption, the madness of such a love. I know there is nothing in me to win your love in return; but what will you? I love you, Dolores. I love you so passionately, so entirely, so devotedly, that no reason can quell my love. I would wait ten years, and yet another ten, for a word of hope from you! I am old; for your sake I will become young. I am poor; I will work, so that you shall live like the tenderest lady in the land; for I am what the world calls clever, Dolores, and work will be an unfailing delight to me, done in your service. I do not ask you if you love me. You cannot. How should you?—you, so young, so bright, so beautiful! Nor would I bind you, child, by any word, however slight. But what I do ask is this: Do you think in the coming years, when you have seen the world, and have had a chance of choosing your own path in life, you could come to think of me with some affection, with some confidence, some love? Could you in ten, in fifteen, in twenty years, ever come to love me, Dolores?"

"No!" said Dolores shortly.

"I knew it. I knew what your answer would be; but I was obliged to ask it. Now I know. Do not grieve or fret for me, child. I have often pictured this moment to myself; and it has always been thus. Now I will say good-bye to you. Forgive me for having troubled your young life; but it was better so. I knew before what your answer would be; but now I am convinced. Do not let the thought of me trouble you, child. I would not have it otherwise for all the universe. I shall go back to my duties now, but I shall love you still; I shall never cease to love you. I have always loved you, Dolores."

"You?" said Dolores, slowly, wonderingly, and beginning to awaken from the stunned feeling of surprise and bewilderment—"You?"

"Yes," he said, "I."

There was a pause.

Then he added quietly: "If ever the time should come, my dear child, when you should want a friend, I pray you to think of me. Do not fear *that I should misinterpret* your actions, that I should presume

upon them; that will never be. I shall be glad all my life that I have loved you; it has made a better, humbler man of me."

"O," said Dolores, the big tears falling down her cheeks, "how good you are! I am so sorry; but I never thought of this. I could not guess; and besides—besides—your age, you know."

"I am only thirty-three, my dear," he said, smiling gravely.

"But I am not eighteen!"

"Do not excuse yourself; if it was to have been, it would have been, though you were thirty-three and I eighteen," he said, still smiling.

"O, how good you are! and how ungrateful and cruel I seem! But do not be angry with me, dear Mr. Stapleton, for I am very unhappy; and I am going away to-morrow!" she cried with sudden remorse.

"I am not angry with you, dear child; God forbid!" he said solemnly. "I shall see you again; but I will bid you good-bye now;" and stopping, he took her head between his hands, and kissed her on the brow: "Good-bye, and God bless you, my child," he said; and then he turned and walked away.

Dolores stood sobbing by the gate. She knew in those few words he had spoken the farewell to his hopes, if not to his love, and she felt very sad.

The next day he was at the station when her aunt and uncle saw her off to London. He brought her a book and a little bunch of late autumn roses, and was as cheerful in his manner as usual.

"Good-bye," he said, taking off his hat; "remember, if you want me I am always ready."

She smiled and nodded to him through her tears; and the next minute the train moved on.

Chapter III.

A "DULL GRAY LIFE."

It was a few days after Christmas. Snow had fallen and had melted, and slush and mud reigned supreme in the streets of London. Rebecca stood before the dingy mirror, tying on a faded and strangely weather-beaten brown bonnet. She gave the bows a twitch, and looked round for her umbrella. Dolores sat watching her. She was paler, and her eyes had that wistful watching look which will come into eyes that try to penetrate behind the veil. Her dispirited wan appearance struck even Rebecca, and she paused.

"Would you like to go with me?" she said. "We can walk one way, and come back in the omnibus."

The ready tears came into Dolores' eyes.

"I will be ready in a moment," she said, and hastily left the room. Even this little trip into the City would be a change. She would be alone, and the holiday crowds, and the busy passing to and fro

of the eager toilers; the movement, the rush, the noise, the hurry and confusion would tell her of life—of something different from the stagnant monotony which was eating into her very heart, as the worm eats into the core of an apple. So they set off together; Rebecca full of business (she was going to receive some small sum of money for her father), and Dolores looking eagerly about her, and for the time freshening up into something like her former brightness. The walk from Kensington to the City is not a short one; but Rebecca was tough and sinewy, and Dolores young and vigorous, so they got over their ground in a way which did them both credit. As they came up Ludgate-hill, Dolores stopped for a minute.

"Is that St. Paul's?" she asked.

"What else should it be?"

"O, then let us go in, Rebecca; I should so like to see the monuments of those brave officers about whom papa has so often talked to us."

Had Rebecca been capable of art-criticism, she would probably have told her enthusiastic sister that the immortalisation of our country's heroes would have been more "honoured in the breach than in the observance," as far as those monumental caricatures are concerned; but she was innocent of any such critical acumen, and only replied that "she had no time to waste."

"Then let me go in and look at them whilst you are with Mr. Dryasdust," pleaded Dolores; and to this Rebecca agreed, only stipulating that Dorothy was to wait for her in the church, and on no account to venture forth again into the churchyard until called for.

The great heathen-looking temple was very cold, and the hideous marble gods ranged round its bare walls awoke no other feeling than that of profound disappointment in Dolores' breast.

There were a good many people walking about the great bare desolate building, and the doors swung backwards and forwards, letting in the damp raw winter air.

"So this is our Valhalla," thought Dolores.

And then she dimly wondered what St. Paul would think of it all—of those heroes with more than Roman noses; of those females with so much brass upon their heads, and so little clothing on their bodies; of the togas and the peplums; of those dreadful groups of Cupids and laurel-crowns, and inverted torches and soup-tureens—and she came to the conclusion that he would think himself in a heathen temple, not in a Christian church dedicated to himself; in a temple where all sense of art and beauty seemed wanting, and where caricatures of the old Greek gods and heroes had been placed to insult Christianity.

Yet as she looked she smiled.

The next moment a hand was grasping her own, and she found herself face to face with Robert Stapleton.

A flush of pleasure mounted to her brow, and she greeted him with

such a natural warmth and cordiality as sent a thrill through his heart. After the loneliness, the dreary monotony of the last two months, it was something to see that genial, honest, plain face again; something to look into such friendly trustful eyes, and to see so much pleasure shining kindly through them at her own. Her first emotion was surprise; her first distinct thought, "I shall hear something of St. Vincent."

But when the flush of surprise had died away from her face, and Robert Stapleton looked at Dolores steadily, he was shocked to see the change in her appearance, and asked her anxiously if she had been ill since she left Kingsmead. "No," she said, "O no;" and then paused as though there was something behind which she wished to say, and yet could not rightly express. But now Rebecca came up, doubly grim because she had been kept waiting a long time at Mr. Dryasdust's office, and had received less money than she thought she was entitled to. The sight of Dolores conversing, on apparently intimate terms, with a young man—Rebecca called all men under seventy young—added the last drop to her already-brimming cup of bitterness. She came angrily forward, and began scolding Dolores in such shrewish, vinegary tones as filled Robert Stapleton's gentle pastoral breast with awe. Nor was he rendered happier by seeing the silent coldness which spread over Dolores' beautiful mobile countenance, hardening and stiffening it into haughty indifference.

Poor Dolores! She remembered how Robert Stapleton had talked of the "presumption" of his love; of how he could not dare to hope that she might ever like him; ah! he little knew how distasteful her shabby home was to her, how painful all the petty economies and the pinchings of poverty. And now she was being rated like a naughty child.

When Rebecca had done, she said coldly, "It is Mr. Stapleton, rector of Kingsmead, Rebecca; he is staying in town for a week, and has been telling me all the news of aunt and uncle Skeffington."

Somewhat mollified, Rebecca thrust out a knuckly hand in a worsted glove, and mumbled some sort of ungracious apology between her ungracious lips.

"I will walk with you," said the rector of Kingsmead.

"We are not going to walk; we are going in an omnibus."

"Then let me ask your address; I shall do myself the pleasure of calling on Captain Skeffington whilst I am in town. The squire will be glad to hear news of his brother, and also of—of—his niece," said the rector, pulling up rather suddenly, and looking at Dolores' marble expressionless face with sadness and awe in his honest eyes.

Rebecca gave the address ungraciously enough. Dolores put her hand into his gently to wish him good-bye, but all pleasure had died out of her face, and she spoke no word of encouragement to him to come and visit them in their modest quarters.

Nor did she reply in anywise to Rebecca's queries and reproofs on the homeward way. She said angrily to herself, "That is just how they are; if they think I like or care for anything, they thwart me directly. Well, I did not say I hoped he would come—I would not; he will; and then," said the foolish child to herself, "then I shall hear something about St. Vincent. But what will Mr. Stapleton think of that horrid paper in the parlour, and the dreadful slippery prickly horsehair chairs, and the shabby curtains?"

The shabby curtains and the prickly chairs made no impression whatever on the rector of Kingsmead. No god on Parnassus could have been happier than he as he sat in that ugly little parlour, and listened patiently to the poor old broken-down half-pay officer's maundrings. Rebecca, who grated upon him horribly, was seldom there; Dolores always was, and though her great eyes looked sad and wistful, and she said nothing, yet was it not something, everything, to see her, to feel her near, to know at any rate that when he came and when he went that firm, slender, elastic palm would rest for a moment in his own?

One day he told them that on the morrow he was leaving town, and going back to Kingsmead. Captain Skeffington was unusually drowsy that afternoon, and in the dusk Dolores found courage to pour out her griefs to Mr. Stapleton. "I want to get away!" she cried with a passionate sob. "O, help me to get away. I am of no good to anyone here; Rebecca slave-drives me; my father sleeps all day; I have no books to read, and no creature to speak to, and I am wretched, wretched!" cried the angry girl, with eager flashing eyes.

"But, my child," said the rector, as calmly as though he had not been in the least startled, "what do you want?"

"I want change, I want employment; I want something to think of, to do, to suffer."

He looked at her sadly.

"Do not anticipate suffering," he said; "it comes to us all quite soon enough; though when it comes we are too apt to forget who sends it."

"Do not preach to me," cried Dolores imploringly. "I was always thought clever at school; I learned more than the other girls, and carried off most of the prizes. I will be a governess; I will teach, and earn my livelihood, and come home to spend my half-holidays, and go to Kingsmead every summer."

Poor foolish child! Was this a promise, or was it a coquettish wile?

"My child, you must learn first to govern yourself before you can govern others."

"Ah, you too are cruel!" she said, vexed and hurt.

"And what do your father and sister say?"

"I have not spoken to them yet, but I know what they will say. They will contradict and oppose me."

"Then you ought to obey. Remember that 'little things on little wings'—"

"I hate little things!" cried Dolores; "I wish everything in my life were grand, and bright, and beautiful; but as that cannot be, I will work."

"To obey, my child, is better than to sacrifice."

"I cannot bear this life; I cannot. I have not the heroism of small things, Mr. Stapleton, and I am dying here by inches."

As he looked at her dilated eyes and trembling lips, he longed to take her to his heart, and lull and soothe her there. But he only replied:

"Whatever you do, Dolores, think of it on your knees first; and do not act in opposition to your father."

"I thought you would recommend me as a governess," she said imploringly. "I must give some reference, you know, and a clergyman's name always has such weight."

"I entirely disapprove of your plan, and I should be acting against my convictions if I did not in every way strenuously oppose it."

"O, very well!" cried Dolores, hurt and offended.

He too was deserting her; he too was full of prejudices and objections. She was chilled and dashed. The supreme moment had come at last, and had resulted in nothing but disappointment. There was a moment's pause. He was pitying the young, restless, throbbing heart, which was fluttering so painfully against the bars of its cage. He was fearing lest in speaking so strongly he had done an unwise thing, and perhaps for ever repelled the confidence of that eager impetuous nature. He felt a care for this ardent passionate child which was motherly rather than fatherly in its anxious provisions and tender apprehensive solicitude.

He put his hand on hers.

"Do not be vexed with me, my dear child; I am afraid I spoke too harshly; but I was surprised, and—"

Here Dolores withdrew her hand.

"Shall I tell your aunt you would like to come to Kingsmead in the spring?"

"To return here again? No, thank you."

And so the matter ended. Dolores' sensitive nature had been thrown back upon itself by Mr. Stapleton's unguarded opposition, and she would speak of the subject no more.

That evening, after bidding Robert Stapleton good-bye, she went up to her room determined on a plan of action, from which, she told herself, nothing must suffer her to waver.

St. Vincent was not coming home for another year, and that year must be passed somehow. The question was, how to get through it as [illegible]ly as possible.

[illegible] following day Dolores said she was going to write to her aunt;

ut when she went to the post she dropped two letters into the box nstead of one.

CHAPTER IV.

CALM.

BESSY DALRYMPLE was a good-natured, open-hearted, affectionate irl, and when she received Dolores' letter she went at once with it to er stepmother. They had been spending the Christmas holidays in he country, and now they were going back to town. "To prison" Bessy called it; for she was a gay fresh young thing, and liked running rild with her country cousins over hedges and ditches far better than aking prim walks, or, still worse, long afternoon drives, with her stepnother through the dull London squares.

Mrs. Dalrymple, a pale motherly woman, with delicate children pringing up like so many little colourless blossoms around her, was ery kind to bouncing Bessy, who seemed to have run away with all he health and strength of the family; and before Bessy had left her tepmother's room that morning, it was agreed that Miss Dalrymple hould write to her friend, proposing the terms on which Mrs. Dalymple would be happy to engage her as daily governess to her two ittle girls, Blanche and Helen.

"I hope she is a nice person, my love," said Mrs. Dalrymple, just a ittle plaintively, when the letter was signed and sealed.

"She is not a 'person' at all, mamma," replied Bessy; "but she is uite a lady, if you mean that, though her father *is* poor."

When Dolores went to 1000 Lowndes-square, and Mrs. Dalrymple aw the governess she had chosen for her children, she was just a little taggered. The girl's clothes were plain, even shabby; but there was uch an air of distinction about her, despite her simple garments, that Mrs. Dalrymple felt rather awed than otherwise.

"You did not tell me Miss Skeffington was so beautiful, love," she aid to her stepdaughter. "However, it doesn't matter so much, as urse will always walk out with the children."

Rebecca was biting and sarcastic when Dolores told her she was oing to be daily governess to the sisters of an old school-friend.

"Don't talk to me about wanting occupation," she said bitterly; "we are not good enough for you, that's the truth of the matter; hough it's nothing more than might have been expected, sending you o such a school. You've never been contented since you went to Kingsmead" (Dolores winced); "your head was turned there. And who is to mend the clothes, and make papa's shirts, I should like to now, if you are going off all day long in this way?"

"In the evenings I will mend and make whatever you like, Rebecca," said Dolores meekly. She could afford to be gentle now, for he had one foot beyond the boundary, and to-morrow she would stand n a new *territory altogether.*

"I daresay; and you to go trapesing through the streets at all hours of the day and night. It's not respectable. But I don't know what young women are thinking of nowadays, nor what the world's coming to. In my time it used to be different."

Captain Skeffington, feeble and will-less, said nothing. In Rebecca's presence he agreed with her; in Rebecca's absence he caressed Dolores, calling her often Annunziata, and murmuring feeble words of affection and admiration over his wayward child. So Dolores girded up her limbs, and took her staff in her hand, and went forth to the battle of life with a confident and courageous heart.

It may seem a trifling circumstance perhaps, and yet it is a fact worth mentioning, that although Dolores had told Lord St. Vincent she knew his cousin Miss Dalrymple, and that she had been at school with her, to Bessy Dalrymple she said no word whatever on the subject of having made the acquaintance of her noble kinsman when at Kingsmead.

"Hugh" was a sort of household god in Lowndes-square. His mother and Bessy's had been sisters, and the two orphaned, or rather motherless, children had been brought up like brother and sister together. Lady St. Vincent had died first, and then her husband; after which Hugh went to live with his aunt and uncle. But then Mrs. Dalrymple had also died, and so, until the Colonel married again, the two children had been left almost entirely to each other, and a close affection had sprung up between them. Bessy was by no means a clever girl, but she had an affectionate unselfish nature, and set up Hugh in her heart like a young god, and worshipped him like a hero. He liked her all the better for not being too clever, and described her to his school-friends as "a jolly sort of a girl, with no stuff about her, you know;" which being interpreted meant that Bessy felt herself supremely happy in being allowed to trot about after him; to hold his bait when he fished; to fetch his slippers for him when his feet were wet or tired; to collect string, percussion-caps, and other valuables for him when desired by the young lord to "put his den tidy," a behest which, regarding it as she did as the highest mark of confidence, brought something very like bliss to Bessy's honest heart.

As he got older, and she went to school, she talked of him as girls talk of great, strong, handsome, kindly elder brothers. There never had been such a creature as Hugh, and there never could be; so handsome and clever, and good-natured, and amusing, you know, and so generous and kind-hearted. But he was very rich, was he not? Yes, he would be very rich some day; but that was the least part of it; and besides, he did not like that side of the story at all, because he said his mamma and mamma were always bothering him about his responsi- [illegible] all that kind of thing, you know, which was scarcely fair, [illegible] kept him so strictly that he could not enjoy himself; [illegible] age he was to begin directly to be unhappy and

hard-worked, and never have a moment's peace or rest, because everyone was always preaching to him about—well, about that text, you know, relating to the eye of a needle. And so on.

Then St. Vincent had to be photographed in a hundred different costumes and attitudes; and as he was very liberal in this respect, the albums of all Bessy's bosom friends were thickly scattered with representations of this young nobleman, respecting whom prudent mothers looked wise; and of whom friends of the same age and sex as himself already spoke as "a great catch."

If Bessy ever dreamed of St. Vincent's marrying—and we may be very sure she did dream of this blissful consummation of things, after a due period of triumphant success—she always pictured his bride as some marvellously-radiant creature with purple eyes and golden hair, and every charm that woman ever possessed or poet sung. She might be a princess; she would certainly be of elevated rank. Hugh would never stoop to conquer—O, never; and Bessy was far too prosaic to take King Cophetua's little infatuation as a precedent. O no; for Hugh some splendid bride must be found, to whom they all should do homage. Meanwhile Hugh was abroad, and Dolores was in Lowndes-square.

"Well, dear," said Bessy, who was sitting on the hearthrug in front of the schoolroom fire, "as I was saying, he turned round—but you don't know Hugh, so it's of no use my telling you the story, because you could not in the least imagine how he looked; stay, I will fetch my photograph-album, and then I can finish my story before the children come in;" and off she ran, whilst Dolores, with a flush that was partly shame at deceiving her friend, and partly a tenderer emotion, rose hastily, and walked once or twice up and down the room. How she revelled in these never-ending, endless, thousand-and-one-nights-like stories of Bessy's about the incomparable Hugh! She could have listened for ever; and now an anxious nervous impatience was upon her lest nurse should bring the children in from their afternoon walk before she had heard the end of the story. "Well?" she said almost harshly, certainly very abruptly, as Bessy came staggering in laden with photograph-albums,—"well?"

"No, don't look at that one," cried Bessy. "I've got him in all my books; but you must look at those afterwards. I want you to see him in the very dress, black-velvet knickerbockers, you know, and purple stockings, and shoes with great silver buckles—ah, here it is!"

Dolores' head swam, and her heart gave one great throb, whilst a film spread over her eyes as she bent down to look at Miss Dalrymple's photographs. It was like meeting St. Vincent again; it was as though he must speak to her. And then a sudden revulsion came over her; she sat down suddenly and shut up the book.

"Isn't it charming, Dolores?" said Bessy. "But if you only knew him! it doesn't half do him justice."

[illegible] say she did know him; but whether maiden [illegible] keeping her secret, or the dread of her friend's [illegible] on the subject, tamed her tongue and kept [illegible] say. She was so silent that even Bessy, [illegible] Crichton, paused for a moment [illegible]

[illegible] she asked. "You were so flushed just [illegible] that is it?"

[illegible] it will pass away," replied Dolores [illegible] her head down upon the good girl's [illegible] Bessy had been [illegible] "Shall I leave the books, [illegible] them when you feel better; I must [illegible]

[illegible] When Bessy was gone Dolores took [illegible] appropriated to her [illegible] wonderful treasures. She could not [illegible] thousand feelings would [illegible] the books and looked lingeringly [illegible] photographs,

[illegible] Do-
[illegible] She had quite
[illegible] happy as when
[illegible] at Ringmead
[illegible] Bessy
[illegible] immersed in
[illegible] the schoolroom
[illegible]

[illegible] morning walk to
[illegible] was still asleep;
[illegible] passing
[illegible] she saw
[illegible] as
[illegible] She became for
[illegible] of envy or
[illegible] She was
[illegible] the
[illegible]
[illegible] and
[illegible] Stapleton
[illegible] garden
[illegible]
[illegible] though I have spoken
[illegible] unchanged."

"And mine too," she answered, the brightness of her smile for a moment dimmed. That was all.

As her aunt came to kiss her that night in bed, "We shall miss you, birdie," said the sweet old lady, bending over her, as she lay in the white lavender-scented sheets, a very rose of Sharon; "we shall miss you sorely at first, my dear."

To which Dolores made answer by hugging her aunt in an ecstatic manner, half-crying as she thought her pleasant holiday was over, and yet half-happy at the idea of getting back to town and of soon hearing news of St. Vincent again.

"I have sometimes thought of late," began Mrs. Skeffington once more, glancing at Dolores almost timidly as she lay back in bed, her hair somewhat dishevelled and her face slightly flushed from the strict embrace wherein she had so lately held that comely form; "I have sometimes thought, my love, that you would come and settle amongst us altogether."

"I am coming next summer, aunt," said Dolores, glancing away from the question.

"For good, birdie?"

"Perhaps for bad, auntie; who knows? or perhaps only for indifferent; and that is dreadful, you know—neither hot nor cold, as St. John says."

"Well, you've time enough, my dear; you're barely twenty yet, and surely that's young enough to marry."

"'I'm ower young to marry yet,'" sang Dolores from amongst her pillows, with bright girlish glee.

"Well, good-night, and God bless you, my girl; you know this home is always happy to have you."

Dolores nestled up to her aunt again, and the soft tears were on both their cheeks as they kissed once more and parted. In after-days Dolores was often to think of those simple kindly words, and of her own jesting reply. But the time had not come yet. Thus we speak darkly, knowing not what we say; but the future reveals to us all the import, all the meaning of those words so lightly spoken, and in them we seem to read a prophetic foreshadowing of truths unguessed at whilst we uttered them.

Chapter V.

SUSPENSE.

"Dolores," said Bessy, "St. Vincent has arrived."

It was early spring once more. The buds were thick upon the trees, and only needed a day of sunshine and south wind to bring them out in all their fresh young beauty. There was a fire in the schoolroom, but Dolores drew a long shivering breath as she turned quickly round and made a sudden dash at the coals with the poker. Her back turned to Bessy, who, in her exuberant joy, caught Dolores round

the waist, and kissed her pale cheek as it came up to the level of her lower horizon again.

"Won't it be delightful to go out with him everywhere, and see all the prettiest girls making love to him?" cried Bessy rapturously, "and all the mammas paying court to him" (you see, even Bessy was not so simple as she had been); "and he the handsomest and richest and best-born and best-bred man of the season; for he must be all that, you know, after travelling abroad for so long!"

"Does travelling abroad make people so rich and so handsome?" said Dolores. "Then I will buy a portmanteau to-morrow."

"Ah, but you know what I mean. He was rich and handsome before; but now he will be so polished, so courtier-like, so delightful—"

"That all the young ladies will make love to him?" said Dolores, just a little coldly. "Well, I pity the young ladies."

"Yes; for he cannot marry them all. Indeed, I don't mean him to marry at all for a year or two" (Dolores' lip curled ever so slightly. "You don't mean him!" she said to herself); "and then he must fall desperately in love with the beauty of the season—an heiress, of course; and—stop!" cried Bessy, "how stupid of me! why, Lettice Knyvett is the girl. She is rich and young and beautiful—the very thing! and she is to be presented at the next Drawing-room. O, won't it be delightful, Dolores?"

"Delightful," answered Dolores dreamily.

And so Bessy talked away, never thinking she could wound her friend by thus shaking these purple rags and gilded baubles before the young governess's great calm brown eyes; never dreaming that there was aught to sear or irritate in all this jubilant prosperity and worldliness. Nor indeed was there to Dolores. She lived in a world above all this sort of thing. A world of her own, full of noble men and great women; where the talk was courteous and gentle, not frivolous and worldly; where roses bloomed and lilies grew, and scorn of [illegible] and gold flourished; where pettiness and meanness could not [illegible] as weeds; where men and women loved each other, and where [illegible] was great and good and noble had an abiding place.

[illegible] who was born with the instincts of a princess (when there [illegible] about her, a gift of magic, which [illegible] this prosaic workaday world into [illegible] What wonder that she so well loved to dream? [illegible] from letting the rude breath [illegible] her enchanted palace? Some dim myste- [illegible] made it holy to her. Sh [illegible] when she entered that sacred region, [illegible] which was something [illegible]

[illegible] to tell Bessy that she knew St. Vin-

ent; that she had known him. It pleased her to think of him walk-
ıg like some young Sir Galahad scatheless through the temptations
nd flatteries and allurements of the world, to discover his true love at
ıst. To him (she told herself) "a simple maiden in her flower" was
worth a hundred coats-of-arms." There was no conceit in this. He
›ved her; he would always love her. The essence of love was its
ternity. To him all accidents of birth or station would be simply *nil.*
'o her they never assumed the form of tangible facts; they were as
othing; they could not weigh in the balance, since their very exist-
nce was so unimportant as almost to escape notice.

Of herself in all this she thought little, of her love much; so much,
hat she put herself in the background and was content to wait. It
ras almost joy to her to put off that meeting when they should be re-
ealed to each other, never to be parted again.

And so she worked on in her cheerful little schoolroom, her heart
ıll of songs and sunshine, her eyes bright with a liquid brightness
hat told of the happy life within.

Sometimes Bessy and Lettice (Mrs. Dalrymple's niece) would come
› afternoon tea in the schoolroom, and Dolores would look at the two
irls, and listen and wonder. Their marvellous flow of small-talk about
heir balls and their bouquets, their partners and their toilettes, their
ngagements and their bonnets, amused her beyond expression. Bessy
'as the louder of the two, and sometimes would raise a slight flush of
ffended dignity on Lettice's fair pure cheek, by a whispered allusion
r a too broad compliment repeated with more frankness than tact.
ettice was one of those perfectly beautiful, helpless, useless women
ho keep up the traditions of woman's sovereignty. She was always
erfectly dressed, and calm and self-possessed; not in the least elated
y her marvellous beauty, though perfectly conscious of it. She had
ever done a wild, or unlady-like, or unconventional thing in the course
f her carefully hedged-in life; she had never been rude, or cross, or
npatient to anybody; she could not be expansive or clinging, but she
as gentle and considerate, pure and soft, and (in a certain narrower
naller sense) womanly. She would never love anyone with devotion
r passion; she would never endure anything for anybody; but she
'ould always be dutiful and well-behaved. She was rich, and an
rphan. She was beautiful, absolutely beautiful, and young. Some
eople said she was like moonlight, so calm and pure and lovely; but
; was well known that her fortune was no moonshine; and she had
lorers by the score, where other girls, perhaps equally pretty but not
qually rich, had them only by units. All men liked her, she was
› beautiful and gentle; and notwithstanding her loveliness, no woman
ɔoke ill of her. Some people said she was insipid; others declared
ıe had no expression; but, after all, do not our favourite pictures and
atues show us the same faces and attitudes day by day, and do we
ıerefore *get tired of them?* There was no poetry about Lettice

[illegible] beyond that superficial poetry which perfection of form and feature always gives: there were no subtle changes in her lovely face; no [illegible] no thought or inquiry in those calm beautiful eyes; [illegible] no varying caprices and flickering waywardnesses [illegible] She was almost a creature "too good for human nature's [illegible] but it was a goodness of that negative sort, which, if it [illegible] excites no enthusiasm.

[illegible] said: "Everyone wants St. Vincent to marry her; [illegible] and that he never could be on familiar terms [illegible]."

"[illegible]—does she love him?" asked Dolores, blushing at the [illegible]

[illegible] offered to her, I think she would accept him. [illegible] you know."

[illegible] replied Dolores; then added hastily, "but I [illegible] of your—your world."

[illegible] paid her a great deal of attention when we were at [illegible] been when Lord St. Vincent came of age, the [illegible] Dolores had eagerly read in the papers); "but still he [illegible] her. She was by far the most beautiful person [illegible] that a splendid couple they would make. [illegible] he refused if he offered

[illegible] all the woman rising rebellious [illegible] Miss [illegible]'s place, I would let him [illegible] any man, to say [illegible] in her place, I would [illegible] and vanity."

[illegible] like you do, [illegible] to her. Papa [illegible] a pity to bind him [illegible] that it makes

[illegible]

FRAGMENTS OF AN OLD FILE

BY JOSEPH HATTON, AUTHOR OF "THE TALLANTS OF BARTON," ETC.

II. Home News.

With an extension of the electoral franchise amounting to household suffrage in boroughs, designed and carried out by a Conservative government; an incipient rebellion in Ireland; proposals for the dismemberment of State and Church; anti-popish riots and threats of Protestant risings; with the Grand Turk on his travels through Europe, Abyssinian envoys talking of London in Japan, and America sending her morning news to England in the afternoon,—the modern journalist may fairly regard the contents of his broad-sheet as both interesting and exciting; but the time-worn pages of the little paper before us are crowded with the outlines of incidents none the less striking. There are riots and riots. In the early days of George I., the journals bristled with political plots, with Jacobite intrigues, with Whig joys and Tory sorrows, with riot and rebellion, with bloody encounters, with hangings and drawings and quarterings; and even the ordinary occurrences of the period are eminently sensational. A history of the time, from a newspaper point of view, whilst possessing many special features of great interest, would throw a wonderful light on the manners and customs of the people. For example, in the advertisement of a sale by auction at Perdiswell in Claines, Worcestershire, the auctioneer, who does not print his name, informs the public that the sale will begin "at six in the morning," and "continue till all is sold." It is not necessary to go to an old newspaper to learn that people got up early in the days of George I., but there is a simplicity in the style of the advertisements of the period, an honesty and directness, which is an indication of the business habits of the people. This commencement of a sale at six in the morning suggests many lively comparisons between the customs of to-day and yesterday. We are going to bed, many of us, just at the time when our forefathers thought of getting up; we are breakfasting when they dined, and sipping our after-dinner port when they were taking supper. Whether we are any better for this turning of night into day, this dining at supper-time, is a matter of doubt. Fashion leads the way, however; and we all follow in her train, though "lords of creation" affect to pity the slavish devotion of our women to the dictates of Parisian *modistes*. Fashion had a hand in the late panic. It was "the thing" to be on the directorship of this or that company. *You were nobody* unless you held shares in this scheme

[illegible] The money-article in the *Times*, as mysterious often as [illegible] column in the first page of the supplement, became suddenly interesting to hundreds and thousands of her Majesty's liege, who previously had regarded it only as part of a City mystery.

The mania had its counterpart in the days of George. Quotations of Stock form an important item of news in the journal [illegible] the promise of immense dividends allured [illegible] and of both sexes into speculation. New companies were [illegible] into existence every day. Even the Prince of Wales was [illegible] governor of a Welsh copper company; the Duke [illegible] was [illegible] of a building company, and the Duke of Bridgewater [illegible] in a similar capacity. In due time came the falling of the [illegible] and [illegible] just as we have experienced it in the nineteenth [illegible] and it is curious to note in the old journals how the [illegible] of that period of speculative delirium jump with [illegible] by.

[illegible] purpose is rather to give the reader some examples of the [illegible] of the period than to write history, or make historic [illegible] from a stray newspaper note that the first advertisement [illegible] published in 1648. It [illegible] gentleman, and referred to the stealing of a [illegible] "advertisement" did not [illegible] W. reprint it as a remarkable

> [illegible] to give notice, that [illegible] will be no further touching [illegible] as concerned are to

[illegible] for advertisements began [illegible] inserted gratuitously [illegible] each was soon [illegible] selling price was in the [illegible] and "but 12*d.* [illegible] unless it be excessive long." [illegible] and the *Public* [illegible] not find any [illegible] paper until we turn [illegible] advertisements of a [illegible] if continued [illegible] some curious [illegible] are a few pub- [illegible] is separately

[illegible] the Co[illegible] Spits, [illegible] at the

Person would purchase an Annuity or Rent charge for one Life of £50 or *a year, let them leave word with the Printer of this Paper where they may* *with.*

For the Benefit of Mr. *Bulcher* and His Wife,

nday next (*at the* King's Head *in* High Street) *will be acted that Celebrated* *r called*

OEDIPUS, King of THEBES.

eral New and Diverting Entertainments between the Acts; particularly *t Scene between a Drunken Gentleman and his Wife in a Tavern. Begin-* *tly at Six o'clock.* VIVAT REX.

are to give notice, That at the Vicaridge-House in Kempsey (*if God per-* *will be taught a* Latin *School, and one Hand of Writing* (*if requir'd*) *to* *the week after* Easter *next, by the Reverend Mr.* James Wagstaff *curate* *me: If any person is desirous to inform himself further, he may enquire* at *.* Wagstaff's *in the* Cocken-*Street,* Worcester, *or at the Place aforesaid.*

erson that has a Milch Ass, with her Foal, to dispose of, may hear of a *ent Chap, by applying to the Printer of this Paper.*

s to Certifie that Mrs. Worple *and Mrs.* Haines *who live near the Cross in* *cester, are resolved to leave off Trade, and will sell all sorts of Fashionable* *lf-Silks, Callicoes, Hollands, Stuffs, and all sorts of Millinery Goods at* *rates.*

only coaching announcement in the whole of this volume of the cester paper appears in July 1717, and singularly enough it only to a "Flying-stage-coach" running from the George Inn, North-, to the Bell in Holborn. Worcester must have been an im- coaching-station, nevertheless. We find no references to the glove-trade of the place, although each paper contains a tabu- ement of the manufacturing and other markets. Interesting to milias will be the following prices of wheat in 1717: "New l wheats 26*s.* to 36*s.* per quarter," as against "wheat, Essex nt, white, 53*s.* to 59*s.*" in 1869, and "65*s.* to 72*s.*" in 1867. r horses in 1717 were 9*s.* to 12*s.* 6*d.* a quarter, as against 25*s.* in 1867, and 28*s.* to 34*s.* in 1869. Fine brewers' hops in 1717 ld at 5*l.* to 6*l.* per cwt., against 9*l.* to 11*l.* in 1867, and 3*l.* 15*s.* s. in 1869. Amongst the miscellaneous quotations of the prices and cheese, blankets, rugs, and other things, appears the value of gold and silver, plate and brass, and *tobacco-pipes.* s supposed to be something particularly novel in the cheap-wine ements which have sprung out of Mr. Gladstone's changes in e-duties; but upwards of one hundred and fifty years ago we Worcester wine-merchant making the following announcement:

liam Beesley's *in* Powicks-lane, Worcester, *is to be sold very good wines of* *Sorts and at the Prizes following.* Canary *and* Tent *at 7s. per gallon. Fine* *sh* Claret, Florence *red,* Sherry *and* Rhenish *at 6s. per gallon.* Port *and* *ed and white,* and Mountain *Wines at 5s. 6d. per gallon; but of no sort less* *allon; and if any take a Hogshead they shall have it cheaper.*

t important feature to ladies of the present day, the "births, es, and deaths," is of more recent date than the early numbers *Berrow's Journal.* In the days of Mr. Bryan and the early jour- they summed-up the births, deaths, and casualties at the end

of the week, without reference to individuals, except to those of high position. Marriages of note were set forth briefly, often with the names of the contracting parties, and always mentioning the amount of the bride's fortune, with a critical word or two about her beauty (if she had any), and her manners. It must have been galling to some of the fair ones when the impartial journalist said nothing about their appearance or their manners. The early journalists literally cracked jokes in their papers upon some marriages; for example, we find the *Grub-street Journal* of 1731 quoting from the *Daily Journal* the marriage of "Mr. Will. Brown, of Wadham College in Oxford, to Miss Wa[illegible] Queen-street, near Golden-square, an agreeable young lady of [illegible] fortune;" the Grub-street editor naïvely adding, in italics, "*[illegible] agreeable is superfluous.*" In the same column is announced the marriage of "the R. Hon. the L. Hamilton to Miss Edwards, the [illegible] heiress of Pall Mall; a fortune of 100,000*l.*" Grub-street was [illegible] descriptive in its marriage-notices than other localities, and Mr [illegible] at Worcester devoted so little of his space to this kind of gossip that we have had some difficulty in finding a single example, which, however, is strikingly laconic: "Sir John Jennings is married to Mrs [illegible] tain, who has 12,000*l.* to her fortune." This notice appears in the issue for June 18, 1717.

Turning to what may be more strictly regarded as the news columns of the old file, we select, from many records of highway robbery, an incident which does not bear out the severe criticisms of some modern journalists, who, commenting upon recent outrages and robberies, have compared the present day to those past times, when property was most insecure in London. Writing on Friday, December [illegible] 1715, the Worcester journalist, condensing his news from town, says: "This week 2 coaches, one of them loaded with Turkies, Geese, &c. were Robbed near St. Albans by two Highwaymen: who having [illegible] the Passengers to part with what money they had about them, [illegible] civilly left them, wishing them a merry Christmas, but threatened to shoot the Coachman, if he offer'd to stir before they got out of sight." In the following January we are told that, "According to a moderate [illegible] putation, there are now 500 Booths built on the River Thames, [illegible] into several Streets, wherein several Trades are Exercis'd; with [illegible] diverting Humours on the Ice, as Seating, Wrestling, Roasting a whole Sheep." The same journal gives us a somewhat remarkable illustration of the management of the Criminal Court: "On Saturday last [illegible] the Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 5 Men and 2 Women received sentence of Death: James Goodman one of the Prisoners made his Escape over the Bail-Dock and over the Spikes of the Rails in the Sessions-House, with his Irons on, whilst the Court was Sitting: for the Apprehending of whom, the Head Turnkey of Newgate has offered [illegible] Reward." During the same week another singular escape is chronicled: "Five or six of the Rebels have made their escape since their coming

his castle (Chester), and on Monday morning last a Highlander (a ng brisk Fellow), as they were marching to Liverpool, took an op- unity of stepping out of the Ranks and vaulting over a five-barr'd e, made his Escape in the Face of the Soldiers; 7 or 8 shot after , but mist him: It was in vain for any of them to think of pur- g him, for he ran and jump'd over Hedge and Ditch with great tness." During the same week two women stood in the pillory at thwark for singing Jacobite ballads. The paper for Feb. 17, 1715, ll of the account of the trials arising out of the outbreak and fight Preston, and the following paragraph from the graphic report must e been read by newsmongers, even in those days, with a thrill of bid sensation akin to that experienced in the present day by those lers who like "a good murder" in the particular newspaper which r honour with their patronage:

"The Sentence pronounc'd by the Lord High-Steward was as follows (the edge he Axe at the same time being turn'd by the Bearer thereof towards the condemn'd ds) 'That you *James* Earl of *Derwentwater*, *William* Lord *Widdrington*, *William* l of *Nithsdale*, Robert Earl of *Carnwath*, *William* Viscount Kenmure, and *lliam* Lord *Nairn*, and every of you, return to the Prison of the *Tower* from nce you came; from thence you must be drawn to the Place of Execution; n you come there, you must be hang'd by the Neck, but not till you be Dead, you must be cut down alive, then your Bowels must be taken out, and burnt ore your Faces; Then your Heads must be sever'd from your Bodies, and your dies divided each into four Quarters; and these must be at the King's disposal. d God Almighty be merciful to your Souls!'"

due course these lords were brought to the block and executed, th the exception of the Earl of Nithsdale, whose escape is thus ronicled:

"The Earl of Nithsdale made his escape out of the Tower, the night before as lows. His Lady having purposely put on two Ridinghoods, which she convey'd o her Husband's Apartment without being discover'd; one of which she put on n, as also a Petticoat; and about an Hour before he was miss'd his Lady was n to come down and ask for a Coach, but being told that no Coach was suffer'd come in after 6 o'clock, she seem'd to be in a great Concern, which she express'd these Words, *Bless me! what shall I do, the Time grows short, and the Lords will up, before I get to deliver the Petition.* Then laying her hand on an ungaynly rt of a Woman, suppos'd to be her Husband, said *Betty, see to get me through the wd.* His Lordship left his Coat and Shoes behind, and 'tis suppos'd made his cape barefoot. £1000 is offer'd for taking him."

e are enabled to trace the fugitives in their flight some weeks after rds. The paper for March 23 says:

"One Jones, a Waterman, was lately taken into Custody, and being examined t Saturday by the Lord Townshend, confess'd that about the time Lord Nithsle made his Escape 2 Women came to him and offer'd any price to carry them to avesend, and having not then heard of the said Lord's Escape, embraced the portunity, and it being high Water and a fair Wind, offer'd to carry them for 5 illings, which he effected, and put them on board a Vessel like a Mackerelly; and going on Shoar to drink afterwards found they gave him two Guineas."

ppy Lady Nithsdale! what a contrast her position to that of poor dy Derwentwater, of whom the faithful journalist records:

"The evening after the Lords were executed, the Lady Derwentwater came to her *Lord, being told by her Friends*, he was Repriev'd, and her Servants were

forbid saying to the Contrary, and her Women us'd many Persuasions [illegible] going but in vain, and coming to the Tower was told her Lord was [illegible] occasioned such an immoderate Distraction, that notwithstanding [illegible] in the Coach, she broke the Fore-windows, saying [illegible] *lost his Life*. But her Servants getting a Hackney Coach, she was carried home [illegible] it, where she often cries, *She sees her Lord, with his Head, Face, Blood* [illegible] swoons away; so that her Physicians order'd her to be kept in a Room without Company, which we hear has in a great measure recover'd Her."

Shortly afterwards it is reported from London (March 21, 1716) that:

"Last Wednesday Mrs. Powel the Printer, whose Husband is dead the [illegible] for the like Practices, was taken up, with some of her Servants, for [illegible] Paper call'd *The Orphan*, that was intended to come out Weekly. Among [illegible] Things contain'd in the said Paper that gave Offence, there was inserted [illegible] the Time of the Execution of the late Earl of Derwentwater, the Water [illegible] Moat round his Lordship's House, in Northumberland, turn'd as red as Blood [illegible] soon after was restored to its former Colour,' *with several other Cr[illegible] tions*."

In December of this year a hackney-coachman was fined twenty shillings "for refusing to carry a Fare from the Mug-house in St. James's;" and the journalist gravely adds that "the commissioners order'd inquiry to be made whether he was disaffected to the Government." On the same page we have a playhouse incident:

"On Thursday Night last his Royal Highness the Prince, was at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, to see the Play of Tamerlane, during the acting of which a person whose name is said to be Freeman, and who is sometimes said to be possess'd with Lunatick Fits, came booted and spurr'd, and would have [illegible] the Side Box (his Royal Highness being in one of the Stage Boxes on the [illegible] Side), but was stopped by the Box-Keepers or Centinels, who drew a Pistol and [illegible] the Centinel in the Shoulder. He was presently secured and sent Prisoner to [illegible] Guard; two or three other loaded pistols were found about him."

Here is an incident which we commend to the perusal of Mr. Charles Reade, whose realistic pen would find ample material for pleasant labours amongst these strange old records of the early newspapers:

"There was the beginning of last week, a Hearing before the Lord High Chancellor, concerning a Commission of Lunacy, taken out by Mrs. C——t against her Husband, by virtue of which when he was ill of a violent Fever, she [illegible] to and clapp'd up in a Madhouse. But upon examination, it appeared that the Gentleman did not want good sense, but the Woman good morals. He [illegible] his Talk Wit enough of all Conscience to make appear that his Wife [illegible] than was good, for she had already made a good Hand of £400 worth [illegible] while he was in Confinement; and had a great mind to have the management of his Estate, which is about 500*l* per annum, and lies near Kingston, so that the Commission was set aside."

Several disused mortars and some brass cannon were ordered "to be made into farthings and halfpence." At the Isle of Man "there was a strange appearance of ships in the air, which engaged each other for half an hour." A man committed for horse-stealing, "unable to bear the anguish and confinement," brought upon him, cut out his tongue, and "expired before he could be executed." General Macartney, tried "for the suppos'd murder of the Duke of Hamilton," was found guilty of manslaughter, "brought to the bar, and was there *burnt in the hand*." A fan-maker in Drury-lane, "in cutting-up a

phant's tooth, found in the hollow a diamond valued at 13,000*l.*" soldier of the Guards, "for insulting his officer," was whipped through . James's Park, and then stripped naked, and drummed out of the giment. Mrs. Townley, a celebrated beauty, died of the smallpox. here was a savageness in the judicial code of punishment which is parent in almost every paper. Burning in the hand was a common ent, and men and women were whipped through the streets for very iffing offences. Soldiers sentenced to be shot for desertion were fre-uently permitted to "throw dice for their lives." A somewhat tragic se of this kind is recorded as having taken place at Dublin:

"On Monday two Soldiers were brought to Oxmontown-Green, in order to be ot for Desertion, where being come, they were order'd to kneel down, which they coordingly did, but were commanded to rise up again and throw Dice for their ves; whereupon the first threw but seven, and immediately fell into a Swoon, iking upon himself as a Dead Man; the other cry'd, *Now for a Nick, Seven or leven*, but threw but five, whereupon he was immediately shot."

Several cases of duelling are recorded, and all through the volume here are mysterious references to King James. The Pretender is eard of now and then, his standard raised here and there; highway-men infest the chief roads of the kingdom; troops are continually eing called out to awe the Jacobites; loyal citizens are everlastingly alling-up men to answer for uttering treasonable words; stories of irates and rumours of war come into the various ports; smallpox nd fever are familiar visitants everywhere in the realm; and alto-gether the times were full of incident for journalism, though none the more pleasant to live in. According to some people we are a miser-able, downtrodden, degenerate race in these latter days; but, looking back into our old big-letter records of the past, we learn to be the more thankful that we live in the Victorian age. There is one thing, however, in which we might profitably imitate these people who bought Mr. Bryan's newspaper—getting up early, and dining in the middle of the day.

Having given the reader an idea of what the old country newspaper contained, it may be worth while to consider for a moment what it did not contain. There were no reports of the debates in Parliament. The king's speeches and the address were published, and proclamations of war were set forth with a great show of importance. In the earliest days of reporting these debates, officers of the House of Commons drew up a summary of what had taken place, which being revised by the leading men of the parliament, was furnished to the newspapers. This was afterwards improved upon by the historical records by Mr. Sylvanus Urban in the *Gentleman's Magazine;* but it was not until 1771 that the debates were really reported in the popular sense. Dr. John-son took notes of the speeches of Chatham, Pulteney, and the elder Fox, and never had orators a more accomplished reporter. The chief of what may be considered the modern school of reporting was Mr. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle,* who used to sit in a corner of the

Strangers' Gallery and "do" a whole debate himself, writing out for the next day several columns of very readable matter. In the present year of grace each newspaper has a staff of parliamentary reporters, and the result is a verbatim closeness to the record, which renders it almost impossible that it can be entirely read by any person who has anything else to do, and justifies the witticism of *Punch*

> "Our fathers fought to publish the debates,
> And thought in that to gain a bit of freedom;
> But now their sons have lost it to the states
> By making them a deal too long to read 'em."

There were no reports of public meetings in the old papers, no accounts of members of parliament addressing local constituents, no town-council debates; no exciting details of directorial meetings in connection with public companies; no gossiping columns of facetiæ or notes on the fashions. It was dangerous to publish political news, and the provincial journalist left partisans to fight their own battles in their own special organs of politics and *belles-lettres*. There were no regular notices of the business of the law-courts and the police in London or elsewhere; and, for a local journal, the *Worcester Postman* exhibited an indifference to the events of Worcestershire and the west-midland district, which is not less notable than that claim to a monopoly of printing which is described in the first of these papers. The assizes for the county are notified one week as about to take place the next. We turn over the old file for a report of the proceedings, but we find no further reference to the matter, the nearest approach to the subject being an account of how many persons were sentenced to be hanged, and burnt in the hand, at the Gloucester assizes. Occasionally we have a sentimentious paragraph relating to some local incident; but it was not until many years after these early local newspapers were published that the news of the district formed a portion of the matter sent forth by the provincial journalist. His chief intelligence, in fact, consisted of transcripts from "foreign advices," some curious examples of which we have prepared for the closing paper of this short series of fragments. If poor Mr. Bryan could revisit the precincts of Goose-lane, the scene of his early triumphs, and then peep into the modern *Journal* office, how would the old man be astonished! and Mr. Berrow too, his successor, who chafed so much at Gamidge's opposition. They would find steam and the telegraph usurping the place of the mail-coach and the horse express; and instead of one Gamidge with the *Worcester Journal* in opposition to the original Worcester paper, they would find a small host of Gamidges in the race, to say nothing of a score of Birmingham houses pouring their daily papers into the faithful city by sunrise every morning in competition with half-a-dozen London dailies, which arrive soon after breakfast. Alas, poor ghosts, they might bless their stars that they had not been spared to live in such terrible times as these!

CONCERNING *M.* OR *N.*

THERE is a curious passage in Fuller about Christian names. He tells us that "up to the time of the Reformation the priests were scrupulous to admit any at the font except they were baptised with the name of a Scripture or legendary saint." People might not, in fact, give a fancy name to a child, as one would to a dog or to a brand of cigars; neither was it lawful to make the surname Christian. "Since then," continues the credulous old gossip, "it hath been common; and although the Lord Coke was pleased to say he had noted many of them prove unfortunate, yet the good success in others confutes the general truth of the observation." A wonderful bit, this—Coke upon luck! The great legal authority, throwing the weight of his name into the scale on the side of popular superstition, in support of the belief that—to put it metaphorically—the giving of a dog an ill-name in baptism is tantamount to hanging him! And then the author of the *Worthies* venturing to suggest, with all the gravity proper to so serious a matter, that the weight of evidence was really rather on the wrong side! I know of nothing more delicious.

The fact mentioned about the change wrought at the Reformation naturally prompts one to look further into this subject of Christian names. What was the earliest practice in regard to them? Dean Trench tells us that "there never was a time when a baptised man had not a Christian name, inasmuch as his personality before God was recognised;" and he derives 'surname,' not from 'sire-name,' or name of the father, but '*sur*-name' (*super nomen*)—a name given in addition to that received at the font. A doubt has been suggested whether this holds good uniformly of the Saxons in early days. Mr. Lower has pointed out that "words designating employments were sometimes used as we now employ baptismal or Christian names. A Coleman, or Colemannus, or a Wodeman, are found among the under-tenants of *Domesday;* but whether those persons had been baptised by those names, or whether they were by occupation respectively a charcoal-burner and a woodman, does not appear." The probability would certainly seem to favour the latter supposition. One thing is pretty clear, namely, that even members of the great Saxon families had, as a rule, to content themselves with *one* name, that is to say, a baptismal name only; and this became in time the hereditary or family name. The Normans were no better off. The great Norman proprietors are entered in *Domesday* simply by their Christian names, a word or two of description being added where deemed necessary. As a consequence, a moiety of our popular family names may be traced to baptismal appellations. The

Registrar-General remarks: "It seems that of the fifty most common surnames, more than half are derived from the Christian name of the father." William, for example, is the parent of some thirty names, and we get in a similar way Tom's-son, John's-son, Robin's-son, Jack's-son, and so forth. The Anglo-Saxon 'Fitz,' the Scotch 'Mac,' and the Welsh 'Ap,' all signifying 'son,' as well as the Irish 'O',' descendant of, are also commonly prefixed to Christian names, giving them the dignity of surnames. To such an extent has this been carried in Wales, that nearly the whole of the family names of the Principality are derived from baptismal names; and not only so, but until rather recent times it was the Christian and not the surname of the father which became the surname of the son. A popular authority gives an illustration of this: "If Morgan Richards had three sons, John, William, and Griffith, they would be John Morgan, William Morgan, and Griffith Morgan." As if the confusion of this sort of thing were not enough—as if everybody bearing everybody else's name did not tend to sufficient bewilderment—several of the popular Welsh names are synonyms. The way in which this works is exemplified by a difficulty which happened at the Hereford Assizes in 1825. A witness was examined who gave the name of John Jones. He was asked whether he had always gone by that name, and said he had. He was then asked whether, when he lived at Carmarthen, he did not go by the name of Evan Evans. To this he replied in the affirmative. This apparent discrepancy was explained by counsel, who stated that Evan is the Welsh synonym of John, and Evans that of Jones; so that John Jones might be called indifferently Evan Jones, John Evans, or Evan Evans, without any real change of name. One step further, and the whole of the inhabitants of the Principality might be shown to have but one surname, which, in reality, is a Christian name; in other words, the Welsh are within an ace of having no surnames at all!

The caprices of fashion in Christian names are amusing. Formerly the saints in vogue at any particular time governed baptismal registers; next to them, the royal family and most distinguished princes and nobles; but caprice has always had much to do with it. Mr. Riley has pointed out, in respect of female names, that from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century the most fashionable name was Joanna or Joan; the next Christina; after these came Isabel, Matilda, Juliana, Aleson (from Alice), Lucy, Pernel or Parnel (from St. Petronilla), Agnes, Idonea, and Avice. Very few of these are now in much estimation. Later we get Monica, Bridget, Dorothy, Deborah, Clarissa, Selina, Phœbe, Pamela, &c. The modern rage is all for romantic names—Beatrice, Ethel, Gertrude, Blanche, Eva, Dora, Mabel, Amy, Evelyn, Maud, Florence, Marguerite, May, &c. That is a charming name Mr. Morris has revived for us—Yolande; and Miss Evans would appear to have invented a delicious name for the heroine of her poem, whom she calls Fedalma. Happily there is one folly in christening which has never strengthened

ko a fashion, namely, that of confounding the names proper to the o sexes. This has been done to a slight extent, however. I once new a lady named Charles; Joey has been bestowed on a female in-nt; and Brown, the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, is said to have rried a Miss Timothy Eversfield, of Den in Sussex. Evelyn is one the bewildering names without sex.

Apropos of romantic names, I have it from a registrar of great ex-rience that these are enormously affected by the lower orders, who them from the romances in the penny papers. Their taste in this y, however, generally receives two checks. In the first place, they seldom pronounce the names they admire; and in the second, they e times out of ten fail in their efforts to set them down on paper h anything like an approximation to correct spelling. The name of Empress of the French has an enormous fascination for young thers of romantic views and restricted means. They think Eugénie icious; nor do they appear conscious that it loses anything of its cate sweetness when pronounced "You Jenny"!

"Good heavens, madam! you have made me the father of an chronism!" cries Bulwer's Caxton, on learning that his son has been ed Pisistratus. "Infamous! Pisistratus christened! Pisistratus, o lived six hundred years before Christ was born!" Unfortunately ng Caxton was not the only anachronism of his kind; but such is , that palpable absurdities in this as in other things pass us unheeded ry day. It would not, for example, be more ridiculous to call a ld Ramesis, Miamum, or Sesostris, than David or Solomon; yet either the former names would excite endless comment, while the latter es as a thing of course. A writer, speaking of such monstrous nes as Zerubbabel, Jehu, and Ishmael, asks, "Why should an glish Christian be converted into an Old-Testament Jew?" Why, eed; but it does not strike the writer that the same remark would ply to David, Joseph, Samuel, Jonas, Jesse, and heaps of others, all rish names, not a whit more legitimately ours because some of those o held them afterwards became Christians.

Is it loyalty or flunkeyism which induces people to name their nilies after the various members of the royal house? However mpted, the thing itself is absurd. Imagine an Albert, as the case been put, having to keep up his princely estate with a penniless toria! The selection of the great names of poets, philosophers, military men, again, is only calculated to heap perpetual ridicule the unfortunate wight who will in all probability have to carry ough life a name at variance with his gifts, tastes, acquirements, individuality generally. Yet this folly is constantly indulged in. nother favourite idea is to atone for a scrubby family name by a rgeous baptismal prefix. This is not always a success. Incongruous mbinations have a comic rather than an impressive effect. Link ith with Hannibal, Alexander, or Clytemnestra, and Smith gains

nothing; the forced association of ideas impresses the mind like a joke. So with Agamemnon Chip, Launcelot Bolster, Lucinda Bower, and Plantagenet Brown—all real names—Chip and Bolster, Bower and Brown, are too strong for baptismal amelioration. We "spoil the mould above the rose." So, to quote from documents in the Registrar-General's office, Alexander Smut, Sanspareil Scamp, Tryphenia Tub, Faith Hope Charity Green, De Courcy Brill, and Merethalfiar Lamb, only excite wonder. Poor little surnames overwhelmed with baptismal splendours remind one of the sweep who was found sleeping in the Duke of Norfolk's bed—the more gorgeous the bed, the more audaciously out of place its occupant.

Premeditated baptismal jokes are not infrequent; that is to say, cases in which a Christian name has been bestowed with an eye to the family name, and with the clear intention of getting a pleasantry out of the association of the two. Swallow Gosling, Time-of Day, Hoar Frost, Henry Born Noble, Bridelia Bridle, Happy Helen Hovel, John Bottle-of Beer, Acts Apostles, Arch Bishop, Sweet Organ, Master David Norman, are examples as authentic as they are nonsensical. There is a pleasant story told of parents who carefully thought over a name for their newly-born daughter with a view not to a comic but a pleasing effect. Their name was Rose, and they decided that the prefix Wild would be pretty in combination—Wild Rose. Very charming! But unfortunately, when the young lady grew up she married a Mr. Bull, and had the mortification of signing herself through life "Wild Bull," which was not romantic. Of queer Christian names the catalogue would be interminable. Take Libertine, Terrier, Affability, Vile, Belly, Neighbour, Coom, and Conker Kooley. It may fairly be assumed that in the present day the clergymen would refuse to give farcical or eccentric names in baptism; but registrars have no power to dictate in these matters. They will, however, refuse to register in any of the names proper to the Almighty or to Jesus.

The Scripture names are often outrageous. Who in his senses would choose to be called Kerenhappuch, Maher-shalal-hashbaz, or Talitha Cumi? And this reminds me of the singular weakness of mind that has dictated the avoidance of certain names because they happen to be borne by actors of ignoble or wicked parts in Scripture history. Who, for instance, ever calls his son Cain? Yet 'tis as good a name as Abel; and the fact that it was borne by a murderer is no argument against it, seeing that every name with which we are familiar has—terrible to think of!—been owned by a murderer at some time or other. So, again, with Judas. It would be considered a name of ill-omen, and unquestionably would be a misfortune to the man who bore it. So deeply rooted are religious prejudices, that to this day there prevails a cruel prejudice against red-haired people, who are believed to be treacherous, simply from the tradition that Judas had red hair. *The si*[illegible]s to the unluckiness of being the thirteenth guest at

dinner may be traced to a similar source—Judas was the thirteenth at the Last Supper. Prejudices of this sort show that, in spite of our boasted enlightenment, ignorance and superstition yet hold society in leading-strings.

The association of ideas with names opens up a curious field. The poets have touched on this, particularly in the way of regarding female names as indicating the character of those bearing them. A few lines from a MS. lent me by a friend will illustrate what I mean:

"Blanche is a blonde with laughing eyes;
When Martha's mentioned laughter dies;
Lydia is mournful, Agnes chaste,
And Hannah to do good will haste;
Mabel is modest, Carry's pert;
Eliza 'tis well known's a flirt;
Lucy is pretty, quiet, pure;
Sophia sleek and most demure;
Laura foretells exceeding grace,
And Beatrice a child-like face;"

and so on. Names certainly *have* character; but so much depends on those with whom they have been associated in our individual experience, that I suspect most of us would find cause to dissent from the poet's impressions.

It is curious to note the contractions or corruptions of familiar names. They seem to follow no particular rule. In some cases the first syllable only is retained, as Will, Tom, Joe, Phil, Rob, Nat, Dan, Matt, and Fred. In a second class we have these first syllables, or even the whole name, softened down, as in Dick—where Rich would present a slight difficulty—Bob, Bill, Harry, Charlie. In Ned or Ted we find, on the contrary, a strengthening of the first syllable of Edward for convenience. But some names are altered on quite a different principle: thus, Mary becomes Polly, Ann changes to Nancy, Bridget to Biddy, Sarah to Sally, and John to Jack, which last was originally the nickname for James, through its Latin and French forms, Jacobus and Jacques. If there is any law about the matter, it would appear to be that female names undergo the greater change in their diminutive forms. Readers of Dickens will recall as felicitous instances of the use of pet names those of Pecksniff's daughters, Merry and Cherry, and Clemency as derived from Clementina.

By way of winding up our gossip pleasantly, it may be as well to preserve here a Scotch anecdote I have somewhere met with. A Fifeshire man brought his child to the minister to be baptised. The latter was evidently one of those earnest men who have sprung up as successors to the indolent pastors of the old school, and he asked, "Are you prepared for so important, so solemn an occasion?" "Prepared!" echoed the man with some indignation; "I hae a firlot o' bannocks bakin', twa bacon hams, a gude fat kebbuck, an' a gallon o' the best Hielan' whusky; an' I wad just like to ken what better preparation ye could expeck frae a man in my condition o' life?" He was thinking, not of the sacred rite, but of the rejoicings to follow it—a state of mind which has once or twice been known at christenings farther south than Fifeshire!

WILLIAM SAWYER.

LONDON THEATRES AND LONDON ACTORS

BY WALTER THORNBURY

No. V. Drury-lane Theatre (*concluded*)—Olympic Theatre.

ELLISTON—ASTLEY—BRAHAM—MADAME VESTRIS.

In 1819 Colman was solicited by the Drury-lane Committee to enter on the management of the embarrassed theatre. George Colman declining to interfere, Stephen Kemble accepted the sceptre, undertaking to bring out a new piece every fortnight; but Stephen fell heavily, and, what was worse, the receipts dropped with him. Lord Byron, disgusted with the whole management, then wrote a public statement. When he entered on his work, he had found five hundred plays on the shelves, but not one of them was endurable. Byron himself procured Maturin's *Bertram*, and tried Coleridge and Sotheby; but the first had nothing feasible, and the second quarrelled with Kean. Sir James Bland Burgess, a vile poet, sent in four bad tragedies, which were really farces, and one farce which was no joke. "Then," says Byron pathetically, "the scenes I had to go through!—the authors and authoresses the milliners and the wild Irishmen, the people from Brighton and from Blackwall, from Chatham, from Cheltenham, from Dublin, from Dundee—who came in upon me; to all of whom it was proper to give a civil answer and a hearing—ah me, sometimes a reading! Mrs. Glover's father, an Irish dancing-master of sixty, wanted to play Archer before us, in silk-stockings on a frosty morning, to show his well-developed calves. Then came Miss Emma Somebody with a play, the *Bandit of Bohemia*, or some such title; and Mr. O'Higgins, a savage Irishman, with a very Irish tragedy, in which the hero spoke his longest speeches chained to a pillar." Disliking to give pain, the sensitive and vain poet sent all persons to be dismissed to Douglas Kinnaird, a business man, sufficiently ready with a negation. Byron says players are impracticable people, but his only dispute was one with the elder Byrne about a Miss Smith's pas-de-something, and he always protected this Miss Smith because she was like a Lady Jane Harley, whom he esteemed. His graver and more bustling colleagues (Peter Moore, who contradicted Kinnaird, and Kinnaird, who contradicted everybody) complained, however, that Byron buffooned with the actors, and threw things into confusion by his ill-timed levity. Hobhouse furnished prologues to the revised old English plays, and took it very much in dudgeon when he was called the Upton of Drury-lane, Upton being the song-writer for Astley's.

The same year it was decided to let the theatre, as Kean had been only playing to 87*l.* houses, and Dowton and the other actors had refused to reduce their salaries. Kean offered a 100*l.* subscription, and 10,000*l.* a-year. "*Talpa caecior*," he said with his usual sham Latin; "the more I read the Drury-lane accounts, the more I am constipated for the sake of my brothers and sisters of the art. I now stand forward to devote my property, reputation, and experience to cleanse the Augean stable, and raise a new Palmyra." Tom Dibdin and Mr. Arnold also sent in offers, but Elliston sailed in and carried off the doubtful prize; perhaps a galleon, perhaps a fire-ship full of powder. He took the great theatre for fourteen years at a yearly rent of 10,200*l.*, with a nightly free admission for six hundred and fifty-three persons reserved; 50*l.* to be taken nightly; and a fine of 18*l.* 15*s.* for every night he opened beyond 200 in a season. He was at once to lay out 1,000*l.* on decoration, and not less than 6,000*l.* before the commencement of the 1820 season. The lessee to pay all rates and taxes, and not to engage in any other London theatre. At this very time, "the great lessee," Elliston, started his sons—who would insist on being gentlemen—in a circulating-library at Leamington. It was at that pill-box of a Warwickshire theatre that Elliston, in a grand or tipsy mood, told his audience solemnly, in taking leave, that he had reason to believe it was the gracious intention of his royal highness, the Prince Regent, to confer on him the honour of knighthood, and when next he should have the pleasure of playing before them, it would be the part of Sir John Falstaff by Sir Robert Elliston.

Kean at first would not act under Elliston. He wrote to Elliston:

"I will forfeit my 1,000*l.* I go to America; my arrangements are made. *Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.* I quit the kingdom Richards and Hamlets grow on every hedge. Grant you may have a good crop.—Yours, E. KEAN.

"P.S. If I should go by water to the nether world, I shall certainly relate to our great master that you actually thought it no degradation to act his Cassio."

Elliston was full of regal energy. He tried, but in vain, to induce Scott to write a five-act play, and Mrs. Siddons to return to the stage. He besought Maturin for a blood-and-bones melodrama, and engaged Miss Kelly at 20*l.* a-week. Before the opening, he invited 200 friends to a grand ball and supper at the theatre. The receipts on the first night amounted to 638*l.*; on the second, when Braham appeared, to 500*l.*: the season of 199 nights bringing in a golden harvest of 44,053*l.*, or an average of 220*l.* per night. Madame Vestris made her *debut* this year at Drury as Lilla in the *Siege of Belgrade*, and for a few nights produced no great impression on the audience; but she soon set light to the straw, and her popularity never abated afterwards. Kean appeared about *the same time as Coriolanus*; but failed to reach the statuesque

and classical ideal of Kemble, and after the first night, when the receipts were 561*l.*, did not even draw full houses. In 1820 *King Lear* was revived for Kean, who had a passionate desire to play the part with grand effects. The storm was, with mechanical appliances, borrowed from Loutherbourg's *Eidophusicon*, the trees having real boughs and real leaves that rustled in the wind, by many thought more deserving of applause than Kean's acting. The *Giovanni in London*, produced in May 1820, was wonderfully popular, though Madame Vestris was at first reluctant to accept the ambiguous part. The nightly half-price receipts for *Giovanni* averaged nearly 100*l.* In June Kean took his benefit at Drury, playing Jaffier, and afterwards singing, fencing, dancing, and giving imitations in a farce by Charles Dibdin, called the *Admirable Crichton*. Nearly 700*l.* was taken at the doors. In the pantomime this year—*Jack and the Beanstalk*—a lad who helped the watermen in Bedford-street was employed to do the climbing part. This boy, at first Jack Sullivan, became afterwards M. Silvain, and principal dancer at the St. James's Theatre.

During the recess, a portico in Brydges-street, at first contracted for by Mr. Hardwick for 300*l.*, was run-up by Soane and the parish authorities to the enormous cost of 1,050*l.* Before Kean's departure for America, a plaster bust of himself was placed on a bracket in the greenroom. Elliston made a speech, Kean quoted Latin; both of course got drunk, and only recovered in time for the next day's rehearsal. In February 1821, George IV. made his first state visit to Drury Lane, and was very nervous about his reception. This year Lord Byron's *Marino Faliero* was produced four days after it was published, the actors studying their parts from the half-read proofs. Mr. Murray, however, obtained an injunction against the performance; and the result was a total failure. Lord Byron, in his preface, had distinctly disavowed all present and future aims at dramatic writing.

When the excitement of the approaching coronation of George IV. commenced, Elliston pleaded that "his Majesty's servants" of Drury Lane should have a place in the pageant; but his efforts were unsuccessful. He then resolved to try a stage-coronation of his own; and he was allowed to have drawings made of the royal robe, valued at 6,000*l.*, and all the other ridiculous preparations. At this juncture Kean arrived from America. Elliston's coronation (quite as deserved as the monarch's, and far less expensive) began then in earnest. Two hundred "supers" were employed, and everyone became known by his official name in the ceremony. What with the success, the applause, and more grog than usual, Elliston fairly lost his senses for a time, and strutted about a monarch as handsome, virtuous, and unselfish as the potentate he had aped. He had coronation medals struck, and given for several nights to the first two hundred persons who entered the house. There is no doubt that, if offered, he would now instantly have accepted [illegible] throne; and it is certain that, almost in tears at

the applause of a crowded house, he one night exclaimed to the pit, "Bless you, bless you, my people!" nor was he altogether displeased to have it reported, when Queen Caroline died in August, that she had been poisoned by a cup of coffee he had given her when at the theatre in May.

In 1822, when Kean failed as Sir Pertinax and Don Felix, Elliston made a dash at restoring Drury, which was actually pulled down and almost rebuilt in the very short space of fifty-eight days; a Mr. Beazley gave the design. The boxes were pushed forward four feet, the entire ceiling lowered bodily some fourteen feet, and the saloon lined with looking-glass. These repairs cost 22,000*l.* On this occasion, before the scaffold was struck, Elliston and some friends partook of a lamp-steak dinner, while suspended perilously fifty feet above the pit. The address at the opening, written by Colman and spoken by Terry, mentions the abolition at this epoch of the two conventional stage doors:

> 'Doors which have oft, with burnish'd panels, stood,
> And golden knockers, glittering in a wood,
> Which at their posts through every change remain'd
> Fast as Bray's vicar, whosoever reigned.'

The actors in the *School for Scandal* on this occasion were Mrs. West, Harley, Mrs. Glover, and Dowton. In November Kean and Young played in rivalry; Kean was savagely jealous, Young generous and calmly indifferent. Stanfield and Roberts had at this time already begun to delight the town by their admirable scene-painting.

At the annual meeting of the proprietors in July 1823, Mr. Elliston was commended for having spent 18,000*l.* in decoration, when the contract only required an outlay of 6,000*l.* In 1820 the summer theatres badly complained of the winter theatres, especially Elliston's, leaving them only an interval of twenty-one nights. In Garrick's time, Mr. Arnold said, the winter theatres never played more than 150 or 160 nights. Catalani's engagement this year at the Lane was at first highly successful, and then so disastrous as on one particular evening to bring in only 9*l.* 6*s.* as profit.

Elliston, more and more drunken, reckless, and dissolute, began now to decline in fame, health, and fortune. Delusions (alcoholic delusions) seized him; so did the Jews. Kenny undertook the management, but neglected it. In November 1825 Elliston retired to the King's Bench. The expenses of Drury Lane at this time exceeded 200*l.* per night. In 1765 they had been under 70*l.*; Garrick receiving only 2*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* daily. Elliston's debts to the Drury-lane Committee amounted now to 5,500*l.* The lease was therefore forfeited. Kean wanted to take it for 12,000*l.* a-year; but it was let to Mr. Thomas Bish (Lottery Bish), who backed out in a few days. The rent was then lowered to 5,000*l.* a-year.

Elliston died, a wretched worn-out drunkard, in 1831. In the romantic drama, as Octavian and Sir Edward Mortimer, Elliston was more than creditable; but he chiefly excelled as a rake and lover, and was admirable in Felix, Aranza, Rapid, Sheva, Belcour, Charles Surface,

Leon, Tangent, Wilding, Dowlass, Dornton, Valentine, Lothario, and Absolute; nor was even his Falstaff by any means discreditable. Serjeant Talfourd, who had, like Charles Lamb, a high opinion of this actor, says his great characteristic was the perfection in which "the elements of earnestness and gaiety were blended in his nature." He had not depth of feeling sufficient for tragedy, nor airy elegance enough for refined comedy; but "where mirth flutters into sentiment, and folly grows romantic, he rules sometimes as with an imperial sceptre, but often as with a magician's wand. With a buoyancy of spirits which neither misfortune, nor excess, nor time could conquer, he bore a certain weight of seriousness which made joy reflective and the mock-heroic true." Talfourd considered Elliston's best parts to be the Three Singles, in *Three and the Deuce* (where he played both the sedate and the hilarious brothers), Harry Dornton, and Rover (in O'Keefe's *Wild Oats*). In the latter—his favourite part—the way in which he used to repeat the mock-heroic curse on the churlish farmer, and then run into the cottage, exclaiming, "But d—n this sponting in the rain all the time!" was inimitable as a transition.

Charles Lamb calls Elliston the "joyousest of disembodied spirits." A modern theatrical critic of eminence says of the illustrious Robert William, "a more complete stage gentleman our fathers never knew. He was well-made, and had a winning and natural smile. As a stage-lover he was impassioned, tender, courteous; never restless like Lewis, nor languid like Charles Kemble. He was always (on the stage) a gentleman; his costume generally blue coat, white waistcoat, and white knee-breeches."

But we must tear ourselves from the enchanting "Lane," which demands a folio volume to do it justice. Captain Polhill became the lessee after Mr. Price; and being a good-natured careless man who listened to everybody's advice, he had to listen at last to the bankruptcy examiners. In 1831 Mr. Alfred Bunn, who had been a stage-director under Elliston, took the theatre. In 1835 Mr. [illegible] tried it, and became bankrupt; in 1841 came Mr. Macready, and succeeded by Mr. Bunn (who broke) and Mr. Anderson. From [illegible] Mr. E. T. Smith reigned. Then came a short interval [illegible] Italian Opera—a comet-like year of Mr. Smith. From [illegible] Falconer fought rather a desperate fight; and in 1[illegible] the [illegible] getic and sagacious sole lessee, Mr. F. B. Chatterton, began a [illegible] unbroken success. But here Discretion, with finger [illegible] us to drop the curtain, for praise would be [illegible] other base motives, and detraction (however just [illegible]

A short summary, packed close as potted meat, will [illegible] spangle our closing remarks with a few celebrated names [illegible] the scenery in which they shone. Grimaldi, the son of [illegible] Italian dentist, made his *debut* at the Lane in a [illegible] pantomime, in 1781. He chuckled, rolled his eyes, and [illegible]

nial petty larceny in the same theatre for nearly five-and-twenty years. Mrs. Crouch, a great singer, who was eclipsed by Mrs. Billington, appeared first as Mandane at Drury, in 1780. Mrs. Billington (of German origin) delighted the town first in 1801, and died in 1818. Graham, for whom Storace wrote so much, appeared first in the Lane as Mahmoud, in 1796. Madame Storace, clever but vulgar, made her début in 1789; Madame Malibran, in Balfe's *Maid of Artois*, in 1836.

And now for a few more actors. James Wallack was a manly and sensible Hamlet, Rolla, and Romeo, at Drury in 1820. Gay reckless Mrs. Mardyn, of whom Lady Byron was jealous, became a favourite in 1815. Charming Mrs. Nisbett, famous for the most silvery of laughs, was at Drury Lane in 1832. "Irish Johnstone," who died in 1828, was one of the best stage Irishmen (barring radiant Power) that ever appeared. Oxberry was an excellent comedian at Drury up to 1826, when he started his chop-house. Farren (the admirable Lord Ogleby) was great at Drury. Harley appeared at the Lane in 1815. Good-humoured, bustling, and droll Miss Kelly flourished most about 1810; and Keeley (originally a compositor), the most delightful of stage servants, acted at Drury Lane as early as 1819.

The Olympic Theatre.

Philip Astley was the son of a cabinet-maker at Newcastle-under-Lyme, in Staffordshire. The lad, growing up hot-tempered and wilful, quarrelled with his perhaps rather too exacting father, and enlisted in General Elliott's regiment of Light Horse, then known as "The Tailors' Regiment," from the numerous recruits obtained from a profession not generally considered peculiarly warlike. Serving in the German war, he became known as an able, expert, and daring cavalry soldier. As he afterwards said to a Dublin manager with whom he had gone to law on the question of patent, "I am no man of straw, sir! I have fought and bled for my country, and my king has rewarded me for it."

While the army under the command of the good-natured but miserably incompetent Duke of York was embarking for the Continent, previous to the siege of Valenciennes, Astley made himself very useful by his skill in shipping the horses at Greenwich and Woolwich, and gained the notice and approval of the portly Commander-in-chief.

At the Peace of Amiens, when the King and the Duke of York went to meet the returning army that had disembarked at Woolwich, Astley dressed himself in his Windsor uniform, and mounted on a piebald charger highly caparisoned, waited the King's return at the door of his amphitheatre. The Duke observing him, nodded, and Astley instantly returned the salute in the severest military style.

"Who is that, Frederick, eh, eh?" said the inquisitive King.

"Mr. Astley, sir," said the Duke; "one of our good friends; a veteran that fought in the German war."

The King then nodded also, and Astley felt as if he was an avenged horse.

"Jemmy," he said afterwards to his friend Dunstan, "my sovereign did me the honour to bow to me just now; what do you think of that, my dear boy?"

In a subsequent campaign Astley joined as a volunteer, and took with him as a present to the camp 1,000 cigars,—"No bad thing for the nose," he said, "on a cold bleak night,"—500 flannel jackets with a shilling sewed in the corner of each, and a strong chest full of spare leather, cloth, needles, and thread. Once during a retreat Astley saved a piece of cannon from being taken by the French, and the Duke of York gave him at once the four horses that drew it. These he instantly put up to the hammer, and expended in food and drink among the men of his division the sum they produced. Astley grew at last in such favour with the Duke as a bold soldier and deserving faithful man, that when he returned to England after the battle of Tournay, the Duke sent Prince Ernest of Cumberland home to Queen Charlotte under his escort. When the troops returned, Astley, like a shrewd general, had a certain portion of his amphitheatre (between the entrance and the orchestra) thrown open gratis to all soldiers, and by this clever manœuvre he drew crowds, who came to see the heroes.

When Astley left the army, the general presented him with a very docile and clever Spanish charger, which lived to the extraordinary age of forty-two in his service. This horse would ungirth his own saddle, wash his feet in a pail of water, fetch and carry a tray of tea-things, and lift with his teeth a kettle of boiling water from a flaming fire. Mr. Davis, Astley's successor, was so fond of this horse, that when from loss of teeth it was unable to eat corn, he allowed it two quartern loaves a-day. Astley began his career by learning all the secrets of teaching and breaking horses from Price, Johnson, and old Sampson, three equestrians, who then (1779) performed feats of horsemanship at the Jubilee Tea-gardens, and at the Three Hats in Islington. Astley first started in a field at Glover's Halfpenny Hatch, Lambeth; then, after a toilsome strolling career, bought ground for his amphitheatre in a field on the Surrey side, which an old man had used for breeding pheasants; and he combined a riding-school with the amphitheatre, which was twice burnt down before 1804.

It was when the younger Astley had already become celebrated, that the elder Astley, still energetic and eager for money, procured a license, through the influence of Queen Charlotte, from the then Lord-Chamberlain, Lord Dartmouth, obtained a lease from the Earl of Craven of the site of old Craven House (where the Queen of Bohemia, the daughter of James I., had once resided), and at the west-end of unsavoury Wych-street erected what he was pleased to call in his half-French way "the Olympic Pavilion." The name was in accordance with the pseudo-in[illegible]cal taste of the days of the First Consul. The ground was

cleared in September 1805, and proceeded, slower and slower, till the old soldier's money fairly ran out in February 1806. Astley was so pushed one Saturday night when the builders had to be paid the usual sum in advance, that he went to the clerk of the works and said to him, "Do you keep a house, sir?" "Yes," was the reply. "Have you a back door as well as a front door to it?" "Yes." "Now, let me ask you this, sir. If a man knocks at your front door, and another at one and the same time knocks at the back, can you answer both at once?" "No." "I thought not, sir; no more can I." Then the saving old man pulled out a small yellow bag of hoarded tarnished guineas, and, almost in tears, paid the builder his instalment. Towards the autumn of 1806 the building was again pushed forward. The roof was to be conical, and covered with squares of block tin, to spread the vibrations of the music. The following winter Astley opened the theatre. The chief novelty was having a raised gallery at the back of the pit. Presently Davis and Johannot left him, and started horse spectacles—*Timour the Tartar*, &c.—at Covent Garden. Astley, determining to outshine them, partly rebuilt the Olympic with timber that had once formed part of the Ville de Paris, a first-rate man-of-war taken by us from the French, and in which the Duke of Clarence (William IV.) had served as midshipman. The stubborn old soldier, confident in his wealth and will, swore that he would outdo the winter house, and that his stage should have such massy uprights and sturdy joists, that it should be able, if necessary, to support a hundred horses; but he defeated himself from want of scientific forethought, and by building a sort of double-fenced ring, constructed so that only one horse could pass at a time, all the beauty and action of the animals was lost. The Pavilion soon began to droop; Carter, Dutch Sam, and other pugilists, failed to attract the public by sternly squaring at them. Astley got disgusted at the place, and said to his son, "Johnny, we'll throw the bone out, and let the dogs fight for it; one of them will snap at it." A printed circular to all the London managers instantly brought a letter from Elliston, just turned out of Drury Lane and obliged to close the Surrey. That regal impostor purchased the Pavilion outright for three thousand guineas down, and an annuity of 100*l.* a-year to shrewd old Astley.

The old soldier's health seriously failing, he went to live in Paris, in a house in the Faubourg du Temple, and near his amphitheatre (afterwards Franconi's), where he died in 1814, aged seventy-two, and was buried in Père la Chaise. It is a singular coincidence that Astley's son went to Paris from ill-health in 1821, and died in the same house, same room, and same bed, as his father.

That excellent stage-lover and gentleman, Robert William Elliston, born in 1744, was the son of a watchmaker in Orange-street, Bloomsbury, and was sent to Paul's School at the expense of his uncle, Dr. Elliston, master of Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge. He ran away from school to become clerk of a lottery-office and actor at Bath.

Having made a part of Tressel in *Richard the Third*, Kemble advised him to study Romeo; in which, by his grace of manner and handsome face and figure, he charmed the Bath audience. In London soon after he was supposed to have rivalled Bannister in Vapour, excelled Kemble in Sir Edward Mortimer, and rivalled him in Hamlet. Kemble's wofu failure as Mortimer, in Colman's play (*The Iron Chest*), also contributed to the fame of the successful versatile young actor, who succeeded in the part.

In 1812, the year before he took the Olympic of Astley, Elliston had played Hamlet the night of the opening of the new Drury-lane Theatre, and recited Byron's prologue; the receipts that night amounted to 842*l.* 12*s.* In six nights the doorkeepers took (or rather accounted for) 3,541*l.* 14*s.* This season of his prime (he afterwards grew drunken, fat, and careless) versatile Elliston, who had been known to play Macbeth and Macheath the same night, acted with success in all his best first-comedy parts: Benedick, Don Felix, Archer, Mirabel, Leon, Mercutio, Don Alonzo in Coleridge's play of *Remorse*, and Joseph in the *School for Scandal*.

The new theatre, which Astley had proudly specified as covering 2,000 feet of ground, and costing 8,000*l.*, was a strange hole-and-corner sort of place, with scanty brickwork, the masts of the "Wheel de Parrey," as the manager called it, sheathed in tin and tarpaulin, holding up the fragile boxes. Lord Craven had granted a lease for a term of sixty years, at an annual rent of 100*l.* The license was for music and dancing, burlettas, pantomimes, and "horse exercises" Astley himself, in a redoubtable one-horse chaise, constructed to fit closely his rotund person, sat day after day, "like a prebendary in his stall" (as Mr. Raymond happily expresses it), giving directions to his workmen. The audience part of the theatre consisted of only one tier of boxes, a pit surrounding the sacred circle of tan and sawdust, and on the back there was a space guarded-off for the "gallery" by a prison-like grating. There was no regular orchestra; but two small clusters of musicians occupied the stage-boxes, and faced each other.

Elliston opened his "family circle," or "Little Drury-lane Theatre" as he called it, in April 1813. He instantly began bargaining for the Dublin, Edinburgh, and Birmingham theatres: the last of these only he secured.

The new contract with Astley had guaranteed Elliston a continuance of his license. The two great London potentates, however, growing alarmed at Elliston's restless ambition, began to move to the attack, and they ungenerously memorialised that anomalous official, the Chamberlain, that Astley had originally obtained his license at the Olympic merely as a makeshift till his Westminster Amphitheatre could be rebuilt. The official enforcer of morality had forgotten this, and granted Astley a full license. But, with all the despotic officialism of a small German duke, he grew alarmed, and at once ordered Elliston to close

theatre. The loss was great, the tyranny palpable, but there was no peal from the great bashaw; and in spite of Elliston's many and rited letters to Whitbread and the Covent-Garden proprietors, the ympic for a time closed. Elliston was, however, allowed a benefit at ury-lane Theatre at the close of the season, and realised 720*l.*

It was during his short reign at the Olympic (the name of "Little ury" had been expunged to assuage the wrath of the great potentates, the wise doctrine of free trade had not then reached the drama) t Edmund Kean, an unknown strolling-player then at Barnstaple, plied for an engagement at three guineas a-week—"principal line of siness." His wife, in her husband's absence, unfortunately accepted liston's offer, just as Dr. Drury had obtained him an opening at ury-lane. Kean wrote himself to Elliston, requesting a discharge.

"Sir,—The fate of my family is in your hands. Are you determined to crush the object that never injured you? In one word, are to receive our curses or our blessings? Through your means I deprived of my situation in Drury-lane Theatre, unless I produce m you a document that I am not a member of the New Olympic. ow can you reconcile this more than Turkish barbarity? Penni, hopeless, and despised, am I to be cast again on the provinces—rejected of this great city, which should afford a home to industry every kind? * * *With my family at my back will I return; for the lls of Wych-street I will never enter.* In this strong determination, with weakened respect for you, sir, I am E. Kean."

Elliston, colder and more business-like, disgusted with the evasion d this injured tone, replied grandly in his manner:

"To any man with the smallest gift of intellect, and the dimmest se of honour, &c. &c.; to your rodomontade I send nothing in ly; and your Latin hexameter [a line from Ovid] I beg to present with again, as it may be useful on some future occasion."

Kean in private called Elliston "a toss-pot," and the Wych-street heatre a "feculent hole." Kean wrote to manager Lee of Taunton in spair. It was a dead-lock: "Here I am in London without friends, thout money, and a brand upon me by which I can acquire neither. osperity's a cheat—despair is honest." It is well some busy fiend d not suggest to Kean, over the brandy-bottle, that Cecil-street stood r the river. A compromise was at last effected, and Elliston conented to cancel the engagement of a probably useless recruit, on conion that he paid Mr. H. Wallack, his substitute, 3*l.* a-week out of Drury-lane 8*l.*

In 1818 the Drury-lane Committee again planted their cannons inst the Olympic and the Sans Pareil (Adelphi). The petitioners the Lord-Chamberlain complained that when the Earl of Hertford d the Marquis of Salisbury had been in office, they had granted

no licenses to the trespassing minor theatres without consulting the great houses. They protested against Milman's *Fazio* being acted at the Olympic, and declared the Olympic receipts were over 150*l.* nightly. The minor theatres, they contended, were places where such burlettas as the *Dragon of Wantley*, *Midas*, the *Golden Pippin*, and *Poor Vulcan* were to be performed, and such pieces only. Elliston replied in a shrewd letter, and fought boldly against the absurd and mischievous monopoly that has long since grown as obsolete as chivalry, popery, or monasticism.

In 1818 Elliston rebuilt the Olympic at a cost of 2,500*l.* The theatre soon became fashionable. *Giovanni in London* appeared, with Madame Vestris, bewitching and shameless, as the Don. Everyone was shocked, but everyone went, and the season produced a profit of 500*l.* over the expense of building. The town went wild with the greedy siren, of whom one poetaster wrote neatly:

> "so well she played the cheat,
> The pretty fellow, and the rake complete,
> Each sex were thus with diff'rent passions moved,—
> The men grew envious, and the women loved."

Elliston characteristically celebrated his success by presenting his wife with a service of plate for which he paid 400*l.*; which was something like Peagreen Haynes's gift of a brougham to a lady who had no stables.

In 1820 the Olympic Theatre was let to Mr. George Reeve (the son of Reeve the composer) and Barlow (author of *Virginius*, an unsuccessful tragedy), for fourteen years, at a yearly rent of 1,000*l.* The unfortunate lessees were insolvent in a few months.

Madame Vestris's management of the Olympic, of which we will speak in our next, lasted till 1839.

BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY

OR THE

Adventures and Misadventures of Robert Ainslaigh

Chapter XXXIII. On the Track of my Enemy.

After leaving Mr. Blade, with the certificate of Philip Hay's marriage and Sir Everard's letters safely bestowed in my pocket-book, I took a hasty dinner at a tavern not far from Little Britain. Here I lingered some time to read the papers, which were full of laudation of Mr. Pitt, that master-spirit of statecraft, who was fast doing for England what Clive had begun so gloriously for India. For years past our country had lain in a kind of stupor—inglorious and despised abroad, unprosperous at home, accepting peace at the price of fame and honour, and studying economy in that miserly spirit which is but too sure to result in ultimate loss

Upon this scene of despondency and inaction appeared Pitt, and these peace-loving politicians found themselves bound to the chariot-wheels of the very genius of war. Already he had heated his colleagues and his country with the fire of his own ambition, and so moved his hearers by a noble panegyric upon King Frederick of Prussia, that an annual subsidy to this monarch of six hundred and seventy thousand pounds was voted by acclamation. This had occurred in December of the year last past, after the victories of Rossbach and Lissa had elevated the King of Prussia—whom we have since known to be a declared infidel—into our Protestant hero.

I was pleased to hear from a gentleman with whom I conversed at this tavern that the prime minister had also offered a handsome tribute to the genius of my great master, Colonel Clive, of whom he had spoken to an approving House as a "heaven-born general." Indeed, his ready recognition of merit in others seemed one of the instincts of greatness, and one possessed in an eminent degree by Pitt. Nor did he wait till a brilliant success had revealed the power that achieved it. In Wolfe he had already discerned the latent spark of heroism which was to burst into so grand a fire by and by at Quebec.

I left the tavern as the day was closing in, and walked westward again, moved only by the roving instinct of a stranger to the town, to whom its commonest sights are new and wonderful. The lamplighters were mounting their ladders and filling the lamps from their oil-cans as I walked up Holborn-hill, jostled on every side by that eager, pushing throng of citizens, so different from the lounging populace of Ahmadabad. *Instead of the cry* of the priests calling the faithful to

prayers, I heard the shrill clamour of orange-girls, and small catchpenny traders offering their strange varieties of merchandise, to the utter hindrance and obstruction of all traffic. Instead of picturesque groups of turbaned Moors squatting in the Bengal sunshine, I saw a throng so diverse in dress and appearance that I might have fancied myself amidst a concourse of people from all the ends of the earth.

At one point the crowd bearing towards St. Sepulchre's Church was so dense that I was fairly brought to a standstill, and while waiting for the rabble to pass, inquired of a neighbour where all these people were going.

"I suppose they are going to see the execution to-morrow," my neighbour answered civilly.

"An execution?"

"Yes; three brothers—mere lads—who are to be hung at eight to-morrow morning."

"And it is now six in the evening. Do you mean to tell me that this rabble will wait for fourteen hours, standing in an open street, for the brief delight of seeing three of their fellow-creatures hung?"

"Not only this rabble, sir, but the finest gentlemen in the town. There is not a window within view of the gallows where you will not see a group of bloods, drinking and gaming. 'Tis said that Mr. Selwyn, the wit, has a suit of black on purpose for executions."

"And pray, sir, what is the crime of these unfortunates? Is it murder, arson, or piracy for which they are to suffer?"

"No, sir; the lads are somewhat to be commiserated. Their sole offence is the appropriation of three oak-saplings, which they severally cut and converted into walking-sticks while enjoying a sabbath ramble in a copse at Edgeware. The law for the protection of timber is somewhat stringent."

I had seen something of the severity of English laws before I was sent to India, but this formal sacrifice of three young lives for as many oak-saplings seemed to me more appalling than the cruelties of Suraja Doulah, which were at least the blind impulses of passion.

"Yes," said my neighbour, perceiving my concern, "it is really a sad case, for the lads are of respectable parentage—the sons of a small yeoman—and had no idea they were committing a felony."

"It is of a piece with the rest I hear of this country, sir," I replied. "We frame laws that would have revolted Draco himself by their cruelty, and then regret their application. It was but last year that a body of English officers were compelled to condemn a brave man to an ignominious death, not because they thought him unworthy to live, but because the act of parliament that provided against his offence left them no alternative."

"Nay, sir," replied my neighbour; "Admiral Byng was the scapegoat of a party—a sacrifice to public disappointment. He could never have been so sacrificed if his judges had not been bound by the letter

of a cruel law. They condemned him to death in obedience to an act of parliament, and recommended that he should be spared in deference to the common instincts of humanity. Is this right, sir? Should not law and humanity go hand in hand? Byng would have been pardoned, I doubt not, sir, had not his Majesty given his promise to the City that he would allow proceedings to take their course. He would fain have saved the Admiral, but was bound hand and foot by that pledge."

"What, sir," I cried, "could a Christian king mortgage his divinest prerogative—the right to be merciful?"

The stranger shrugged his shoulders in an evasive manner, as who should say, "Really, sir, this is no affair of ours;" and the mob having by this time passed us, we bowed and parted.

I was glad to turn from the bustle of Holborn into the quiet of Lincoln's-inn-fields, whence I rambled on to Great Queen-street, and thence to Long-acre, staring about me as I went along with all the curiosity of a country bumpkin who surveys the town for the first time. It was but the random impulse of an idler that took me to this locality, yet no sooner was I there than it occurred to me this was a place which of all others I should visit.

It was here the milliner resided to whom Lady Barbara had desired me to address my letter—a woman of whom she had spoken as a "good soul," who might be trusted. She would scarce have said this of a person she was but little familiar with. I knew the intimacy that must of necessity obtain between a fine lady and her milliner, since the despotic changes and caprices of fashion must oblige a frequent intercourse, and it suddenly struck me that from this woman I might learn some details of the last year of Lady Barbara's life.

"I can at least call upon her," I said to myself. "If the visit prove useless, I would take much more trouble than that for the chance of hearing the smallest tidings of that dear friend."

I looked for the house, and after some time discovered a painted and gilded doll hanging over a doorway, and on the door below this sign an announcement to the effect that Mrs. Winbolt, mantua-maker and milliner to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, had correspondents at Paris and Vienna, and might be relied on for the newest modes in court-robes, sacs, cardinals, petticoats, and mantuas.

I rang the bell, and was speedily admitted by a grinning black boy, who ushered me into a small oak-parlour at the back of the house, where he set a candle upon the table and left me without a word. There was a half-open door between this and another apartment, whence I heard the animated tones of a female voice.

"Nay, indeed, madam, 'tis the very same material I sold but last Thursday week to the Princess of Wales. She said, 'I will have that, or nothing. I protest there's no living without a sac of Lyons brocade these days.' And for your complexion, ma'am, which is, I need scarce say, far superior to her Royal Highness's—"

"But the price," remonstrated another voice; "I had thought six guineas would have bought the finest sac you could make me, and for one of this material you have the conscience to ask ten."

"Her Royal Highness paid twenty guineas for the same stuff, ma'am, and found her own point. With a tucker of English lace I could not do it for sixpence less than eleven guineas, and then 'tis because I would not disoblige a customer."

"I am vastly afraid your obligingness will end in my ruin," replied the customer with a profound sigh, and then followed a little more haggling, which resulted in an order for the garment under discussion. This conquest achieved on the part of the mantua-maker, and the lady shown to the door, the black boy condescended to inform his mistress of my presence, and she came bustling in upon me.

"Upon my word, sir, I know not how to apologise," she exclaimed; "that Pompey is the most incorrigible rascal; and if he had not been given me by a lady of quality, who, I make no doubt, was heartily tired of his impish tricks, I should have turned him out of my house long ago."

I was pleased with the appearance of Mrs. Winbolt, who was that kind of person usually described as "a good motherly soul." She displayed that comfortable bulk of figure which is generally supposed to accompany an easy disposition, and her complexion was as fresh as if she had been the rustic wife of some prosperous farmer.

This matronly person saluted me with a profound curtsey, and then, as she approached nearer to me, stopped suddenly short, and regarded me with a closer scrutiny than the occasion warranted. For the moment some peculiarity in my appearance seemed fairly to be [illegible] her; she gave a little gasp, and then began to apologise for having stared at me with apparent rudeness.

"I trust you'll be so obliging as to pardon me, sir," she said; "but I never saw a more startling likeness—but for the darkness of your complexion it would be perfect—and for the moment I was so foolish as to take you for a gentleman who has been dead these five-and-twenty years."

"You took me for my father, Mr. Roderick Ainsleigh," I said.

"Good heavens, sir! are you Mr. Robert Ainsleigh, the gentleman that was sent to India?"

"I am that ill-fated person."

Mrs. Winbolt offered me both her plump hands, and shook mine with a heart-felt [illegible] that almost took me aback.

"Now you must be so good as to excuse the liberty. But I couldn't [illegible] I am to see you,—unless, indeed, Lady Barbara [illegible] to-day. Alas, sir, what a loss!"

She wiped away [illegible] her eyes with an unobtrusive gesture.

"[illegible] unexpected [illegible]. Was the [illegible] that brought you here [illegible] glad I came. It seems you loved my benefactress?" "She was [illegible] more to me than an ordinary mistress?"

I SEEK FURTHER FOR INTELLIGENCE.

T. Bolton, sc

"Something more than a customer? Yes, sir, indeed, she was *my* benefactress; it was her blessed nature to shower favours on all she knew. I was born on the Hauteville estate, sir. Yes, I'm a Berkshire woman; and folks tell me I keep my country looks, though I've had nigh thirty years' hard work in London. My father was a tenant-farmer in a small way; and I used to go to the Hall sometimes to assist with the needlework when Martha Peyton had more on her hands than she could get through; and my Lady Barbara used to see me, and talk to me. And in those days—well, sir, I'm getting an old woman, and may speak out without vanity—I was accounted something of a beauty. My good looks brought me nothing but trouble, however; for there was a young squire—Mr. Langdon of Langdon Hill—lived within ten miles of my old home, and was always riding over to our place, and talking fine poetical stuff to me; and I was a weak foolish girl, sir, and thought he was honest, and meant well by me. Other folks didn't think so, and their talk got to Lady Barbara's ears, and she came to me and told me what was said, and bade me, as I loved my own soul, see Mr. Langdon no more, unless he declared himself willing to make me his wife. 'If he loves you honestly, Susan,' the dear lady said, 'he will love you all the better for that honest question.' And I obeyed her, Mr. Ainsleigh; though it was a hard thing for a poor country girl to ask such a question; and I read my answer in my gentleman's face, though he turned it off with a careless jest, and said 'twas early times to talk of matrimony, which was apt to be the death of love; and then muttered something about country wenches being now as cautious and mercenary as any fine lady in the town. I went to my Lady Barbara that night and told her what he had said; and I was such a foolish creature in those days that I was half heartbroken to think that my suitor could be so base. My lady saw how great a trouble it was to me, and she set to work at once to get me away from a home where I was miserable and in danger. So, as I had shown a kind of talent for mantua-making, having worked a good deal with Martha Peyton for my lady, my lady persuaded my father to send me to London, and she herself paid the money to apprentice me to a court-milliner and mantua-maker; and I came, and in a few years set up in business in a small way for myself. My lady gave me her custom, and I made all her clothes when she married Sir Marcus Lestrange, and that was the making of me; and here I am. Heaven only knows what I might have been without my lady's kindness; for my father was an easy-going man, given to drink, and looked sharper after his pigs than he did after his children. And now, sir, that's a long story; but I've been obliged to tell you as much in order that you may understand what reason I had to love Lady Barbara Lestrange."

"And you knew my father?"

"*Yes, sir, I have seen him* many a time, when I was working in my

lady's dressing-room at the Hall. I helped with a tapestry-screen that my lady was doing, you see, sir; and Martha Peyton and I used to sit at work with my lady herself, and your father used to come into the room and stand over my lady's chair, talking to her as she worked. It was but little she used to do at those times. Ah, sir, there were two hearts broken when your father left Hauteville; for I am sure he loved my lady as truly as she loved him. And she loved you as well as if you had been her own son, sir. I have heard her say so; for she would tell me her troubles, when she would tell them to no one else."

"Put me out of misery by answering one question, if you have power to do so!" I exclaimed eagerly. "Did Lady Barbara believe me the wretch I must have seemed when I disappeared from London?"

"No, sir, she would believe no ill of you. She came to me within a few days of your marriage. Sir Marcus had shown her the certificate; but she declared it was a false one, and believed that some evil had befallen you. 'I will swear he loves Miss Hemsley,' she said to me; 'and this paper has been forged to do him mischief. What motive had he to marry that wretched girl? But from a marriage with Dora he had everything to gain. O, there is some odious treachery at work, and the same hidden enemy who caused him to be driven from Hauteville has been since working to destroy him.'"

"And Miss Hemsley—did she believe me false?"

"Alas, yes, sir; that young lady did believe the story of your marriage, and upbraided herself for having stooped to let you know she had loved you. My lady was sorely grieved by this; yet you can scarce wonder it was so, for all things told against you—above all, your disappearance. You were advertised for in the *Flying Post*, and many times, at my lady's bidding; and one day she came to me in much distress of mind. 'He is dead, I fear!' she exclaimed. 'Were he living, I am sure he would have answered those advertisements.' I told her perchance you were kept out of the way by force, as I knew what things are done in this town: this she seemed to think probable."

"Did she suspect Everard Lestrange as my hidden enemy?"

"Yes, sir, I am sure of it, though she never spoke his name. 'He has one bitter enemy,' she said: 'my poor boy has one unscrupulous, relentless foe.' And then she told me how she had been to Mr. Swinfen, the gentleman to whom she recommended you, but could get no tidings of you there, or at your chambers, save that you had gone out one day never to return. And so things went on; I seeing a good deal of my dear lady, who had none about her that she cared to trust. There was a French maid of Miss Hemsley's, whom I always took for a spy, for she was ever watching and listening when I waited on my lady."

"Ay, she was the veriest viper," I cried; and thereupon told the mantua-maker Mademoiselle Adelphine's share in my undoing.

"I [illegible] as much, sir. That French hussy was in the pay of

Mr. Lestrange. She used to watch me as a cat watches a mouse; yet I don't think she ever got much good from her watching. One day came your letter from the Indies; but my lady was at that time in Paris with her husband, and I was obliged to trust the letter to the post, in a cover which I myself wrote for it. Sure I am there is no reason it should miscarry; but neither that nor another that came after it reached my lady. The family only came back to town in time for Miss Hemsley's wedding. How Sir Marcus prevailed on that young lady to marry his son, I know not, for sure I am there was no love between them; but he did so work upon her that she at last consented. There was a very fine wedding, and I was employed to make the wedding-clothes, as I had been for my lady's. It was a week after the wedding that your last letter came. Lady Barbara was now in town, and I carried it to her with my own hands, and would give it into none but hers. O sir, I never shall forget her face when she read how you had been treated. 'O, what a villain!' she cried, starting up from her chair, with the letter crushed in her hand; 'but he shall suffer for his baseness; suffer in that kind of loss which alone can touch his sordid soul.' 'Twas this she said, or words very near this; for there are some scenes that take a hold upon one's memory, you see, sir, and it would not be easy for me to forget this. And then she told me what had happened to you. 'He shall come back triumphant,' she said; 'yes, I will have him brought back to confront that scoundrel;' and then she sighed and exclaimed, 'Alas, poor Dora! what a fate for thee! and my arm could not shield thy helplessness!' and so she went on, in a wild random way, as if she had been alone. Next day she came to my house in her chair, and told me she wished to draw-up a paper, upon some business matter, and did not care to do it at home. 'One might as well live upon the stage of Covent-garden Theatre as in a fine house full of servants,' she said; and I knew but too well she was watched. And then she asked me if I knew of any decent lawyer who could write-out the paper she wanted. So I sent for old Mr. Sollis, a respectable attorney in King-street, who had drawn up the lease of this house for me, and sometimes sued a customer for me that hung back from paying. He came immediately; and my lady and he were shut in this very parlour for nigh upon an hour, at the end of which time Mr. Sollis opened the door and called me. 'I want you to witness Lady Barbara Lestrange's signature to this paper, Mrs. Winbolt,' he said; 'there is no occasion for you to know what the paper contains; you have only to attest my lady's signature.' On this my lady signed the paper, and I after her, and Mr. Sollis put his name below mine."

"Can I see this Mr. Sollis?" I asked eagerly, for I shrewdly suspected that my interests were involved in this paper.

"Alas, no, sir; he lies in the burying-ground by Drury-lane. He was near seventy years of age, and was carried off by a fever last midsummer twelvemonth."

"Has he left any son or successor likely to be familiar with his business?"

"No, sir; he was an old bachelor. The business passed to a stranger, Mr. Compit."

Hopeless as it might seem to think of obtaining information from such a source, I resolved to see Mr. Compit next morning. But, before bidding my kindly mantua-maker good-night, I had more questions to ask her.

"How long before her death did you see my benefactress?" I inquired.

"Never again, sir, after the day she signed the papers; it was but three weeks after that she died. I shall never forget with what a shock the news came upon me. She had been to Hauteville for a fortnight, and came back to St. James's-square to preside at an assembly given in honour of Miss Hemsley's marriage. Her death was awfully sudden."

"Mr. Lestrange and his bride appear to have been with her?"

"Yes, sir. 'Twas after a grand dinner given in honour of them that the sad event happened. I had the account from the housekeeper in St. James's-square. 'Twas just when the visitors had left, and my lady had gone into a little room behind the drawing-room with Mrs. Lestrange, when she gave a sudden cry, and the blood gushed from her lips. Sir Marcus and his son both ran to her, and bells were rung and doctors sent for; my lady's own maid, that French viper Adolphine, and the housekeeper, all came with their different nostrums; but it was all of no use; she lived but to speak a few words."

"O Mrs. Winbolt!" I exclaimed, "what would I not give to know those last words!"

"Ay, sir, she may perchance have spoken of you in that final moment. I know she loved you dear."

"And that wretch Adolphine was still with Mrs. Lestrange? It would seem my lady had not told of her treachery."

"No, sir, I do not think my lady told your story to Mrs. Lestrange; it would have been but to make her wretched. And I believe Lady Barbara had it in her mind to bring you home, so that you might appear suddenly, as one risen from the dead, to confound your enemy."

"God grant I may yet so appear to his confusion!" I answered

After some further conversation of an unimportant nature, I bade Mrs. Winbolt good-night, and left Long-acre, very grateful to that Providence which had conducted me thither by what had seemed hazard.

After careful consideration of all that Mrs. Winbolt had told me, I arrived at the conviction that the document executed by Lady Barbara in the mantua-maker's parlour was a will in my favour. Was not this implied in her declaration that she would punish Everard Lestrange in the sole manner his sordid nature could feel? How more surely could she punish him than by depriving him of the wealth which he had doubtless hoped my disgrace must needs assure to him?

I went early the next morning to Mr. Compit; but that gentleman could give me no help. The transaction in which his predecessor had been engaged with Lady Barbara Lestrange was of a nature too trifling to leave any record, unless it might have been some private entry in Mr. Sollis's memorandum-book; and of such personal property Mr. Compit possessed none.

"If Lady Barbara Lestrange had been a regular client of my predecessor's, it would be another matter," he told me; "but, you see, the occurrence was a mere casualty, on which Mr. Sollis would scarce be likely to bestow a second thought."

"Yet the rank of the client and the peculiar circumstances of the case might surely have made some impression upon him?"

"'Tis like enough they did, but not such an impression as would embody itself in documentary evidence. Mr. Sollis was not the man to communicate his sentiments in relation to a business matter; he was an excellent lawyer, and as silent as the grave. If the lady wanted secrecy, she could not have employed a better man."

This was all. I left Mr. Compit's office no better informed than when I entered it.

From thence I went to the Temple, where I was so fortunate as to find Mr. Swinfen at home. He received me with much kindness, and made me relate my Indian adventures. I was surprised to discover how little was known in England of those stirring events in the East, save the names of the potentates we had been concerned with, and the battles we had fought. Pitt's laudation of Clive had alone been equal to the occasion; and indeed I think this great statesman was the only man in England who perceived the grandeur of that theatre now opening for British enterprise and British valour on the far shores of the Indian Ocean.

Having satisfied Mr. Swinfen with a full account of my public adventures abroad, I proceeded to relate my strange meeting with my father; a piece of news that was most surprising to him; and after that my conversation with Mrs. Winbolt of Long-acre.

"And you think the paper drawn-up by this Mr. Sollis was a will in your favour?" asked Mr. Swinfen, when I had finished.

"I do, sir. The fancy may seem presumptuous, but it is founded on many small circumstances that, to my mind, make a chain of evidence almost conclusive."

"And you would insinuate that such a document has been suppressed or destroyed by Sir Everard Lestrange?"

"That, sir, is my suspicion. I know Everard Lestrange to be capable of any villanous act. Lady Barbara was at Hauteville a week before her death; she was not cold in her coffin when her own private apartment was broken in upon, and the cabinet where she kept her papers—not her jewels, mark you, sir; those I know to have been kept elsewhere—ransacked and destroyed by masked ruffians. A common

burglary, you will say, which by a mere coincidence of time happened within twenty-four hours of the lady's death. But would burglars choose this room for their point of attack, and content themselves with rifling a Japan cabinet, when the plate-room of Hauteville is known to contain that kind of treasure which alone burglars covet?"

"Your argument is plausible," replied Mr. Swinfen thoughtfully; "but it is hard to suspect a gentleman of so vile a deed."

"Have I not suffered the vilest usage at that *gentleman's* hands, sir? Is there any act so base that I should hesitate to believe him capable of it? But I will not press this subject upon you; I am bent on investigating the matter in some sort, though little good can come of any discovery I may make. Lady Barbara's will is doubtless destroyed; and to prove that such a paper ever existed is perhaps a task beyond human ingenuity."

After leaving Mr. Swinfen's office, I felt that my business in London was for the time concluded. Eager as I might be for a meeting with Everard Lestrange, I wished to make myself, as far as possible, master of his secret before meeting him. And I was now free to revisit that spot which I had seen so often in my dreams, and to which my thoughts had ever turned with inexpressible fondness. I went straight from the Temple to the coach-office where I had alighted on first arriving in London, and booked my place for Willborough, in the Bath coach, which stopped to change horses and refresh its passengers in that small market-town.

THE CYCLES OF THE WORLDS

the strange wild cosmogony of the Brahmins, the learned priesthood ancient India, there are vast cycles of time, which mark great changes the condition of the earth, and stupendous cataclysms in the whole ated Universe. The longest and most stupendous of these is called he sleep of Brahm," the Supreme Being,—at the close of which, by awaking from his creative dream (all creation being held to be an bodiment, as it were, of the thoughts of the Supreme when thus aming), the Universe, the whole system of the Worlds, comes to end: after which, as Brahm sleeps and dreams again, a new order things, and a new system of worlds, springs into existence. Besides se vast cataclysms in creation, there are lesser cycles which inaurate great changes in the condition of the earth,—the last of which the Kali-yuga, or Black Age, which commenced some four thousand ars ago. We have no doubt that the vast cycles thus imagined by Brahmins were suggested to their dreamy philosophers by the grand cles of the ever-moving orbs of the universe, which at vast but reurrent periods must culminate in critical positions for some of the orlds, if not for the whole Universe.

In Europe, during the Middle Ages, it was believed that our world s created at a time when all the planets were in that part of the avens which is represented by the sign Aries,—or rather, that when r solar system was created, Earth and all the planets commenced their volutions round the sun from this part of the zodiac as their starting-oint; and that when the planets at length return to the same position —when all of them are again simultaneously alligned in Aries,—the stined cycle will be completed, and the present system of things will ome to an end. This idea, too, shows how the imagination of man, though dealing with periods then incalculable, has recognised the otent influence which such cycles are likely to have upon creation, at least upon the orbs specially affected by them. And unquestionbly there is sufficient ground in the actual facts of astronomy and eology to furnish a basis for such conjectures, whether the conjecures themselves be right or not.

Of the grand changes which take place in the Universe—in the lorious and resplendent fabric of the Worlds, changing from æon to on with the movements of the Divine Mind, which created and upolds them all,—Man's knowledge is almost *nil*. "We are of yesterday, and know nothing." The life of the human species, the goodliest earth's inhabitants—still more that of Civilised man, who records is knowledge and observations—is but a moment compared with the istence of our planet, or of the bright but tiny circlet of our Solar stem; *not to speak of the* shining mass of Worlds innumerable, com-

pared with which our whole Solar system is as a dust-grain. Nevertheless, even from the brief history of civilised man, we know that changes are taking place in the Universe around us. Some star-bright worlds—have disappeared wholly; others have appeared only to vanish as suddenly from our sight; and others still, while visibly maintaining their existence, vary from time to time alike in brightness and in colour. How far these sidereal changes are actual, and how far they are apparent only, it is impossible to say. But beneath our feet, and in the hills above us, we have proof positive of the grand changes which have taken place in Earth itself. Successive worlds of life, alike vegetable and animal, have bloomed and died on the surface of our planet,—leaving their fossilised remains, in a series of layers in earth's hard crust, for the instruction of Man, and to temper the pride of his own heyday by whispering that he, too, like them, may pass away, while Earth blooms on in undiminished or still increasing beauty.

Consider, too, the changes which have taken place in the structure of Earth's surface. The ancient priesthood of the Nile told Herodotus, greatly to the surprise of the learned and lively Greek, that all that was then Land had once been Water (*i.e.* covered by the sea), and that all that was then Water would in process of time reappear as Land. Modern Science, so far as it goes, justifies that bold statement. Apart from the light which Geology throws upon the long-past convulsions in the surface of Earth, vast changes appear to have been going on, in the distribution of land and sea, even in comparatively recent times. The traditions of Ceylon say that that small but marvellously beautiful island is the last fragment of a great continent, extending southward into the Pacific, which disappeared by successive submergences. And this tradition seems to be corroborated by the essential difference between the fauna and flora of Ceylon and that of India, although only a mile or two of sea now separate those countries. In truth the appearance of some large groups of islands in the Pacific seems to indicate that they are the mere hill-tops of a submerged, and in some parts still sinking, continent; while in the Sandwich Islands the opposite phenomenon is observable. At one time probably Land predominated in the Southern hemisphere, as it now does in the Northern. And may not the old tradition of the Atlantis, an island that once lay westward of the Straits of Gibraltar, be correct, and not a dim and quickly-lost knowledge of the New World subsequently discovered by Columbus?

The Destroying principle is a necessary element in the work of Development—in the progress of Earth, as well as of the Worlds at large. The work of Creation, so to call it—or rather of the Divine Creator—manifestly, even to the limited vision of Man, proceeds by the various processes of Destruction, Re-modelment, and Re-creation. Hence, although—as shown in our new theories in regard to the condition of the Solar system—we hold that an Economy of Force, a Conservation of Existence, is the predominant principle in Creation (the Universe),

do not the less believe in the occasional destruction or disruption of , and cataclysms of worlds whereby they are remodelled as regards organisms developed on their surface, and the forms of Life by ch they are tenanted.

We remember, in student-days, how our Professor of Natural Philo- y, when lecturing on Comets, used to demonstrate that these fiery acing vagrants of the Sky, even if they came into complete contact a planet or other orb, could harm it no more than a passing mist xtremest tenuity. By his account, it could not hurt a fly. It has calculated, he said—and so it has—that the substance of a comet marvellously sparse or tenuous, that if its whole mass were con- ed into solid matter, like Earth's, it would not form one cubic inch. n in those days of ready scholastic belief, a vague underlying dis- t accompanied our assent to his doctrine. Yet we did not doubt the tenuity of Comets was as great as he stated it; and many years wards, on a memorable occasion, we verified the fact to the satis- on of our own senses. We remember as vividly as if it were but erday, that night in October 1858, when the magnificent comet of year—what a sight of splendour it was, spreading its trail of light one-half of the sky!—passed over the star Arcturus. We saw the et's approach, and watched with eager and curious gaze to see what t the transit would have upon the brightness of the distant star. t transit would throw light on the nature of the Comet's substance. e gazed, the transit took place. It cannot be said that the actual eus or head of the comet passed between us and the star; but cer- ly its neck did, close to the nucleus or head. Was the star eclipsed? so: not even dimmed. In fact—although it might be a trick he fancy—the light of the star seemed to gleam brighter during minutes when it shone through the Comet. A puff of steam will ure the sun: and it appeared then as if a body so perfectly trans- nt as the Comet could not consist of any known form of Matter, was a wandering orbed mass of electric fluid (so to call it) existing condition of very low tension—akin to, but less tense than, the ora-borealis. And thus, while verifying for myself the extreme ity of Comets, my early doubt assumed a more definite shape: I said, Are there not highly tenuous forms of Matter which never- ess are potent in their influence? Is not the terrible lightning- as tenuous as Comets; yet who can imagine that if our orb were eloped in an electric mass even of low tension, the effects of such a act would not be far more potent than any which the current theory its as possible to the action of comets?

But it is not to the erratic visits of those bright and tenuous ctres of the Sky that we now desire to call attention, but to the nd cyclical movements of the solid heavenly bodies around us. The dy of Astrology in its old form is now past and gone, as a wholly e and useless science: indeed it is hard to conceive how the human

Worlds, here to-day and vanished to-morrow, it not the le
man's undying soul by revealing to it the sublime grand
scheme of Creation, the work of the Divine Maker with
thousand years are but as one day. Strange to say, it is to a
long-dead nations that we must still look, if we desire to s
quate, or partially adequate, attention paid to the vast astro
chronological periods deducible from the cycles of the heaven

The complete lunar cycle, embracing 18 years and 219 da
end of which the Sun, Moon, and the Moon's node (*i.e.* th
which the Moon crosses the ecliptic) get back to their origin
—was known to the ancient Chaldeans, long before the fir
European civilisation began in the little peninsula of Greece
far as we know, astronomical science attained a still higher
in the land of the Nile than on the banks of the Euphra
ancient Egyptians, with whom Civilisation began earlier and
in a state of unbroken progress longer than in any other natio
ledge being steadily accumulated and safely perpetuated in t
caste of the priesthood for several thousand years,—counte
of immense duration: doing so, however, in quite a different
the dreamy imaginative and comparatively ignorant priesthoo
and chiefly, if not entirely, for the very sensible and practic
of obtaining a perfect system of computing time. The fa
Phœnix—that bird of beautiful plumage which appeared in E
in five centuries, only to die, and to reappear in new life an
was but an ignorant understanding of the Phœnix period,
braced nearly five hundred years. Yet this was but the sub
a still grander period. The unit of time, of correct chro

the star Sirius (called by the Egyptians Sothis, and by us the Dog-star) rose above the horizon exactly at the same moment as the Sun on the morning of the longest day!—which was the first day of their month Thoth, and coincident, as already said, with the first visible rise in the waters of the Nile. A grand cycle truly, completing itself only once in 1461 years. But even this did not suffice for these far-reaching calculators; for, noticing the annual precession of the solstices, they included this element also in their chronological system, by framing a grand Cosmic year of 36,525 solar years, at the end of which period the solstice had come back to its old place, while the Sun and the Dog-star rose together on the morning of that day. Such immense periods —36,000 years!—take away one's breath: but they serve to show with what earnest and laborious zeal the ancient priesthood of Egypt studied the whole movements of the heavens in order to obtain a perfectly true and scientific means of reckoning time. They cared nothing for the short life of man; they looked only at the movements of the enduring worlds. It seems as if they aimed at devising a science for measuring the life of the Earth itself, rather than that of its mortal inhabitants.

Modern astronomy, so successful and diligent in other branches of the science, has hitherto given but little heed to the vast cycles definitely marked by the movements of the heavenly orbs. So far as we know, no calculation has ever been made as to the last time when the planets were all in a row, in a straight line out from the Sun, and likewise in perihelion,—*i.e.* in that part of their orbit where they are nearest to the Sun; nor as to when this critical allignment of the planets in perihelion will recur. Very interesting, too, would it be to obtain data for estimating the flight of the Sun through space—the form of his orbit, the period of his revolution, and the path through the clusters of the fixed stars in which our Solar System is progressing: for unquestionably the condition of our System of worlds will be vastly affected by this onward march through the abysses of Space, according as the Sun carries us into dense masses of the starry orbs, or leads us off into waster regions of the sky than those through which we are now travelling. Moreover, as the Sun's orbit is doubtless elliptical, he must approach and be affected by the Central Sun more at one period than at another. At present we are only beginning to know for certain that the Sun is actually flying through the star-bespangled Space; but in the ever-improving future, we doubt not that Science will be able to determine the actual orbit of the Sun, and the grand Orb around which he revolves. Then we shall be able to foresee by calculation the different surroundings into which our Solar system will be brought in this grand progress through space; and thereby in some degree to forecast the destinies of our planet, and the grand cataclysms which will mark its future career, as they have unquestionably marked its history in the remote past of which Geology alone can tell us the tale.

But, putting aside these far-reaching calculations—these grand cos-

mical cycles,—let us consider the influences to which our Solar system is subject within periods easily calculable, which recur within the term of a single human life, and some of them almost from year to year.

The Solar Spots.

And, first, let us ask, What is the meaning of the Solar Spots—of those visible changes in the vast gaseous envelope of the Sun's orb? Some of those dark "spots" in the bright envelope of the Sun are as large as our own planet; and they evidently indicate a great disturbance. Now, such disturbance, or change in the condition of the Sun, can only be produced by cosmical interaction,—they must be the effects of changes in the ever-varying position and condition of the surrounding orbs. These solar spots are found only in the equatorial region of the Sun,—in other words, in that half of his surface which is most directly exposed to the influence of his satellites the Planets. But not on this ground must it be hastily inferred that these solar disturbances are produced wholly, or even mainly, by planetary action. This same (equatorial) belt or zone of the Sun is exposed to other and infinitely vaster influence. All revolving bodies turn their Equators to the plane of the orb around which they rotate: their Equator, in fact, is nothing else than the portion of their spheres which they *do* turn to the direct action of the primary orb. What is true of the planets in this respect is equally true of the Sun. He, like them, is a revolving orb,—great as he is, the Sun is but a satellite: and his equatorial reign is turned (not only to the Planets, but) to the vast and still unknown Central Orb round which he himself revolves. Now, this Central Orb (vast though its distance be) must unquestionably affect the Sun far more than all the planets put together can do. Hence the chief cause of the Solar spots, of the visible changes in the condition of the Sun, may safely and surely be attributed to influences existing beyond our little system of worlds—and coming from the far-off region of the Fixed Stars.

Nevertheless it is equally true, according to our theory of cosmical interaction, that to some extent the solar spots are dependent also upon the changing position of the Planets. Consider the facts. In the ordinary condition of the Solar system, the Planets may be regarded as spread equally all round the Sun's equatorial belt,—each differing in magnitude and also in distance, but each (at least as regards the larger planets) in a different part of the Ecliptic, and hence acting upon a different part of the sun's equator. In such a case the influence of the planets will (so to speak) fall equally all round his surface. Accordingly, as regards the simple force of Attraction, their respective influences will counteract and tend to neutralise one another,—thereby reducing the Sun's libration, from a perfectly straight course through the heavens, to a minimum. On the other hand, at those distant but recurrent times when all the Planets are alligned on the same side of the sun, and in perihelion, then their attractive forces will be combined,

—they will pull all together against the Sun; and his eccentric movement will then be greater than usual. In fact, in such a position of our Solar system, the amount of interaction between all the component members of it would then be at a maximum.

For the sake of being more easily understood, we have illustrated the case by reference to the principle of Gravitation or Attraction. But Attraction (as shown in previous articles) is, in our view, merely the simplest, the rudimentary, and therefore the most common or universal form of the cosmical power—of cosmical interaction: heat, light, and electric or magnetic excitement, being other forms of the same grand Force. Accordingly, each of the above-mentioned cyclical variations in the positions of the orbs which constitute our Solar system, would doubtless be accompanied by changes in the general condition of our little system of worlds, and must have some influence in producing those disturbances in the gaseous atmosphere of the Sun, of which the Solar Spots are an indication.

The Weather.

Let us now come nearer home. Coming down from the abysses of Space—descending from the contemplation of cosmical interaction in the starry firmament,—let us apply the same principle in elucidation of the varying conditions of our own little Planet. We shall not here attempt to speculate upon the grander changes produceable on Earth by the varying positions of the surrounding orbs—changes which, at long intervals, in the cycles of the worlds, doubtless alter alike the land-surface and the life-power of our planet—producing those territorial *bouleversements*, and also those successive extinctions and developments of animal life, which Geology reveals to us as having actually occurred. Let us consider only that commonplace, everyday, yet puzzling matter—which may be briefly styled the Weather.

The Seasons, the variations of climate which each part of Earth experiences throughout the year, as everyone knows, are produced by the varying position of our planet in the course of each single revolution round the Sun. But these Seasons are by no means uniform in their character from year to year. In no two successive years, indeed, are they perfectly alike; and in some years they vary in character immensely. They vary as regards heat and cold, dryness and wetness; some are remarkable for atmospheric calm, others for high winds and hurricanes; in some, thunderstorms are frequent, in others they are rare; in some years the harvest is unusually good, in others the crops are lamentably deficient. What is more, there are cycles of good and bad years; a series of good harvests is frequently followed by a series of bad ones,—as, for instance, in the case of the seven good years followed by seven years of scarcity, which were foreshadowed by Pharaoh's dream of the lean kine which swallowed up the fat ones. It is conceivable that Joseph's acquaintance with the elaborate astronomical knowledge

and observations of the Egyptian priesthood may have helped him in divining the true meaning of his royal master's dream. Quite recently, it has been discovered, or at least maintained—for the subject is still involved in great doubt—that there is a decennial cycle, during which the character of the Seasons, or the Weather of the whole year, goes through certain variations, as indicated by good and bad harvests; beginning anew and repeating similar variations in each decennial period. And it has been sought to connect this cycle of the Weather with a contemporaneous cycle observed in the varying aspect and condition of the solar orb. Indeed we may say that the starting-point of this theory was the fact that (roughly speaking) there is a cycle of ten years in the observed variations of the "spots" or disturbances on the surface of the sun; and thereafter (by a conjecture founded in reason) an endeavour was made to find corresponding variations in the weather and general atmospheric condition of the Earth. As yet we cannot say that any reliable conclusions have been arrived at; but the idea is a good one, and we trust that it will not be lost sight of.

Although Science has hitherto given little heed to this subject, it may be regarded as certain that all the great deviations of the Seasons from their normal character, such as we have already mentioned,—as well as the abnormal occurrence of earthquakes and volcanic action, and also (we do not hesitate to say) those periods of dreadful Epidemics, spreading over whole continents, sometimes over complete zones of the earth, from China and India to western Europe and America,—are due to extra-terrestrial influences. Of merely local variations of the weather and atmosphere it is needless to speak. They are far too numerous, and due to causes far too local, to be satisfactorily dealt with. A severe winter in Norway causes the snow to lie so deep upon the mountains of that country that it remains unmelted for a much longer period than usual; so that the easterly winds, which prevail throughout the spring and summer in this country, bring to us at such times an unusual amount of cold,—transporting to our Islands the chilling breath of the Norwegian snows. What is more remarkable, a warm summer in Greenland frequently has a cooling effect upon the adjoining lower latitudes: because a warm season in Greenland tends to loosen from the icy shores of that country a number of ice-bergs and ice-floes, which, carried southward by the ocean-currents, diffuse as they melt a chilling influence on the surrounding atmosphere of the Atlantic. There is an endless variety of such purely local influences affecting the Weather, of which we need not speak: although, if we go to their primary causes, and ask why there is a severe winter in Scandinavia, or an unusually warm summer in Greenland, we begin to pass from purely terrestrial questions to others which can only be answered by reference to causes extra-terrestrial. They insensibly merge into the questions pertaining to the general and widespread variations in the condition of the atmosphere of the Earth,—the cycles of good and bad harvests,

periods of earthquakes, volcanic action, epidemics, and the like. What causes those striking vicissitudes? They are not, they cannot be, born solely of the Earth itself. If we could conceive the existence of any body wholly unaffected by any other bodies, that body would continue for ever unchanged and unchangeable. Even so, apart from changes in the surrounding orbs, our planet would remain for ever the same; each season, each month, each day, being exactly like its predecessor in previous years. But Change is the presiding law of the Universe. All the surrounding orbs in Space are ceaselessly changing in position, and also, more or less, in condition: and it is to such changes that all the grander variations on Earth's surface must be attributed. They are the result of cosmical interaction: they are the effects of changes in the nature and extent of the interaction which ceaselessly goes on between our planet and the other members of the Solar system.

All the planets not only alternately approach and recede from the Sun, in widely varying periods, but each of them periodically approaches and recedes from each of its sister orbs,—all the planets at times being together on the same side of the Sun, when they are nearest to one another, and at other times they are spread equally round the Sun, as widely apart as it is possible for them to be. At first sight, this fact seems to offer an explanation of the changes experienced in the condition of Earth's atmosphere and surface: but in reality it does not, save to an extent as yet almost inappreciable. Mercury is so small a planet, and it completes its revolution round the Sun so rapidly compared to Earth (its distance from Earth changing from maximum to minimum every six weeks), that the changes in its position relative to our planet are totally devoid of importance. Venus, an orb almost as large as ours, passes from perigee to apogee in little more than three months: so that, whatever may be the variations of its action upon Earth, they follow so quickly that it is difficult to discriminate them. It is only when we come to the grand planets lying far exterior to Earth's orbit, and whose perigee and apogee occur at long intervals, that any reliable estimate can be made of the effect produced by their alternate nearness and distance from our planet. But as yet no appreciable results have been obtained from these variations. We have drawn up a series of diagrams, showing the varying positions of all the planets during the last twelve years (a period equal to one complete revolution of Jupiter round the Sun), giving those positions at intervals of three months—namely, at midwinter, midsummer, and at the intervening equinoxes,—yet we have been unable, with certainty, to connect these variations in the position of the planets with any corresponding changes in the Weather, or atmospheric condition of the Earth. Nor indeed are the data for such an investigation available. We know with precision the astronomical data, but who as yet can give the terrestrial data—in other words, a correct statement of the variations of the weather, &c. over the surface of our planet? It is only

truth to say, that there is hardly a country in the world where, by reference to recorded observations, we can ascertain what was the real character of the Weather (using the term in its widest sense) at any given time. And as to the Weather all over the earth at any one time, the attempt to ascertain it, in the present state of meteorological statistics, is absolutely hopeless. Hence it by no means follows that the variations in the positions of the other planets relatively to Earth have no influence upon the Weather, &c. of our planet merely because as yet we have not been able to ascertain it. Not until we get the terrestrial data requisite for the solution of the question, can the answer be given in a satisfactory and scientific manner.

But whatever be the influence exercised upon the Earth by the varying positions of the Planets, it is unquestionable that a very important effect is produced upon our orb by the changes in the position of our satellite the Moon. That tiny orb, a mere speck compared with the larger planets, nevertheless by its nearness exerts an influence upon Earth far greater than that produced by all the planets collectively. In old times it was never doubted that the Moon greatly affected the superficial condition of our planet,—not only as regards the weather, but also by more subtle forms of action. The words "lunatic" and "moonstruck" still exist to show this old belief,—indicating the real or supposed effect of the Moon's action upon the cerebral or nervous organs of man. And in many of the old, indeed still prevalent, weather-proverbs, the belief in the influence of the Moon upon the atmospheric condition of our planet is abundantly shown. In recent times, Science has strongly combated this old belief: and some years ago, it was authoritatively declared, as the verdict of Science, that the Moon had no effect upon the weather at all. Now, even judging *à priori*, yet upon purely scientific grounds, this verdict of the *savants* might have safely been pronounced a mistake. Since the Moon powerfully affects the ocean, the vast expanse of water which covers the larger part of Earth's surface, producing the striking phenomenon of the Tides, can it be doubted that lunar action does not equally, nay to a much greater extent, affect the still more mobile ocean of air (the Atmosphere) which covers the whole surface of our planet? And if the Moon produces tides and currents in the atmosphere, must it not to an important degree affect the Weather, which is so largely dependent upon the currents, movements, and disturbances in the atmosphere?

In truth, although the recent dictum of Science ignoring the old belief, and denying that the Moon has any influence upon the Weather, has not yet been formally revoked, it is easy to see that *savants* begin to falter in their doctrine. And well they may. A whole host of facts are arrayed against them. Professor Palmieri, who has so closely studied the varying phenomena of Vesuvius, declares that there is a perceptible relation between the phases of the Moon and the developments of volcanic action. Anyone, too, who has lived in the

Mediterranean, may have noticed how care-
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other ills) which attend the
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the Sun, as already stated, are almost entirely
oved from our scrutiny,—to variations in the in-
receives from the distant region of the Fixed Stars,
mainly from the grand Central Sun around which he
ves. To us denizens of Earth, such variations are shrouded
rable obscurity. Hence the problem of the Weather (using
n in its widest sense, embracing not only abnormal seasons, bu
epidemics, earthquakes, volcanic action, &c.) is really insoluble.
l those great changes in the condition of our planet must be due to extra-terrestrial influence: and, speaking roundly, we may confidently affirm that they are due to the varying positions, and therefore conditions, of the orbs which surround us. In so far as the Moon and Planets affect our Weather, the results of such action (if once ascertained) could be certainly foreseen and predicted; because the movements of those orbs are known to us. But no one can tell, much less foretell, the causes of change in the condition of the Sun produced by that far grander Sun around which he moves as a tiny satellite. Nevertheless, it is not only possible, but probable, that the aspect of his surface, the "solar spots," &c., may indicate with approximate correctness the amount of change or disturbance in his normal condition produced by those far-off and inscrutable influences. And hence it is well worthy of Science to supplement the laborious work of Mr. Carrington by not only carefully noting the ever-varying aspect of the solar orb, but also by investigating how far these solar phenomena can be connected with the grander variations in the superficial condition of our planet, as regards the character of the seasons, wind-storms, earthquakes, and volcanic action,—by an observation of the phenomena not merely in our own country or in Europe, but generally throughout the world.

R. H. PATTERSON.

THE HONEYMOONS

An Autumn Adventure

BY SIDNEY L. BLANCHARD

I.

Is it better to look more foolish than you are, or to be more foolish than you look? I have often heard the question asked, and have always been of the former opinion. And in this I have been especially confirmed by a certain experience at Boulogne-sur-Mer. I was very young at the time, and innocence was depicted on my countenance—not scribbled in pencil, but written in indelible ink, which the ways of the world have never erased. I have reason to believe that I was considered next door to an idiot in consequence, and believed to be on the best of terms with my neighbour. Nevertheless I have always cherished the weakness as a powerful weapon, and I know that it did me good service upon the occasion in question.

My cottage by the sea consisted of an apartment at an hotel, with the use of the *table-d'hôte* for such refreshments as cannot be supplied by blankets and bolsters. I was thus open to the acquaintance of all the world, and the second day of my sojourn found me swearing eternal friendship with some of the most charming people I had ever met. The Honeymoons were not difficult people to know. Their forte was frankness. They consisted of papa, mamma, and two daughters. Papa had a kind of "you-and-I" manner, and a style of address which, whether illustrated in that manner or not, always gave you the idea of a slap on the back. He had retired from something or other—I scarcely knew what at the time—and in personal appearance resembled a major of the old school, such as one seldom sees in these latter days except on the stage. He was bluff, and not only seemed a good fellow at bottom, but had the more practical advantage of being a good fellow at top. Mamma was more studiously pleasant in her manner, and with no approach to bluffness. Indeed, she made such pretty little ingratiating grimaces when she met you, and became so playful upon the smallest provocation, that ill-natured persons might have accused her of affectation. She was a few years younger than her husband, being probably not more than forty, if ladies ever reach such an age at all.

They were both very nice persons, as you see; but it is doubtful if I should ever have found myself an *ami* of their temporary *maison*—that is to say, their private apartments—but for their daughters;

and when I say daughters, I mean one daughter in particular. Their names respectively were Rose and Blanche. I never knew a Rose in a family without a Blanche to follow. Rose was the elder. They were particularly unlike in personal appearance, as well as in other things. If Rose's hair was of the agreeable carrot-colour then in the height of its popularity, the locks of Blanche had the advantage of a chestnut hue which can never go out of fashion. If Rose was *coffee* after the manner of the beauties of the court of Charles II., chastened by that of the beauties of the court of Louis XV., Blanche had a style of her own which needed no models. If there was a fluttering fascination about one sister, there was something about the other more pleasantly to the point. If—but I need not go through a catalogue. The difference between the two girls may be summed up in the fact that while the one was very likely to take you by storm, the other was almost certain to undermine you. And I need scarcely say which is the more dangerous aggression of the two.

My preference was made from the first, and marked, I fear, in too conspicuous a manner, not only in private but in public society. The latter was of course supplied by the Etablissement des Bains de Mer. Very great persons do not go there habitually, but the Honeymoons did not mind. Mamma used to say in her favourite tone of lofty condescension, "O, it doesn't matter; nobody knows us *here*." And this was very true, though I am not inclined to think that in the other event any great catastrophe would have occurred. My favourite partner at the balls was Blanche; and when I say that Blanche was my favourite partner, I mean that I never danced with anybody else. Only once I gave Rose a waltz out of pique, Blanche having given herself up to a ridiculous *sous-officier*, with only half a pair of epaulettes and brains to match, before I could assert my usual claim.

All this looked very much like being in love, you will say. But I really had no definite idea on the subject, and if asked my intentions at the time, should scarcely have known how to answer. The major too (if he was not a major he ought to have been made one, as a living peer is said to have been created on account of his looks) never evinced any miserable curiosity on the subject, but gave me every opportunity of enjoying the society of the girls; and it cannot be denied that our intimate companionship, thus encouraged, drifted fast in the usual direction.

And very pleasant drifting it is, too, when you are quite unconscious of the port to which you are making, and, with no idea of your destination, can enjoy every inch of the journey. But my dream of bliss was destined to be broken in a rather abrupt manner.

II.

We had all returned one evening from the *Etablissement*, where dancing had been kept up until the late hour of half-past eleven o'clock.

I declined an invitation to give the Honeymoons another half-hour of my society, thinking that they might possibly have had enough of it already; and Blanche, poor thing, looked decidedly sleepy. So we all went at once to our rooms. But I was not quite ready for rest; so, throwing open my *jalousies*, I stepped upon the balcony which looked over the port, now lit by a full moon. I then did what most men would do under the circumstances—lit up a cigar.

I daresay I was half-an-hour or so thus engaged, for during the reverie into which I fell a large-sized regalia was burnt half-way to the end, and the accumulated ash dropped upon the rail against which I leant; when I became conscious of a tapping at my chamber-door. "'Tis some visitor," I muttered; but, remembering the lateness of the hour, I concluded that the applicant was only some scamp of an Englishman who had forgotten his room, and was knocking anywhere on speculation. Satisfying myself with the belief that it was only this and nothing more, I was about to resume my reverie and my regalia, when the tapping was renewed.

I have already assured you that I am not so foolish as I look, so you will, I hope, believe me when I add that I am not a nervous man. That a curious vibration, suggestive of trembling, ran through me, I am free to confess; but remember, I was in a balcony, and the night-air was chill. I had even doubts about opening the door—a natural response to a knock in the daytime, but not so much a matter of course in the middle of the night, when one is alone, with a solitary taper, and so forth. But before I could quite make up my mind, the door opened, apparently by itself, but I have reason to believe impelled by somebody on the other side; for there immediately appeared a figure clothed in white, shrouded even to the face, which was almost hidden in drapery. It was a female figure, or at least gave you the idea of being such. The air must have been colder about this time, for I felt the vibration already alluded to stronger than before. I was about to exclaim, "Whence come you?" or to make some equally-natural address under such conditions, when the appearance itself spoke, saying: "Julius, follow me!" It then turned back towards the corridor, and I daresay I should have locked it out and myself in very effectively, but I knew the voice.

It was one of the Honeymoon girls—I could not say which, for voices run so in families—so I had no hesitation in obeying the behest. Approaching nearer, I recognised the dress she wore. It was a white opera-cloak, which I must frequently have seen before, for the two sisters were usually equipped in such a garment when out for the evening. But the hood being up, the identity of the wearer was not apparent.

However, we went into the corridor together, and I carefully closed the door of my room behind me. There was fortunately a window at one end of the gallery, through which the moonlight was streaming, so

that we were quite independent of my lamp, which I had neglected to bring with me. The lady spoke first, as ladies usually do.

"You must not think ill of me for visiting you in your room," she said hurriedly. "I knew you were up"—this was said with a pretty little air of confusion—"for my sister and I saw you from our window, smoking your cigar on the balcony; and as I have no secrets from her, I ventured, after a great deal of hesitation, to come down and see you. I have so little opportunity of telling you what I have to tell"—I thought this strange, as we were so continually together—"that I must make the best use of what time I can find."

An uneasy suspicion now crossed my mind. I said:

"But why do you hide your face from me, as if you were concealing yourself from a stranger?"

She answered by throwing back her hood, and looking into my face with a loving glance which made me start back in affright.

It was the wrong sister!

As she stood there, with her impetuous bearing and animated eyes, the ornaments of festivity in her hair, and her decidedly-becoming costume, I might have felt that she was a being to admire; but loving, that was quite a different matter. A lady must have very red hair, wreathe it with very bright jewels, and get up very early in the morning besides, before she can hope to capture a heart given to another.

Fortunately I did not betray my astonishment in words, or I would not venture to say what the consequences might have been, beginning probably with the burning down of the hotel. One reason, perhaps, for my prudence was that words would not come. At any rate, I let her run on.

"Although our tongues have been silent, Julius," she said, "my eyes must have long since spoken to you as yours have to mine. Your studious attention to poor Blanche, painful as it may have been to me at times, has afforded me in my reasonable moments the greatest satisfaction. It has given me the strongest assurance of your strength of character, as evinced in your constancy and power of self-denial. Who but myself, among each giddy throng, could have guessed the noble self-devotion which animated you in averting the suspicion of the world from the secret of our souls; or, in other words, which impelled you always to dance with Blanche, in order to prevent people from observing our attachment?"

This was a discovery indeed. But what could I do? I was alone with her, and defenceless. I could only mutter a few words, which must have sounded very like acquiescence, for she went on.

"I come, then, not to reproach, but to explain. I am not offended with you, as you may suppose. I understand the signs by which you reciprocate my affection. So I say, go on as you are going" (that was pleasant, at any rate), "*for it* will disarm suspicion, which is the more

necessary, as papa and mamma declare that they will never consent to the match."

This seemed a comfortable way out of the difficulty, and I took advantage of it with my usual dexterity. I assured her that the state of things was most painful to me, but that I would bear up as well as I could, and wait for those contingent days of happiness when I trusted that every obstacle to our union might be removed.

I saw at once that her proud spirit was broken. She threw her arms round me, and wept upon my shoulder. The situation was embarrassing; and I never felt myself a greater impostor in my life than when I mustered up courage to give her a salute in return, telling her, however, at the same time, that she must retire to her room, unless she wished to compromise herself with the *garçon*, who would soon come to collect the boots. The practical picture which I suggested recalled her to herself. Snatching a ring from my finger, and pressing upon mine another in return, she rushed from my—or I should rather say *her*—embrace. The next instant her light foot was heard upon the staircase, and I was alone in the corridor—an engaged man.

III.

The meeting next day was embarrassing enough—at least, to me. Nobody besides seemed a bit disconcerted. The major and mamma were as usual. Not a word, not a sign, indicated the suspicion of a change from the easy *bonhomie* in the one case, or the laboured playfulness in the other. Blanche was frank and beaming as ever. Was she in her sister's secret? I could not believe it. Rose was outwardly the same; but she perplexed me awfully by the expression which she threw into her glances. And she had a talent for expression which I fancy nobody knew better than herself.

I managed for two or three days, however, to conduct myself as before in our little excursions and festive gatherings, continuing to appropriate one of the girls, and to receive glances of love from the other. These I occasionally returned; but in a manner which would, I suspect, have made any person with a respectable sense of the ludicrous simply laugh. It struck me, by the way, as somewhat remarkable, that the major, notwithstanding his insuperable objections to a marriage between myself and Rose, never made the smallest objection to my marked attentions to Blanche, but seemed to take them as a matter of course; and in this liberal view of the case he was apparently joined by his wife. You may guess, therefore, that Blanche being willing—though it must be said not very demonstrative, for there was nothing of the leading-up-to-a-declaration manner about her, even when we were alone—I found the temptation to go on as I was going, and let things take their course, too strong to be resisted; though I could not conceal from myself the fact that the more attention I paid to the one sister, the more I was compromising myself with the other.

When things come to the worst they begin to mend. I felt myself rapidly arriving at the first stage, which is always the easier of the two, for the "good time coming" has a way of being a good time before it comes. Another month was passed in the same manner; the season was drawing to a close; and I felt that a settlement of some kind must be come to before we all went away. How I should have emerged from my masterly inactivity policy I do not pretend to say, had not Rose brought matters to a crisis by grasping the nettle in a very determined way.

IV.

It was evening. I was alone on the sands. The sun was sinking in its usual manner, and my heart was bearing it company in *its* usual manner also, when I saw descending the steps by which the pier is approached at low water a female figure whose identity there was no mistaking. She alighted in safety, and bent her steps in my direction. It was Rose, of course. Blanche never ran after me. I only wished she would. I saw as she approached that she had come to make a communication. Business was unusually blended with affection in the expression of her face.

"My dear Rose," I murmured, "you here alone—"

She interrupted me hurriedly. "Yes, I saw no other opportunity to tell you what has happened, and I saw you from the pier, where I was waiting for my papa and mamma. He—my papa—is more than ever angry at what he knows to be your intentions towards me, and declares that to put an end to the possibility of us cheating him, he will leave for London the day after to-morrow, and take *all* of us with him!"

I felt considerably relieved by this announcement, though the idea of seeing no more of Blanche brought with it something like a pang.

"Yes," I said musingly, "it is very unfortunate; what is to be done? I suppose we must make up our minds to bear the trial with patience."

"Bear the trial with patience, indeed! that can never be. No, I have a better plan than that—we must elope. My father fixed the day after to-morrow. We must be in London a day before him. I am of age. There will be no difficulty about getting a special license. I have friends whom my father knows nothing about, with whom we could both stay—who would do the proper, you know," she added with a charming blush, "until the necessary time has elapsed. And when once we are married and it can't be helped, my family will forgive us as a matter of course."

Had there been a shadow of difficulty in the way, I should have had hope; but there was something horrible in the entire practicability of the proceeding. I clung to a straw.

"Yes, yes, of course we can do that; but suppose—suppose they stop us, and bring us back?"

My heart lightened at the idea, and I could feel that my eyes did

There was Roman majesty in the manner of her response.

"Are we to be awed by a possibility such as that? What is our love made of if it will not make us dare all?"

I felt ashamed at the imputation upon my courage, which indeed was not deserved; for had it been with Blanche instead of Rose, I would have gone like a shot from a rifled gun with all the latest improvements. But Blanche had never told me that she loved me, and I was tired of hearing of my happiness from Rose. A sudden idea seized me—a simple but masterly policy suggested itself.

"Of course we will dare anything; but before we take this extreme course I will speak to your father. I will see him to-night, and—and—perhaps I can induce him to overcome his scruples, whatever they may be."

I was not afraid of the major, nor of any man, but I trembled as I thought of the extent to which I was committing myself. She met my proposition with an expression of horror, and seizing my arm, exclaimed in agitated tones:

"As you love me, do nothing of the kind! You know not the man you have to deal with. When roused he is desperate. Cool and pleasant as is his manner, reasonable as he is upon general subjects, he is like a tiger when any man makes pretensions to the hand of either Blanche or myself; for he thinks nobody good enough for us."

The latter words were said with modest reluctance, and ought to have extracted some sweet rejoinder on my part. But it did not. My ideas were bent upon business. I could do nothing, however, but faintly urge the expediency of the course that I had proposed, and, fairly beaten in argument, at last gave up the point. If I was afraid of anybody I was afraid of Rose. I could have sustained a pitched battle with the father; I surrendered to the daughter after a mere skirmish. In short, the only position I was capable of defending being thus abandoned, I had no choice but to capitulate altogether; so, after a little more persuasion of a kind which is a very good imitation of force, I agreed to the elopement arrangement, with a vague hope of something happening to prevent it.

So determined was Rose upon running away, that I found she had already taken two places in the Folkestone boat, which started at eight o'clock next morning; so that, adopting the precaution of getting her boxes conveyed on board the evening before, she could, under the pretence of going out to bathe, manage to get off before being missed. What can the mere will of man do against such feminine resources as these?

V.

The meeting with Rose almost put out of my head an engagement which I had made that morning to dine with an old acquaintance, who was passing through the place *en route* for Paris. I remembered it just [illegible] and made for his hotel at once. There was no occasion to

dress, as it was only a *table-d'hôte* dinner. There could not be a better man than Markwell, it suddenly occurred to me, to help me out of the difficulty. Markwell was a man of the world. He was still young—thirty, or thereabouts—but he had the experience of a patriarch in ways of life to which I was a stranger. He had served since the age of eighteen in a regiment of foot, from which he had just retired with the rank of captain, and in the course of the changes and chances of his profession had graduated in knowledge of men and things, and might have taken honours in many kinds of learning incidental to this sort of experience. As luck would have it, he knew the Honeymoons, and told me more about them than I had ever known before. "The major," it seems, had never been in the army, but had held a post in the Ordnance, which gave him considerable knowledge of the service, and he was as well known at Malta as the Strada Reale. He had made a great deal of money in the course of his career, not out of his pay, but from commissions of all kinds which he executed for his military connections. He was always buying something, and had always something to sell. Nothing came amiss to him, from a horse to a walking-stick, and it was whispered—nay, it was almost proclaimed from the house-tops—that he did a great deal in the way of "accommodation" of a pecuniary kind. He had two great objects in life—one was to make money, and the other was to marry his daughters. In the latter he had hitherto been unsuccessful, notwithstanding the utmost determination and perseverance. There had been a great many nibbles, but never a decided bite. There had been "offers," indeed, but the men whom he knew best, and who thought it worth while to visit at his house, were not, as a general rule, good matrimonial speculations. They were mostly in debt, and there was a tendency among them to sell their commissions, if not to get cashiered. Occasionally a susceptible ensign of a better class would be keen at the bait, but he was never safely landed, as I have said. Why in this state of desperation he should object to me was more than I could say. It was decidedly mysterious, and even Markwell could not make it out.

My friend, however, hit upon a notable way of getting me out of the difficulty. We discussed it well over our cigars; and after a great deal of reluctance I consented to carry it out. I returned home in a very nervous condition, knowing what was before me, but in better spirits than when I had sat down to dinner; for I had hope.

VI.

The next morning arrived with the usual punctuality of next mornings, and the course of true love (by courtesy so called) promised to run remarkably smooth. Of course I was a couple of hours or so too soon for my appointment; for a man does not elope every day, and the idea of doing so makes him restless and fluttery. Rose tempered her im-

patience with discretion. She was only half-an-hour too soon. We met on the deck of the steamer, and a most embarrassing meeting it was. Rose was radiant, but agitated, and hoped that she might not be carried away by her feelings; for my part, I should have been much obliged to her feelings for doing me such a service. Still, she did not forget business considerations, and was particularly anxious to make certain that I had not forgotten my baggage, which you may be sure I had not, for I had no immediate intention of returning to Boulogne.

I was always fond of the sea, but never regarded it with so much affection as I did that morning, for it was very rough, and by consigning Rose in a helpless state of prostration to the ladies' cabin, relieved me of a great deal of embarrassment during the journey. My soul is not in the habit of sickening o'er the heaving wave; but were such its weakness, I would willingly have braved the worst rather than have endured the pleasantest possible passage under the condition of billing and cooing with that determined young lady.

When we arrived at Folkestone our baggage—booked through, of course—was taken to the railway-station, and I, with the object of my alleged affections, now wonderfully recovered, and full of playful little ways, prepared to follow it. It is a mere step to the train; but we had barely reached the platform, when there came a catastrophe for which I was not unprepared. One of the railway policemen approached me, and putting his hand upon my shoulder said, "Sorry to interfere, but orders by submarine telegraph to detain you until party arrives to make a charge."

Rose did not faint, but relieved her feelings with a burst of indignation which could scarcely have been expected from her affectionate nature. For my part, I had the greatest difficulty in concealing my satisfaction, and protested in such an equivocal way against the proceeding as to draw from the lady a withering taunt on the ground of being mean-spirited, and not having the courage of a man. I bore her out, however, in her assertion that I was the wrong person, but without effect; for the description given by Markwell (need I say that it was Markwell?) agreed exactly with my appearance, and there was no doubt in the eyes of authority of my identity with a fraudulent cashier of an English bank, in search of whom the London detectives were at that time on a visit to Paris. Of course the honesty which I have already mentioned as inscribed upon my countenance was to the police-mind an additional ground of suspicion. It is a maxim, I believe, in the profession that the man they "want" is always the least likely, as far as appearance is concerned, of any number in a crowd, to have committed the offence. I could not help thinking, by the way, that it is very easy to arrest people upon false charges by electric telegraph; and such is indeed the fact.

Well, they kept me at the railway-station, which was a bore to be sure: but I was treated with all the distinction due to a wholesale

embezzler, and the hardship was not very great. I was relieved from one annoyance: Rose was not allowed to remain with me. They had nothing to do with the lady, they said, who was free to go where she pleased. Her disinterested desire to share my captivity was therefore disappointed, and her sorrow had to find consolation at the hotel. I must confess that I felt a sentiment of pity at this point, for I had no unfriendly feeling towards her. But a man is not bound to marry a lady merely to oblige her, and self-preservation is the first law of nature.

VII.

The night-boat brought matters to a crisis,—that is to say, it brought over Markwell, accompanied, as I expected, by Honeymoon. My friend, as we arranged beforehand, had gone to the major and told him what he had done, in the interest of the family, to stop the runaway pair; and that gentleman, as we expected, lost no time in appearing upon the scene. His object, as he told Markwell, was to take back his daughter from the heartless monster who had betrayed the confidence of friendship, and robbed him of the hope of his house. Markwell confessed afterwards that he was puzzled at this expressed determination, but accepted the position, as in consistency bound. The major, however, was too much for us,—I admit it in all humility. He had changed his mind during the passage, and so far from taking back his daughter, determined to leave her with me. After the way in which I had compromised her, said the outraged parent, there was but one atonement on my part; and on condition that I married her at once, he was ready to forget and forgive.

Markwell roared with laughter—it was a little too bad—when he heard this gracious announcement, revealing the nature of the plot of which I had been the victim. For it then became apparent, as was afterwards proved, that Rose's mysterious course of action had been dictated from the first by the family, and was intended, in the last resort, to bring matters to their present issue.

I was fairly at bay, but made a last effort to escape upon pleasant terms. Markwell, having explained to the police that he had lighted upon the wrong man, released me from my state of durance, without much fear of the action for false imprisonment which he was assured that I had a right to bring. He then took me apart as a free agent, and consulted upon the future course of action. *My* course was already decided. I would appease the major's wrath by marrying Blanche instead of her sister. Nothing could be more agreeable to my feelings, and Markwell decided that it was the best thing to be done. He was a little ashamed—a great deal more than myself—at the manner in which he had been outwitted, and was glad of a compromise of any kind. So we went to the major, who had retired, to await the result of his ultimatum, into the refreshment-room, and communicated our determination. *But this was the* occasion only for another disappoint-

ment. Blanche was already married. An ensign had put the seal upon his infatuation before leaving Malta, but family fears on his part had counselled concealment, and the match was not yet proclaimed. Hence the plot to transfer me to the sister, which had met with such signal success.

I should have married Rose out of hand but for Markwell. He made a great demonstration on my behalf, and defied the major to force me into the other alliance. So under cover of our joint protests we got safely to London. But we had not yet heard the last of the Honeymoons. I had not been a fortnight in town when I received notice of an action for breach of promise of marriage, to be tried at Westminster in the ensuing November. This meant business, and as the verdict would certainly have gone against me, I had to compromise for a good round sum. It was hard to pay five hundred pounds for my autumn adventure, but it was preferable to paying fifteen hundred and costs—the major's idea of the loss which his daughter had sustained being considerably assisted by his imagination. In this resolve at least I showed my cleverness, and Markwell agreed with me that it was a master-stroke of policy not to go into court. But I must confess that I was not pleased upon personal grounds. The pain of being deceived by Rose I could bear, but it was hard to believe that Blanche had connived at the deception, and I sincerely trust that she is happy by this time with her ensign. As for Rose, she eventually married an impecunious paymaster, who lost his commission, published pamphlets about his case, promoted public companies, founded associations for ameliorating most people's condition but his own, and ultimately retired to Australia, leaving his wife with no other resource—why is that always a last resource?—but to set up a school. When last I saw her she was at Southsea, walking in the rear, with her assistant, of some five-and-twenty pupils, whom I sincerely trust she is bringing up in the way they should go.

For myself, I have not lost my old belief that I am less of a fool than I look. But somehow when I go over to France I choose the route *viâ* Calais rather than that *viâ* Boulogne.

BELGRAVIA

JUNE 1869

MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY

AUTHOR OF "PAUL MASSIE," "THE WATERDALE NEIGHBOURS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII. RIVALRY.

OUR season was drawing fast to a close—the first season during which Christina and I had sung together—the season of fruition! I had some continental engagements during the winter; she intended to take absolute rest, for she had been apparently in uncertain and even delicate health for some time back, and her voice had occasionally failed her. Just at the close of the season, she brought on herself, by want of caution, rather a severe attack of chest or throat complaint, as shall be presently told.

Her husband had left London, disappointed but not dispirited. He was in Paris, striving to teach diplomatists and statesmen there the necessity of doing just what was afterwards done; that is to say, boldly and in the field taking up the cause of Italy against Austria. As yet his efforts did not promise much success, and of England he had no longer any hope.

On the very day after the Willis's-Rooms lecture at which I was present, Christina was attacked by a sort of nervous weakness and cold, and her place was vacant for a week. Mdlle. Finola made her hay while the sun shone, and came out prominently. Crowded houses and animated audiences greeted her, and she began to walk the stage with an air of conquering rivalry in the very rustle of her petticoats. Critiques were written, proclaiming her the mistress of a new style, the leader of a new lyrical school. She took all the praises with a quiet *nonchalance*, as if they were nothing but the homage properly due to genius. To crown the whole, she undertook some of Christina's own favourite parts, and produced a curious half-pathetic half-comic *mélange*, which it was not possible to think uninteresting, kept people's eyes and ears quite open, puzzled many intelligent and appreciative listeners, and was hailed with positive enthusiasm by the general public.

I had to sing with Mdlle. Finola in most of her parts; and at first I put on a kind of high-art indifference towards the whole affair. Indeed, I did not care to sing with any woman but Christina, and I looked upon little Finola as a mere musical stop-gap. But her triumph fairly startled me; and the evident dissatisfaction of some of the audience at my own careless performance, together with some sharp reprimands from the fair singer herself, piqued and roused me at last into animation. I determined to enter into the spirit of the thing, and play my part in the admirable fooling. I sang and acted my very best, reproached my white-robed Amina (whose stage night-dress was a masterpiece of elaborate millinery such as no princess ever went to bed in) with all the tones of despair and jealous madness; clasped my plump and tightly-laced Leonora, and sighed out to the uttermost my passionate farewell. I was graciously permitted by my conquering heroine to share the honours of her triumph; I led her forth; I seized as many of her bouquets as two hands could grasp; I held back the curtain that she might squeeze her ample skirts through—she wore crinoline even when Amina in the bedroom—I attended her to her brougham, and was admitted to a gracious degree of her patronage and favour.

"I don't think the world misses Madame Reichstein so much," she remarked to me one evening.

"I don't think it does," I added, with a bitter conviction that it was only too true.

"You see," she went on complacently, and with a quite judicial calmness and self-satisfaction; "it wearies soon, that grand lyricism of the old school. The world will have vivacity and *esprit*. One must suit the public; but one must have tact to do it. For me, I never admired Madame Reichstein; and I know she always detested me."

"Indeed you do her wrong; I have always heard her speak very well of you."

"Possible; but that was before she thought I could be a rival. One does not like a rival, especially when one is not very young. She will soon be quite passée, I think. How old is she?"

"I really don't know," I replied rather coldly.

"Truly? I thought you knew her whole history. She cannot be much less than forty."

"O yes, certainly, very much less than forty; not more than thirty, perhaps."

"Then you do know something of her? I always heard that you did. Yes, I heard that you were in love with her ever so long ago—before I was born, perhaps—and that she married somebody else, who was killed, or died, or ran away; and lately I heard that you had [illegible] your old quarrel, and were going to marry her; but I did [illegible]lieve that."

It was all hideously annoying; and nothing but the sense I had [illegible] would induce me to a dispute with such a girl, who,

after all, talked no worse than most women will do of rivals, prevented me from giving some sort of distinct expression to my feelings.

Mdlle. Finola read my face and laughed.

"*Allons!*" she said, "you are angry with me because I mock myself of your old love. I believe she is more jealous of me now than ever."

"Come now, mademoiselle, don't be foolish. You are not ill-natured, I know, and you ought not to talk spiteful nonsense of that sort."

"Perhaps. But when a woman has carried a high head over one for a long time, it is a grand provocation to be spiteful. Without doubt, she has said as much or more of me since these last few days; but I will say not one word more if you are hurt; and don't quarrel with me, for I meant no harm; and if I had known it would touch you, I never would have said a word against her—*du moins* in your presence."

That night we were singing together in the *Trovatore*, which used to be such a favourite then; and the audience were even more than usually delighted with the astonishing little Leonora. After one of her thrilling passages (which reminded me of a canary-bird in love), the beautiful Leonora passing me quickly said, with a beam of self-satisfaction twinkling in her bright eyes, "*She* is in the house."

I had no need to ask whom she meant. I saw Christina in a box. She was very pale, and looked worse than I should have expected.

I called to see her next day, and ventured to reproach her for coming out at night so soon; but she made no answer on that subject.

"You sang very well last night," she said; "with more soul than you generally throw into your parts."

"Did I really? I was afraid I was getting through in a blank and careless kind of way. What did you think of Leonora?"

I asked the question with some doubt, unwilling to ask it, but not seeing how to avoid it. I expected some sarcastic or contemptuous answer, or some transparent affectation of admiration.

"I was both surprised and pleased with her," Christina answered with perfect composure and apparent earnestness. "There is something quite new and fresh about her style, which makes her very interesting. I never thought she had so much originality. She quite inspired *you*."

"Did she? I am glad to be inspired by anybody, or in any way."

"You don't sing so well with me. Why?"

"Perhaps because I strive to do my best too anxiously. Besides, your genius rebukes me, Christina; that is the truth. You are too true an artist for me; I don't care about little Finola."

"People say you do, in another sense."

"Do you believe them?"

"No, Emanuel, not I.—What do you think of Mr. Lyndon's daughter?"

She looked at me fixedly while she put this utterly inappropriate question.

"She is a beautiful girl, and I should think she must have a beautiful nature. How came such a father to have such a daughter?"

"You dislike Mr. Lyndon, and cannot judge of him. Now *I* don't dislike Lilla."

"No; why should you?"

"Some women one could dislike, others one could not. I could not dislike your little friend Finola; I should as soon think of disliking a clever linnet. No matter; let us pass all that. You must sing your very best with me on Monday."

"Next Monday? You surely don't mean to sing next Monday?"

"Indeed I do."

"Is that not rashness?"

"Very likely. I mean to do it, though."

"Pray, Christina, don't attempt it. Do let me advise you—"

"My dear friend, I never take advice. My voice is quite restored, and I mean to sing on Monday. Do you think I am going to allow the season to close with your little friend in full possession?"

"You don't fear rivalry. Your place is always yours to resume when you will."

"Still, you don't know what woman's vanity is, if you think I could be content to endure a six months' exile from London with the knowledge that I had left your fascinating friend in possession of the field. No; I must win a battle before I go. Besides, I want to sing with you again; I want to be certain whether you cannot sing as well with me as with her."

While we were speaking, there was heard a trampling of horses in the street below; and in a moment a card was brought to Christina. When she looked at it, she glanced at me suddenly, and with a sort of flush in her face, as if I were somehow concerned in the matter.

"No, I can't see her," she said to her German companion. "Yet, stay; it's very kind of her. Yes; show her into the other room, Meta."

I rose to go.

"One moment, Emanuel; oblige me by remaining one moment. I wish it particularly."

I remained; standing up, however.

Presently I heard the rustle of skirts up the stairs and in the next room.

"Now, Emanuel," said Christina, with an odd and embarrassed kind of half-smile, "you are free to go. No; you need not advise or remonstrate; it would be useless. I mean to resume my place on Monday, and dethrone your little friend, or perish in the attempt."

She laughed a somewhat forced and flickering laugh, and I left.

Who was her mysterious visitor, whom I was not to pass on the stairs even; for that was clearly the reason why Christina had detained me? Well, there could not be much mystery on the part of the visitor. *As I came into* Jermyn-street I saw a mounted groom leading a lady's

horse up and down before the door. I knew the man's face perfectly well; he was one of Mr. Lyndon's servants. The visitor was evidently Lilla Lyndon.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A DEFEAT.

CHRISTINA carried out her resolve, and sang the following Monday night in one of the parts to which Mademoiselle Finola had given a new reading. When she came on the stage she looked weak, I thought, and nervous. I could not see her without deep and genuine emotion. I could not but think of our early acquaintance and our early love; of the promises we had made to each other of a happiness never given us to enjoy; of the bright assurance of success which always sustained her, and of the success she had won, and the slender joy it seemed to have brought her. I felt the keenest sense of delight when I heard the enthusiastic welcome she received from the house, and saw her eyes sparkle with triumph; and yet I could not help pitying her, because she loved so much a triumph like that.

She sang exquisitely in the first act,—not, indeed, with all her wonted strength, as my quick and watchful ear soon discovered, but with all the soul of feeling and the perfection of articulation which belonged specially to her. Her rival's performance must have seemed, in the mind of any cultivated listener, a poor and tricky piece of artificiality when compared with her pure, noble, lyrical style. I saw her in the interval after the first act, and she was full of triumph.

"Come," she said, "I have not been so rash, after all: I have not failed, you see. I know you are glad of it, even though people do rank you on the side of your pretty Mademoiselle Finola."

"Nobody can sing as you can; and for the rest, you are only laughing at me."

"Perhaps so. Indeed, I feel in exuberant spirits to-night; partly, of course, because I have got back my voice, and am about to recover my place, but still more because I have had good news."

"Indeed! when?" I knew by her expression that she was alluding to her husband.

"To-day. Everything is going well. He hopes to be able presently to take a little rest at Vichy; and I am going there."

"But what is going well? for I know nothing."

"*Ach!* nor I much more. But he has some enterprise in preparation, and it is going well, and he is hopeful. One may rely upon him, for he is not sanguine or extravagant; he is not a dreamer, though many people think him so. It was quite miserable to me to have to lie on a sofa all day long up there in Jermyn-street, with nothing to do but torture my brains and my heart thinking something had befallen him. But things look brighter now. I am very well now—*don't you think so?*"

"I would rather not see you here to-night. I doubt whether you are strong enough even yet."

"Strong enough! Quite. I could not be better. You don't think my voice was weak?"

"No; but even now you seem nervous, and look pale."

"Only because I am full of hope and triumph."

Our conversation was cut short just then, and I was a *primo uomo* once more.

I was glad when the opera was finished. It was a weary and a painful business to me, and to more than me. Christina's triumph was not long-lived. A vague sense of languor and of weakness began to diffuse itself through the house during the second act. It became very plain that Christina had tried her strength too soon, and was not equal to the task she had so rashly set herself. It was not that she decidedly failed, but that she did not keep up her success. The music of the part became an effort to her. She grew more and more dispirited. In my anxiety that her wish for a triumph should be gratified, I would have welcomed even some sudden expression of dissatisfaction from the house, because that would probably have fired her into energy. Of course nothing of the kind was heard. The house was thoroughly sympathetic and respectful. I knew how bitter to her would be even that sympathetic respectfulness; for it was the softened shadow of failure where she had expected to be illumined by the full blaze of success.

"She's not herself at all to-night," said somebody to me during a momentary meeting. "She ought not to have sung."

"She ought not, indeed," I said very blankly.

"I thought she was going to make a splendid thing of it at first; but it's quite plain that she is not equal to it. I am very sorry she made the attempt, for it will be a sort of triumph to little Finola and her [illegible]. Have you seen her to-night? There she is, yonder in the box, seemingly enjoying the whole affair—the little musical humbug."

I could not help smiling at the vigorous truthfulness with which he analyzed the character of Mademoiselle.

"They have been telling me," he went on, "that you were going [illegible] to sing. No truth in that, I should think?"

"No, not a [illegible] word of truth in it."

"No; I hardly thought you could mistake that musical-snuff-box [illegible] for singing, and those winks and shrugs for acting. I am very sorry for Christina, but it's only just a moment's disappointment. [illegible] her strength, and she'll extinguish little [illegible] wonder."

[illegible], however, was not destined to take place that [illegible] more and more. The performance [illegible] and sadly. She could not sing.

When all was over, I found her far more calm and self-controlled than I had expected.

"I have made a complete failure of it," she said.

"It was too soon for you to attempt singing; that was all. There was no question of failure."

"I ought to have taken your advice from the first; but I was so confident of success. I suppose everyone perceived that I was not able to get through with it?"

"Everyone knew of course that you had not been well, and no one expected to find that you had fully recovered your voice so soon."

"I saw your friend Mademoiselle Finola. No doubt she thinks the victory is hers now—and indeed it is. Is it not, Emanuel?"

"You have only been defeated by yourself, because you would not do yourself justice."

"I ought to have taken your advice in the matter, for it must have been disinterested. If what people say be true, you ought to be glad that I persisted in singing, and failed accordingly."

I bit my lips, and felt hurt and vexed by allusions, of which I could not affect to misunderstand the meaning. This was no time, however, to take offence at any word of Christina's.

"You have not seen her since?" she proceeded, with determined and vexing purpose. "Why don't you go to her and congratulate her on her triumph?"

"I had better," I could not help answering, "go to her or to anyone who will be less ungenerous and will understand me better than you do, Christina."

"But don't go, please, just yet. I do wrong to speak in that way, Emanuel, for I don't believe one word they say about your being leagued against me with her—I could not believe it. But I cannot help being vexed and spiteful after such a failure, and under her very eyes. Are you not sorry to see me so weak and vain?"

"I am, Christina; I do think such ways unworthy of you. What rivalry can there be between you and that little creature? Let her enjoy her triumph, if she thinks it one. You know what it means, and what it is worth, and how long it is likely to last. It's a shame, Christina; you have other things to think of besides her and her clique and their trumpery gossip."

"I have indeed; and I deserve to be reminded of it. You were always like an honest doctor, Emanuel—a doctor who does not mind giving his patient a little extra pain, if he can do any good by it. But you must forgive a little vexation to one who comes out for a great victory, and goes home defeated. You will come and sup with us? We were to have had a celebration of my triumph; now it shall be a feast of condolence. Come; and I promise not to say another word about Finola."

"Say anything you like about her, *meinetwegen;* but don't sink *yourself even for a moment* to her level."

"Well, will you come? I thought of dismissing my guests; but I will not do so, if you will come."

"Let me refuse. Do not have guests. You are not fit for midnight, and talk, and excitement. Send them away."

"Ah, but I am sadly in want of a flash of excitement now. Do come, Emanuel; there are only to be a few. Mr. Lyndon—"

"No, Christina; forgive me, if I say point-blank, I don't want to meet that man, and least of all in your company. I dislike him, and I wish I could get you to do the same."

"Thanks. Our feelings are not likely to run quite in the same channel as regards the Lyndon family, I fancy. Meanwhile Mr. Lyndon is my friend and my husband's. Then you will not come? Good-night."

"You are offended with me?"

"A little, and justly; but I quite forgive you; only let us say no more about it. And so good-night."

This conversation took place before we were out of the opera-house. I left her, and went my way alone.

Walking homewards an hour after, I passed through Jermyn-street. Coming near Christina's lodgings, I could not help thinking over the strange mixture of levity and feeling, of egotism and generosity, of ambition and frivolity, which was in that singular nature; ambition so great and jealousies so small; success discoloured by such petty bitternesses; great hopes made mean by such little pleasures and excitements. I wished she had sought solitude, not society, that night. I could not bear to think of her making one at a small revelry, and accepting, and perhaps enjoying, the attentions of Mr. Lyndon. Not my Lisette!

I might have spared myself some of these reflections. When I came in sight of her windows, there were no signs of revelry of any sort; all was quiet and dark. She had evidently got rid of her guests, and gone home to solitude.

"I don't understand this woman yet," I thought. "For good or ill, I don't understand her. I wonder if I ever shall. Are any women ever to be understood at all?"

Christina sang no more that season, of which indeed but few nights remained. She had attempted too much and too soon, and had to bear the penalty—bitter to her—of enforced rest.

I did not see her any more that year. I called many times, but she could not or would not see me. After a few weeks she went to Vichy, and thence to Nice. I had several provincial and some German engagements, and our paths divided altogether for many months.

So closed our first season—for her in disappointment; for me in disappointment of more than one kind. One thing was clear; Christina and I were far more widely separated now than when she was struggling in Italy, and I struggling in London, and neither knew of the whereabouts.

Let me dispose, once for all, of Mademoiselle Finola, who is of no further importance in this story, and need not appear in it any more. She had troops of admirers and many adorers; and among the latter she soon found an eligible husband. He was a man of large property and with a foreign title. She renounced the stage right joyously, and betook herself to an existence of balls and receptions, in which her soul found higher delight and more fitting sphere than it could have discovered in any triumph of musical art. Her name has been forgotten among singers long ago; and she is not sorry. She carried off at the very outset the only prize she cared about; and she looked back ever after on her artistic career as one remembers the weary progress of a journey which has led him to the warmth and light of a happy home. She lived principally in London, not much caring to go back to Paris while the shoe-shop still stood in the Palais-Royal arcade. I met her several times after her marriage, and she was very friendly and gracious for awhile, until chance and change gradually brought us less and less within each other's sight, and at last extinguished even recognition.

The first season, then, in which Christina and I sang together had come and gone; and this was what it brought. I knew no end of people now, and I doubt if London held a lonelier man. I felt as if I were running to seed; and I longed for a new life—a new start in life. It came; but not in the way I had planned or expected. The unforeseen, as usual, came to pass.

Chapter XXIV.

CHRISTINA'S INTERVENTION.

Another season opens, finding everything with me much the same, to all outward appearance, as the season before. I have not yet carried out my idea of going to America; and just at the present moment the idea is rather in the background. I have been in London since before Christmas, and the spring is now well advanced. I am still lodging under the same roof with Ned Lambert, though we sometimes don't meet for weeks together. I hear rather promising accounts of the poor Lyndons in Paris. I have not seen Christina, or heard from her all the winter; but I know that she has been to Nice, and that Mr. Lyndon, M.P., has been there, without his daughters; and I know what the English colony there said and thought, and, while I believe it to be false as hell, I am maddened by such whispers. I know the common talk here is that Christina is to marry Lyndon; and I wish her husband would abandon his conspiracies, and own his wife, and live with her in the face of day. I have heard something from him too; and news of him. There has been an abortive insurrection in Lombardy, and a few poor fellows have been bayoneted and shot, and some people blame Salaris for it, and say that he was there; and others condemn Mazzini, *and say that he was not there.*

Christina's engagement here, beginning rather late this year, is now at hand, and she must soon be in town. I have heard that her voice is quite restored, but that her general health is still weak.

One morning I receive a letter addressed to me in her handwriting. I see it with something like a start. The time has been my whole senses would have stirred at the sight of that writing; and even still I cannot look at it unmoved. I believe there are some early feelings one never gets over—never. I shall never conquer my detestation of the smell of certain medicines. The faintest breath of them horrifies me, as if I were again a child about to have a dose forced down my throat. I shall never lose a sense of delight called up by the smell of tar; because it brings back all the old memories of the sea and the strand and the boats. I shall never see a scrap of Christina Braun's handwriting without emotion. There are no particular mysteries to be treasured up to the end of this story, and I may say at once that I love another woman now better than I ever loved the idol of my boyhood. But I can look at her writing in a letter without anything of a thrill, while a line of Christina Braun's hand would even still produce at the first glance a sort of electric shock.

Christina's letter was short.

"Jermyn-street.

"MY DEAR EMANUEL,—Greeting! I have returned to town, as you will see, and I want to speak to you frankly, earnestly, as a friend. Do you believe me a true friend, above meanness, and wishing you well? If so, forget any little coldness or ill-humour I may have shown last year, when I was troubled so much mentally and physically, and come to me at once; if you do not thus believe in me, then tear up this letter, and don't come. CHRISTINA."

I went to Jermyn-street immediately. Christina's German companion received me at first; and in a few minutes Christina herself entered. She was looking rather pale, but very handsome, and bright-eyed, and splendid.

"I am glad you have come," she said; "it is friendly of you. I wished to speak to you a little." And she glanced at the other woman, who was still in the room.

"First of yourself, Madame Reichstein. You are recovered—really recovered and strong, I hope?"

"O yes, I think so. I was not very well all the winter; and many things made me uneasy and distressed."

She looked at me with such an expression that I knew she referred to her husband. Indeed, I believe her German companion was quite in her confidence on this point.

"But I am better now—much better; quite restored, I think. And Finola is married, and has a title, and is happy! And Ned Lambert *is not* married, and is not happy! I saw poor Ned the other day in

Paris; dear good Ned! He is not happy—and he is uneasy about some of his friends."

Here Christina lifted her eyes and let them rest full on me, as if she would read my very heart. I don't think I met the gaze quite boldly.

"Did you meet many friends in Nice?" I asked, not knowing anything else to say.

"Some; not many. Mr. Lyndon was there part of the time."

"So I heard."

I now looked fixedly at Christina in my turn. She did not wince.

"I believe," she said quite carelessly, "some people say Mr. Lyndon and I are to be married.—What do you think of that story, Meta?"

Meta smiled a dry smile.

"Herr Lyndon is *ein bischen alt*—a little old," was her only remark; and in a moment or two, to my great relief, she left the room, and I prepared to hear what Christina had to say.

When Meta was present, Christina had been sitting on a music-stool, while I sat quite away on a chair near the window. When we were left alone, she rose and stood near the fireplace, where, bright spring day though it was, there were blazing embers, and she motioned to me to come near.

I came and stood close beside her.

"I have asked you to come," she said, "to speak of you, not of me."

I suppose that was a note of defiance in reply to my look when we spoke of Mr. Lyndon.

There was nothing indeed I wished to say or to hear said on the subject of Mr. Lyndon and his attentions, or the talk they created. I merely bowed my head in token of assent.

Then Christina, throwing back her hair with one hand, and looking fixedly at me for an instant or two, said:

"Now, Emanuel, I have something earnest to say to you. Just a word or two of question and of warning. You will take both question and warning in a friendly spirit, will you not?"

I think I now knew what was coming, although the reader does not. I fear I flushed a little; but I answered calmly,

"Surely, Christina, I could not receive any word from you but as a friend."

"I thank you for the confidence. Now for the word, Emanuel. What about Lilla Lyndon?"

"About Lilla Lyndon! Which Lilla Lyndon? There are two."

Christina shook her head.

"Not worthy of you, Emanuel. Evasion to no purpose. Tell me to mind my own affairs and leave you to yours, and I will do so. But if you allow me to be your friend, and admit confidence, don't evade. I have always confided in you."

"I don't think you have."

"*So far as I could just* now. I have told you there are certain

things I cannot quite explain even yet, but that they shall be explained. I have never evaded your questions. I once rather anticipated them—put them for you and gave the answers, so far as any answer might be given. Now, have you not been evading my question? Did you not understand it? Did I not see in your face that you understood it?"

"Well, Christina, I suppose I did. It is no use trying to evade so keen a questioner; and I wish I had answered you directly at once, and not given an appearance of mystery where there is none, and no need of any. Come, put any question you will—only don't expect that anything mysterious or romantic or interesting is likely to come in the way of answer."

"Well, then, again: what about Lilla Lyndon?"

"I can only say, so far as I know, nothing. To Lilla Lyndon I am nothing. To me she is a sweet, calm, pure-hearted creature, who seems to come out of dreamland, or poetry, or some old chronicle of saints—and that is all."

"How long have you known her?"

"Comparatively speaking, a short time. The first time I ever saw her, and spoke to her, was before I went to Italy, and I then saw her hardly five minutes. Last season I saw her with you, as you will remember. Since I came back, I—I did meet her again."

"That is, you threw yourself in her way?"

"I did; but not for any purpose of my own. I threw myself in her way because I thought I saw through her a means of helping and serving two dear friends—you know them both—Ned Lambert and Lilla, the other Lilla, Lyndon. Most truly can I say I did not selfishly do this; but I did it, and this was how our acquaintance began."

"All that I knew."

"Then that is all."

"No, not nearly all. You have met her lately?"

"I have."

"And often?"

"Yes, often."

"In plain words, you have met this girl regularly, by appointment with her, in Kensington-gardens?"

"No, Christina, that is not so. Whoever told you that part of the story told you what was not true, what was flatly false; and if it were a man, I should like to have a chance of saying as much to him. One word of this kind never passed between us. We never met by appointment. I am not so mean as to think of such a thing; and if I had suggested it, I must have been answered just as I deserved."

"Well, I hear all this with pleasure—with some pleasure, at least. But you have met several times, quite by accident, as she walked in Kensington-gardens. She has stopped and spoken to you at the railings as she rode in the Row."

"[illegible] and to many others too."

"Yes; the recognised friends of her family; her father's friends."

I felt myself flushing with anger. I wish I could have felt myself clear enough of conscience to reply.

"Come, Emanuel, again let me quote *Zwischen uns sei Wahrheit.* You have deliberately put yourself in the way of meeting Miss Lyndon?"

"I have."

"And you have met her so often and so regularly that you can nearly always count upon meeting her on certain days in the same place. This is true?"

"It is true."

"And she is—well, not to be hard upon your years, which would seem painfully like being hard on my own—she is at least fourteen or fifteen years younger than you—is, in fact, considerably under age?"

"She is."

"And you think you are acting honourably in this?"

"I do not!" I exclaimed, so suddenly and sharply that Christina drew back a little and glanced uneasily at the door, as if fearful lest we should have been overheard. "I do not, Christina! I count it dishonourable—frankly dishonourable. I have been ashamed of myself long enough for doing it. When a poor boy in a small seaport, I would not have done so. But I have changed, and life has been dull and lonely to me, and I did like to meet that sweet pure girl, who seemed to me something so unlike the common world that her very presence brightened life to me. And I am afraid I liked it none the less because I detested that cold-blooded, sensuous, selfish old hypocrite, her father."

"Hush, hush, Emanuel, you don't know Mr. Lyndon—you and he seem, I can't tell how, to have a sort of instinctive aversion to each other."

"No; I don't suppose he even honours me with his aversion—and I don't care."

"Then let him pass; come to his daughter. I think I am satisfied, Emanuel. I think, as you look this thing so fearlessly in the face and don't spare yourself, you need no farther appeal—no appeal from me; still, I meant to give you a warning. Let me give it before you leave; we shall not often have such confidential conversations. Emanuel, do you love this girl?"

I turned away, and walked to the window. Christina came to me, and laid her hand upon my shoulder.

"Speak frankly to me—as to your friend or your sister. Do you love her?"

"Can *you* ask such a question?"

"O yes. Gone is gone, my friend, and dead is dead. I don't expect that the past could live for ever in your heart, and I should be sorry if it did. Let us remember nothing but so much as may give us a right to *trust in each other.* You do, then, love her?"

Christina's voice trembled a little as she spoke.

"Christina, I have not thought of loving her; not in that sense. Not as I loved you—not as I—"

"Then why do you meet her?"

"Because I was lonely, and at odds with everything, and her voice sounded sweetly in my ears, and her eyes looked kindly on me; and she was a mild delightful influence, and I was selfish enough to think of nothing else."

"Then my warning may be of use. Listen, Emanuel. If you loved this girl passionately, and hoped to marry her, you might possibly gain your wish; for I believe there is nothing her father would not in the end consent to for her sake. But I don't believe you could be happy with her, or she with you. She is a sweet loving child, with a child's feelings. She has, I think, no strength of character, no enduring, absorbing affection. Either she must lead a life with you to which she would be utterly unused—you know that she has never breathed our atmosphere of Bohemia—or you must live a kind of pensioner on her father, maintained as the husband whom his wilful and foolish daughter would marry, and who therefore must be taken into the family circle. You wince under this. Is it not true?"

"But there never was the faintest idea of anything of the kind. Never. Good heavens! one may speak to a young lady without—"

"Yes, one may; but when one meets the young lady very often clandestinely—"

"Clandestinely!"

"What other word can you find for it? Clandestinely, and nothing else. When one does this, he must contemplate something, or he must have no brains and heart at all; and you have both. Emanuel, I would, at almost any risk, save you from an entanglement that could only end, I am sure, in unhappiness. I speak to you, therefore, with an openness which perhaps wise people and good people would think does me little credit. Lilla Lyndon loves you!"

I am afraid the first emotion created in me by this declaration was a pang of fierce and wild delight. It was followed quickly, as by a rush of cold air on a burning forehead, by a chilling sense of hopelessness and pain and shame.

"It cannot be so, Christina; it is not so."

"It *is* so; I know it. Do you think I would talk of the poor girl so, if I did not know what I was saying? It is so. I have seen her lately; I know her well; I have talked with her many times; she has come and seen me here in this room; and a thousand things, a thousand words, have betrayed her poor little secret to me. Perhaps she does not know it herself. I don't suppose she has ever indulged much in examination of her own heart. What of that? I have eyes, and can see. If she were sinking into a consumption, she might not know it; but I should know it, or you. There is nothing much to wonder at in

ne matter, Emanuel. The poor girl has hardly ever met any men but lderly members of parliament, and heavy capitalists, and bishops. I now Mr. Lyndon too well to suppose he would allow any poor and andsome young curate ever to come near his daughter. *Wohlauf!* Your whole life is to her something interesting, strange, romantic. What is there to wonder at? I daresay if she had met a dove-eyed oung clergyman in good time, the thing never would have happened. Mr. Lyndon is like the man in Æsop who shut up his son in a tower st he should be killed by the lion; and, behold, the picture of a lion n the wall brought his death."

Christina spoke with flashing eyes, and with all the dramatic energy he always had shown since her girlhood, whenever she felt any interest n what she was saying. A stranger might have thought she was acting ven now; but I knew she was not.

"Why do you tell me this—even if it be true?"

"Because I think I am speaking to a man of honour and spirit, nd that the best appeal to you I can make is by the full frank truth."

"What would you have me do—supposing all this to be true?"

"Give up this girl—leave her—never see her again! Leave her efore it be too late. She will forget you, Emanuel, believe me; she vill forget you, if only you leave her in time; and she will marry someody her father likes, and she will be a good obedient girl, and very appy, and her days will be long in the land, as the story-books put t, or the religious books, or what you will. And you will forget her; You say even now you do not actually love her. She will cry a little, erhaps; but all girls cry for something, and I really don't think it uch matters for what."

"Christina, I don't like your tone—I don't like your way of peaking."

She laughed—a low, slight, scornful laugh.

"Not romantic and tender and sentimental enough, perhaps? But ook what your romance and tenderness come to. You are teaching his girl to deceive her father—yes, you are;—yet you don't know that You love her, and you have no object whatever in meeting her! *Tarare!* You are not a boy, Emanuel, to act so any longer."

I bit my lips. I felt vexed and ashamed, and only too conscious hat I deserved all she said or could say.

"Well, Christina, I must try to deserve your better opinion, and o act with more judgment and manliness. I make no promise, and I nust act for myself in my own way; but I hope you shall have no urther cause to feel ashamed for me."

"That is like yourself—your old self; I am sure you will do right after all. I would not talk to you in this way, if I thought you loved his girl; I would rather say, Fling every thought away but that of oving her and holding her against the world. But you do not, and I hink she will be *cured at last of* her love for you."

I rose to close the conversation.

"I will do my best, Christina. Existence, I suppose, is always to be a bore and a weariness and a renunciation to me. Well, I accept the situation; it will come to an end some time."

"O, pray, don't speak so."

"Yes; I am weary of everything. I am sick of this wretched profession—or art, or whatever you choose to call it—for which I have no heart and no genius, and in which I know I can never come to anything worth living for. I am tired of the people one meets, and the follies one commits, and the weary restraints one has to put on if he would not commit follies, and worse. What is one's motive in living? I don't know."

"Still we live, my dear; and we can but make the best of it. I at least will not see you sink away, Emanuel, into any folly or fatality without saying a word to interpose. Perhaps you think I have no right to preach or to advise?"

I waved my hand to repudiate this idea.

"But we made a pledge of friendship, Emanuel, when we entered on—that new chapter of our lives; and I have kept it in my heart as sacredly as I could, though we have not often met. And I do not—indeed, I do not—think this you have done could come to any happiness for you or for her. Perhaps I don't understand the little girl quite, you will say," and she smiled slightly; "but if I am wrong, the thing will come to pass none the less because I ask you to be open and manly, and yet careful. You ask me what is the use of living, and how one is to bear with life? My good friend, others have bitter burdens too to bear, and bitter bad temptations to resist; and I could tell you how they learn to do it, only I dare not yet; you would smile at me, or think me hypocritical, and I could not bear either. But one time I will tell you—that, and other things too which now perhaps you do not know or guess. No, don't ask for explanation; I have said enough, and too much. Now, good-bye!"

Chapter XXV.

IN KENSINGTON-GARDENS.

The conversation with Christina, which left me a little mystified in the end, has at least cleared up something of my story since the Lyndons, mother and daughter, left London. Perhaps it has told so much that I might now go straight on with the rest as it occurred, and without turning back to review or explain anything. But it would possibly be well to give a few lines to a candid recapitulation of what had taken place, and to a chapter of my life which I always look back on with a mixture of pride and of shame.

When poor Ned Lambert was left by Lilla Lyndon, he and I spoke at a very few words over the matter; few, but enough. He was a

silent fellow by nature, and a man to crush down what he felt. He knew how thoroughly I sympathised with him; and a grip of the hand from such a man or to such a man is incomparably more eloquent than words. His nature was quiet, patient, confiding; he knew that Lilla loved him, he knew that there was some reason why he must at least submit to wait; and he submitted, and asked no questions. He did not maunder, or mope, or idly repine at fate or anything else, but only seemed to throw a fiercer energy into everything he did, to the very smoking of a cigar; and he used to sit up half the night devising new improvements in the construction of organs. He told me he went to see Christina sometimes, but never when anybody was likely to be there. He "dropped her a line," he said, when he felt anxious to say a word to her, and she always set apart a time to suit him at the earliest moment. Like most silent men, he was, I am sure, ready to be very effusive and confidential with any woman he trusted in; and I have no doubt that he told Christina every word of his disappointment and his love, and talked to her as he would not—indeed, as he could not—have talked to any man alive.

Meanwhile his occupations took him a good deal out of town. I don't know whether Lilla Lyndon wrote to him: she wrote to me sometimes, and gave me good news of her prosperous and promising occupation in Paris. Of course I told her all about Ned Lambert, and hardly anything else, when I replied. After a while she began to tell me that she had received the sweetest, kindest letters from her cousin Lilla, whom she had never seen, but who had suddenly opened-up a correspondence with her. Lilla the elder—Ned's Lilla—was greatly amazed and delighted at this, and could not understand it at all. I felt like one who is conscious of having done something delightfully good, and is proud of having it known only to himself. After a while I began to take a somewhat modified and less flattering view of my own position in the transaction.

For all had happened as I told Christina. I had acted on the idea of making Lilla the younger the angelic, celestial mediatrix in the whole of the painful business. I felt sure that her influence over her father would have power enough to induce him, for the sake of the other Lilla, to buy off or pension off in some way his wretched brother—send him to America or Australia, or anywhere out of the way. Many times I passed her door to no purpose. One day at last I saw her as her groom was holding her horse's head and she was about to mount. Perhaps if she had not seen me then, and cordially recognised me, I might not have ventured to speak to her; but she did see me, and gave me a frank and friendly recognition; and then I went up and presented myself to her, and told her without hesitation that I came of my own counsel, unasked by anybody, unknown to anybody, to plead for her good offices on behalf of her cousin, the other Lilla. Whatever of secrecy *might afterwards* have grown up, this at least was done

openly, at her father's door, under the eyes if not within the hearing of her groom, in the face of day. She received me with that innocent, genial, sympathetic trustingness which nothing but purity and nobleness of heart ever can give.

I confess that as I spoke to her that time, and saw her pure calm eyes turned to me, and heard her sympathetic, tender, girlish voice, I thought that between her and me lay a distance as broad as between two creatures of different worlds. It no more occurred to me as possible that such a woman could turn one thought towards me, than that one of the Madonnas of marble in an Italian chapel could have come down from her pedestal in the sacred stillness of the evening, and, like Diana, kissed some mortal worshipper.

She had only known before that she had a cousin whom her father would not suffer her to see; of her uncle she had known nothing. She spoke to her father, and pleaded hard; and all she obtained was permission to write to the other Lilla Lyndon. From Lilla the elder she doubtless received encomiums of my honour and integrity and brotherly affection, and so forth, which led her to confide frankly in me. She did not despair at all of winning over her father; and but for the too frequent presence of her hard and puritanical step-sisters—she was the daughter, the only child, of Mr. Lyndon's second marriage—she might much sooner have prevailed. I learned from her that she had actually found out and tried to redeem, and petted and largely bribed, the wretched old scoundrel, her uncle; and that she really did contrive, by her influence, and still more by her money, to keep him from making any more scandal. How I sickened at the idea of her meeting the odious old hypocrite! and yet I did not dare to hint at what I thought of him. She had, with all her sweetness, a sort of resolute sanctified wilfulness about her; and nothing on earth, except perhaps her father's absolute command, could have kept her from trying to do good to her outcast uncle. Meanwhile the only good of keeping him temporarily decent was that it made her father feel convinced his brother would not dare to annoy him any more, and therefore more than ever determined not to yield to any entreaty on his behalf.

What I confessed to Christina explains all the rest. We met by chance frequently. I found it was Lilla's habit to walk almost every day in Kensington-gardens for half an hour or so. It was only, so to speak, crossing the street from her own house; and her maid was generally with her. We spoke together: she had always something to say to me about the progress of her endeavours on behalf of her cousin. She did sometimes come alone. I did observe the hour and day of her coming, and I did always contrive to be there. To speak to her did always seem to sweeten and purify life for me. I did at last begin to think I was acting a mean and shameful part, although no word had ever passed between us which her mother, were she living, might not have heard. I did begin to feel ashamed of thus meeting a girl whose

father would not, if he could, acknowledge my existence; and, what was worse still, I did feel conscious of a hideous, degrading sense of gratified malignity in the knowledge of the fact. This it was which most distinctly told me of my own growing degradation.

All I had told Christina was true. I did not venture to think with love of Lilla Lyndon. My God, I never thought of loving her. She seemed far too pure and good, too unworldly and childlike in her goodness, to be loved by a half-outworn Bohemian like me. She was not of my ways at all. When I saw her, I only breathed a purer air for a moment, and then went back to my smoke and gaslight and Bohemia again. But Christina spoke unwisely: she counted on a romantic heroism greater than mine, when she told me that such a girl was capable of loving me. Truly, I resolved that I must cease to see her; but then I also made up my mind that I must see her once more, and that I must part from her in such a way that at least she should not despise me. Suppose what Christina said to be true—and I hardly yet believed it—the worst of the evil was partly done, and it could do little more harm, no more harm, to take leave of Lilla Lyndon in such a way as should at least allow her to retain a memory of me which should not be wholly one of contempt.

I did not once think it possible that anything but separation could come of our strange acquaintanceship. Let me do myself justice. So much there was equivocal and weak, and ungenerous and mean, in this chapter of my history, that I must protect the reputation of what little honourable feeling I always retained. Had I loved Lilla with all the passion of a youth's first love, I don't think I should have attempted to induce her to marry me: it would have seemed cruelly unfair to her. There appeared to be some truth in what Christina said. Lilla probably did not and could not know her own mind. Any feeling she might entertain for me was doubtless but the strange, sudden, ephemeral sentiment of a girl—the foolish romantic tenderness a young woman just beyond the schoolgirl's age sometimes feels towards her music-master or her riding-master. It will die, and be buried and forgotten in a season: to treat it as a reality would be a treachery and a cruelty. The more we hear from the women of mature years who confide in us, the more do we know that almost every girl of quick fancy and tenderness has had her budding bosom filled for a while with some such whimsical affection, which fades before the realities of life and of love, and is only remembered, if at all, with an easy, half-mirthful memory. To Lilla Lyndon, I thought to myself, I shall soon be such a memory, and no more. If I remain in London, or return to it, I shall hear of her being married to someone who brings her a fortune and a position; and I shall read of her parties in the season, and perhaps some day see in the papers that she has presented her daughter at Court; and we may meet sometimes, or she will come to hear me sing, and she will be *friendly and kind, and not* ashamed of the fading memory of these

days. I am surely the most unfortunate of beings where any word of love is in question: I seem to be able only to learn what the thing is, or may be, in order to have it taken away from me. I must really make up my mind to be a stern old bachelor, and have done with all thoughts of what is clearly not for me. Yesterday I was a boy too young to marry; now I am getting rather elderly for such ideas. Let me close the chapter altogether; let me see Lilla Lyndon once, only once, and bid her a kind good-bye, and relieve my soul by confessing that I have done wrong, and beg of her still to think of the other Lilla; and then I will go and tell Christina what I have done, and she will at least approve; and so the drudgery of life will just go on as before.

I had walked, thus thinking, along Piccadilly, which was glaring and garish in the sun, and by Apsley House (where, when first I came to London, one might yet see "the Duke" getting into his queerly-shaped cab), into Hyde-park, and so to Kensington-gardens. When I reached the shade of the noble old trees of Kensington, I walked slowly, and lingered and looked anxiously around. I came within sight of the little round basin which lies, so pretty a lakelet, in the bosom of the open, which the trees fringe all round, and whence the glades and vistas stretch out. London has nothing so exquisite as just that spot. With the old red palace near at hand, and no other building in sight, one may ignore the great metropolis altogether, and fancy himself in a park of Anne's days, embedded deep in the heart of some secluded country landscape. A slight breeze to-day ruffled the surface of the little pond, over which the water-fowl were skimming, and the shadows of birds fell broken on it as they flew overhead; and a light cloud could now and then be seen reflected in it. The whole scene was gracious, gentle, tender, with a faint air of melancholy about it, which was but a new grace.

On one of the seats which look upon the little basin I saw Lilla Lyndon sitting. She had a book in her hand, but she was not reading. She looked up from the water as I approached, and greeted me with a frank, bright smile. She was a very handsome girl, with her youthful Madonna contour of face, her pale clear complexion and violet eyes, and dark-brown hair parted smoothly, as was then the fashion, on either brow. As her brilliant red lips parted and showed her white small teeth, a gleam of vivacity for the first time lighted the face, of which the habitual expression was a tender calmness, almost a melancholy beauty, like that of the sunlight on the water beneath her.

"I am glad you have come," she said, after she had given me her hand, "for I came here much earlier than usual to-day, and it is lonely, and I have felt rather weary. I have just been wondering—perhaps you can help me to understand it—why inanimate nature is all so *melancholy*, and why the least throb of life seems to be joyous. I *have* been looking at that pool, and the light and the leaves, and they

all seem sad; and a water-fowl just plunges into the pond, and floats and dives, and the sadness seems to vanish in a moment."

"I fear I am not poet enough to understand it."

"But you ought to be a poet—in soul, at least. A singer must be a poet, I think, or how can he sing? You have made me feel poetic many times."

"So I daresay has a harp or a violin. I have as much music in my soul as the fiddle."

"O, but that is nonsense. There is something I read lately that reminds me of a word or two I once heard from you about music. I have been reading that novel of Richter's you told me to get—the *Flegeljahre*. Well, the poet-brother praises the flutist-brother's exquisite performance; but unfortunately he gives as his reason for admiration that the music brought up all the most tender and delightful associations to his memory. I should have thought that the highest praise: should not you?"

I shook my head.

"No? Well, so too says Vult the flute-player. He is quite disappointed, and shakes his head, and says: 'I see, then, that you did not understand or appreciate the music at all.' So it is with me. When I most delight in music, it is because it brings up something which is not in the music itself."

"And I too, Miss Lyndon; and therefore I know I am not a true musician."

"Then who is?"

"Well, Madame Reichstein is, and many others."

"Yes; papa always says Madame Reichstein is. I delight in Madame Reichstein myself, both on the stage and off; more even when off, I think."

"You have met her lately?"

"Yes, several times. I make papa take me to see her. I never knew a great singer before—a woman, I mean. I think her very charming. Is she what people call a lady?"

"Not what Belgravia calls a lady, certainly. Her father was a German toymaker."

"You are angry with me for my question," said Lilla, opening her violet eyes widely, and looking at me with quite a pathetic expression, "and you think me a fool; but do you know the reason I asked the question? I had a reason."

"I don't know the reason, Miss Lyndon."

"Just this, then: somebody—a woman to whom I talked of Madame Reichstein—chose to speak rather contemptuously of her, and said she was not a lady. I asked rather sharply, why not? and she answered that she was not a lady of rank off the stage, like Madame Sontag and somebody else, I don't know whom; and that she is not received in society. So much the worse for society, I thought."

"I suppose society has its laws everywhere. I don't suppose Madame Reichstein cares. I am sure she is not ashamed of having been born poor, any more than I am, Miss Lyndon. My father was a boat-builder, my mother sewed gloves; my genealogy goes no farther back. I don't suppose I ever had a grandfather."

"You speak coldly, or angrily, as if you thought I cared about people's grandfathers," said Lilla gently; "I wish I had not said anything about Madame Reichstein, whom I think I admire as highly as anybody can. You cannot suppose I really care whether her father was a poor man or a rich man?"

"Frankly, Miss Lyndon, I doubt whether people ever get quite over these feelings. Perhaps it is better not. I am always angry with any of my own class who try to get out of it; and I think them rightly treated when they are reminded of their social inferiority."

I suppose I was speaking in a tone of some bitterness. Lilla's remark, innocent as it was, had jarred sharply on me, and seemed to point the painful moral of the course into which I had been drifting. Even this child had eyes to see that she and I had come from a different class, and belonged to a different world. I had been standing beside the seat on which she sat. She looked up quickly as I spoke; then rose and stood near me, and with the gentlest action in the world, laid her small hand on my arm.

"I see that I have offended you," she said, "by my thoughtless talk. But trust me, that if I thought less highly of Madame Reichstein, and—and of *you*, I should never have spoken in such a way. I did not suppose it possible you could have taken my words as you have done. It humiliates me even more than you. Pray, pray don't misunderstand me; I have no friend I value like you."

Her voice was a little tremulous in its plaintiveness, and the kindliness of her expression was irresistible. Even wounded pride could not stand out against it.

"Your friendship, Miss Lyndon, is one of the dearest things I have on earth—almost, indeed, the only thing that is dear to me. Let me preserve it. Were you going home? and may I walk just a little way with you?"

"Yes, I was going home; and I shall be glad of your companionship yet a little."

With all our "clandestine" meetings, we had never walked together before. Our sin against propriety had been limited to just the occasional meetings, the exchange of a few words, and the partings. Now I did not offer her my arm; we walked side by side down one of the glades which stretches nearly parallel with the road. A little girl, poorly dressed, darted across our path, then suddenly stopped, and looking shyly at me, dropped a curtsey to my companion, and was going on, when Lilla, addressing her as "Lizzy," brought her to a stand. She *talked to* the child about her father, who had a sore arm, and was out

of work; and her mother, and her brother, and so on; and I heard her say she was going to see them that day; and she took out a little purse, and gave the girl something.

"One of my children," she said in explanation; "I have a school; a very little one. I have asked Madame Reichstein to come and see it, and she will sing for the girls. I owe a great deal to these children. They give me occupation; I should not know what to do with my existence but for them, our house is so very dull. I suppose a home without a mother always is. Papa is so busy with Parliament and politics, and so much out."

A moment's silence followed. Then I took heart of grace and said,

"Just now, Miss Lyndon, you were kind enough to say you thought of me as a friend; and I asked you to let me deserve your friendship—"

"Have you not deserved it? Did you not teach me how I might perhaps serve and help those who have claims on me? Have I not heard how true and steady a friend you were to my cousin and her mother, and her poor father? Have I not seen all this? Mr. Temple, I don't know why papa is so resolute in refusing to meet or help my uncle. I suppose he has good reason; but I myself believe only in mercy and kindness, and—and love. I don't think our religion teaches us anything else; and at least I don't believe in human justice when it only punishes. I must try to bring my people together; and I hope to succeed. If I do, will not that be a great thing? And how could it have been done but for you?"

"If it can be done, it would have been done without me. But I am only too glad to hear you speak so kindly and hopefully. I am a believer in your religion of pity and mercy and love—or in none. But I have to deserve your friendship otherwise than in this easy and pleasant way. Miss Lyndon, I have no right to be with you here to-day. I have no right to walk by your side. I have no right to come, as I have come, for the sole purpose of meeting you. All this is wrong in me, and wrong towards you. You are much younger than I am, and your kindness and friendship make you only too thoughtful for others —not for yourself. I must not see you any more, in this way—and I could not help telling you—and good-bye."

She looked up at me with a sudden startled, pained expression, and then her eyes fell, and over her clear pale face there came a faint, faint flush.

"Not to meet any more?" she said at last. "Then I have done wrong in being here?"

"Not you—O, not you. But I, Miss Lyndon, I have done wrong; I came here, day after day, to meet you."

"Yes; I knew it—I expected you; I wished you to come."

"But I am not your father's friend—*he* would not approve of my meeting *you*."

"Who is to blame, Mr. Temple, but yourself? Have I not many times asked you to let me bring papa and you to be friends? Have I not often told you, I felt convinced that if he only knew you, he would appreciate you as I do?"

"You have often said so; but you cannot know how men of the world think—"

"But I do know papa; and I know that there are few things I could ask him which he would not grant. One of the things I have determined on is, that he shall know you, and appreciate you, and like you. I will tell him this very day. Why should you not come to our house, and be of our friends, and brighten our home a little for us, instead of some of the dull and pompous and uncharitable and unloving people who come to us? Mr. Temple, if you think there is anything lowering to you in the way our acquaintanceship has been carried on so far, let me bear the blame of it, and there shall be no more cause for blame. I will tell papa this very day—I will tell him all."

"That I have met you, and walked with you?"

"Yes, every word. Why not? I will tell him the whole truth; and he will believe me. I will tell him we met here because I wished to meet you, and you were too proud to come to our house. And I will tell him that you must come often."

"And teach you to sing, perhaps?" I could not help asking with a rather melancholy smile.

"Yes; why not? that is, if you would; only I suppose you are again too proud, and will be offended if I even mention such a thing. I should think it delightful."

"Miss Lyndon, every word you say only shows me, more and more, with what nobleness and innocence—I must say it—you have acted, and how unworthy of such goodness and such companionship I am. Do follow out your right impulse; do speak to your father thus frankly, and abide by what he says."

"I will; and I will tell him you told me to do so. You will find you do not understand him as well as I do. Only you must promise you will come to our house when he asks you."

"I might safely promise on such a condition, and the result be just the same, but I will not. I must at last be open and frank with you, who are so candid and sincere with me. No, Miss Lyndon, I can never enter your house as a sort of tolerated inferior, even if your father did become as good-natured as you expect."

"Inferior! You pain me and humiliate me. Have I acted as if I thought you an inferior? Am I, then, in your judgment, capable of giving my warm friendship and my confidence to an inferior? For shame, Mr. Temple! Have more faith in yourself and your art, and the beautiful life it gives. Have more faith in me."

"I have more faith in you than in anything under heaven. But I [illegible] what your father would think of me. I know what he would

say, and with only too much appearance of justice. I cannot, even for you, bear this, and bear it too to no purpose. Speak to him, if you will, but I could never meet you under his roof except on conditions which I could never bear, or with an object which is hopeless and impossible. No, Lilla—no, Miss Lyndon—"

"You may call me Lilla; I wish to be called so."

"No, Lilla; I have come up from the lowest life, but I have some sense of honour, and some pride. I have done wrong thus far—I never saw it so clearly as now; but it shall be done no more. I have your interest and your happiness now far too deeply at heart to think in the least of any pain it may give me—or even *you*—to do right. To meet any more would be hopeless for me, and useless generosity on your part."

"Then our friendship comes to an end? I am sorry. I wished that we might be always friends—I felt life less weary."

"Our friendship surely shall not come to an end. It shall live always, I hope."

"But I don't understand why this should be so—why you should haughtily refuse our friendship."

"You don't understand it now, Lilla; but you will one day, and you will feel glad—"

"I am very unhappy."

There was a calm, clear sincerity in the way she spoke these words which was infinitely touching. Was it not likewise infinitely tempting? Let those who, like me, yet young, have been cast away prematurely from love, and have long felt compelled to believe that supreme human joy cut off from them for ever—let them suddenly be placed face to face with a beautiful, pure, and tender girl, and see the expression I saw trembling on her lips and sparkling in tears on her eyelids, and say if it was nothing to stand firmly back, and leave her, as I did. When for my sins I am arraigned hereafter, as good people tell us we shall be, before some high celestial bar, I hope I shall be able to plead that one effort as a sacrifice in mitigation of the heavenly judgment.

"I am very unhappy," she said. "And now that you have spoken thus, you have made me think for the first time that I have been doing wrong. I hoped to have brought all my people together, and healed the quarrels and dislikes which are so sad and sinful in a family; and I hoped to have made papa and you know each other, and love each other—and he *could* appreciate you—and to have made much happiness; and now I only feel ashamed, as if I had been doing something secret and wrong; and you tell me we must not be friends any more. I have had no friends before; the people we know are formal and hard, and only care for politics and money; and I don't care for their society, and I cannot school my feelings into their way. But what is right, Mr. Temple, we must do; and I think only the more of your goodness, and am all the more sorry, because you have told me *what I ought to do. Good-bye!*"

She spoke this in a tremulous voice that vibrated musically and sadly in my ears, as indeed it vibrates there now. There was a look of profound regret and profound resignation on her face, which to my eyes, unaccustomed to see men and women obey aught but their mere impulses, good or bad, seemed saintlike, heavenlike. Even then I think I only felt the more deeply how little such a nature could in the end have blended with mine; how imperative and sacred was the duty which divided us in time. I could have wished that death awaited me in five minutes; but I did not flinch. I did not say one tender word, which might have recklessly unsealed the fountains of emotion in that sweet and loving nature.

"Good-bye, Mr. Temple." She put her hand in mine. I pressed it reverently, rather than warmly.

"Good-bye, Miss Lyndon."

There was a pause; neither spoke; and then we separated.

I turned and gazed after her. Her tall, light, slender figure looked exquisitely graceful as she passed under the shadow of the trees, and over the soft green turf. I see her still as I look back in memory; I see her figure passing under the trees. I see the whole scene; the grass, the foliage, the sunlight, the graceful, tender, true-hearted girl, who would have loved me.

Her handkerchief had fallen, and lay on the grass. I took up the dainty little morsel of snowy cambric, and saw her initials in the corner. I thrust it into my breast: I would keep it for ever! To what purpose? It is not mine; what have I to do with relics and memorials of Lilla Lyndon? I ran after her with it. She turned round quickly, when she heard the footsteps behind her.

"Your handkerchief, Lilla—you dropped it; that is all. Good-bye."

She smiled a faint acknowledgment; but, though her veil was down, I could see that her eyes were swimming in tears. She did not speak a word; and I turned and went my way, not looking back any more, for I knew that the angel who had perchance been a moment under my tent had departed from it.

I went back to the side of the little basin, and sat for a while in the chair where she had sat; and I leaned my chin upon my hand, and looked vacuously at the rippling water. I have obeyed you, Christina, I thought; I have made this sacrifice. Heaven knows how little of it was made for Heaven! Would you ever, under any circumstances, have loved me as she might have done? And now all is at an end; I have lost her. What remains?

I believe old-fashioned theologians used to say that man had always an angel on one side of him, and a devil on the other. My angel, as I have said, had left me; but I suddenly found that I was favoured with the other companionship.

I heard footsteps near me. I did not look up; what did it matter

to me who came or went in Kensington-gardens now? But a mellow rolling chuckle, to which my ears had lately been happily a stranger, made me start.

"Ill met by sunlight, proud Temple," said the voice I knew only too well. And Stephen Lyndon the outcast—Lyndon of the wig—came stamping and rolling up. I think I have already said that his gait often reminded me of a dwarf Samuel Johnson. He had a habit, too, of rolling his jocular sayings about on his lips, which made the odd resemblance still odder. It was some time since I had seen him, although I knew of late that he too used to walk in Kensington-gardens. He was neatly and quietly dressed now, and, in fact, looked rather as if he were going in for calm respectability. His wig was less curly, his hat was not set so jantily on the side of his head, and he was not smoking a cigar; he wore black-cotton or thread gloves; he had a bundle of seals pendent from his old-fashioned fob. Virtuous mediocrity, clearly; heavy uncle, of limited means, reconciled with Providence.

I looked at him thus curiously because I had come to know that one must always study his "get-up" a little, in order to understand his mood of mind or purpose. Taking all things together, I came to the conclusion that he had watched and waited for me deliberately, and that he had something to say. I did not seek to avoid him, or get rid of him. Why should I? Lilla Lyndon held him good enough to speak to her; how should I think myself lowered by his companionship? I resolved even to do my best to be courteous and civil to him.

"How do you do, Mr. Lyndon? We have not met for some time."

"No, Temple—a pity too; such congenial spirits, and now, I may almost say, companions in a common enterprise. We have not met lately; but I have seen you—I have seen you when you didn't think it, wild youth. You're looking well, Temple, as far as flesh and worldly evidences go; you are growing stout, I think, and your get-up is rather different from what it was when I first had the honour of meeting you—let us say half a century ago. Ah, Fortune has been kind to you. You are no longer the wretched poor devil you used to be. I have heard of your success, Temple, with a sort of pride, not unmingled with surprise, let me say; for, between ourselves, I never thought there was much in you except voice. I told Madame Reichstein so the other day."

"Indeed! You have seen Madame Reichstein?"

"I did myself the pleasure of calling on her; we are old friends. *She* does not forget old friends, or turn up her nose at them, as certain smaller people do, to whom we will not allude more particularly. Now, *she* is a great success: there is genius, if you want it, not mere lungs. Yes, I disparaged you, Temple, to her; I said I thought there was nothing in you. You are not offended?"

"Not in the least."

"I thought you wouldn't. Between old friends, you know; and I

never concealed from you my honest opinion. You see, Temple, *I* am an artist in soul. I know real musical genius when I find it—rather! Yes, I told her so."

"Well?"

"Well, she didn't seem to like it. She conveyed to me—delicately, of course, for she is quite a lady in manner, that let me tell you—she conveyed to me that she thought me an impertinent old idiot. Of course I didn't mind. She is prejudiced in your favour; anybody can see that with half an eye. May I sit beside you a moment?"

"Certainly; but I am going immediately."

"I have a word or two to say first; if you like, I'll walk your way. Rather not? Well, then, let us just sit here for a few moments. After all, Temple, what lovely spots there are in London! What could be a more charming bit of woodland than this? it might make a painter of anybody. To know London, Temple, is, if I may paraphrase a famous saying, of which I daresay you never heard, a liberal education. Where in the Bois de Boulogne, or the Thiergarten, or the Prater, is there so delicious and so natural a glimpse as that?"

He pointed with his cane down the glade into which Lilla Lyndon had just disappeared.

"I saw you studying that vista just now, Temple. Evidently you have an artist's eye, although I confess I never suspected you of anything of the kind before; but you looked down that vista as only an artist or a lover could."

"I like Kensington-gardens very much. But you were saying, I think, that there was something particular you wished to speak of."

"To be sure, so I was; I approached you for the purpose. But I am such a lover of natural beauty, that it makes me forget everything, especially business. Do you know, Temple, I don't believe a man can be really religious who does not appreciate the beauty of that sunbeam on the water, and that shadow on the grass. I don't think such a man ought to expect to go to heaven. Do you?"

"I don't think some of us ought to expect to go to heaven in any case. But you had something special to say?"

"Hard and practical as ever! Ah, Temple, I fear there is in you very little of the true artist nature. Well, it makes my present business the more easy; I might perhaps find it hard to open it gracefully to a poet. To the business, then. The fact is, Temple"—and here he suddenly abandoned the tone of rodomontade blended with banter which was so common with him, and assumed a cool, dry, matter-of-fact way—"the fact is, I see the whole game; I have seen it all along."

"Indeed! May I ask what game—whose game?"

"No nonsense, Temple; it won't do with me; I am quite up to the whole thing. We have been rowing in the same boat this some time, although, if you will pardon me for applying such a dreadful old simile, not perhaps with the same sculls. She is a charming girl, Temple,

and we're both very fond of her, in a different sort of way; and she will have a good fortune of her own, even in the lamentable event of her displeasing her respectable and virtuous father, and so causing him to leave all his money to her step-sisters. Her mother took good care of her in that way. Ah, Temple, ingenuous youth, what a sharp fellow you are!"

I got up to go away, disgusted beyond endurance.

"Look here, Mr. Temple; I want to talk to you fairly and like a man. Do drop your rantipole high-tragedy airs for once. You have been meeting my charming and innocent little niece here day after day; so have I. It goes to my heart sometimes to take the good little girl's money; but I do take it. She doesn't want it, you know—and *we* do. Now your game is just the same, only bigger and completer: you mean to marry the girl, and have her fortune."

"It is utterly and ridiculously false; and were not anger thrown away on such a creature as you—"

"You would say something dreadful, no doubt. Don't; anger is thrown away on me. Glad you have the good sense to see that. This is the point, then. *I* don't object to your marrying my niece; you have my consent—on conditions. I detest Goodboy so, that, only for the sake of the dear creature herself, I would fall on my knees and thank Heaven if she married a pork-butcher's boy or a chimney-sweep, just to spite him, and wring his gutta-percha heart: I would, by the Almighty! Now then, Temple, to business. If you promise to make it worth my while, I'll help you in this. You shall have my help and countenance—what you will. I want a modest income, made safe to me and beyond any confounded creature's control. Are you prepared to enter into terms? Look here, Temple. Beauty, virtue, and plenty of money, with a venerable uncle's blessing! all at your command. It is simply a question of how much you are disposed to stand for my coöperation. If I am not for you, Temple, I am against you. Make terms with me, or I go over to the enemy; and Goodboy shall know all."

"Now, Mr. Lyndon, I have listened to you, I think, with great patience and self-control. Pray listen to me. It is not, I suppose, any longer your fault that you cannot understand what good intentions and honour and honesty mean; so I shall not waste any words to that purpose on you."

"That's a good fellow. I do detest virtuous indignation in men; especially when combined with eloquence."

"I shall only say, you don't understand me. Go and do your best; do anything you please. Say anything you can to pain and grieve that one sweet and noble nature which has stooped to you and done you kindness. Her you may grieve, but you cannot injure. Play the spy, the liar, the calumniator, the swindler, as you like; but don't talk of *terms or rogue's bargains* with me. I would not buy your silence at the

cost of a sixpence. I would not accept any conditions of yours to save my life—and hers."

"That is your answer?"

"That is my answer."

"Now look here, Temple, my good fellow; another man might be offended, but I don't mind any of your nonsense. Just don't be in a hurry—don't be a fool. Really, Temple, I want to settle-down in life, and live quietly and pleasantly. I begin to tire of racketing about, and living on chance, and billiards, and soft-headed spoons, and all that. I am getting, you see, a little into years, though people tell me I'm looking wonderfully well yet. Can't we manage this thing nicely? You want that charming girl—why not, old boy?—and of course her money. I want just a neat little annual sum—a little pension, just to keep me from being a trouble to my friends, and so forth. I'll undertake, on very reasonable conditions, not to trouble even Goodboy—whom may a truly righteous Providence confound!—and in fact to take myself off to Nice, or some pleasant sunny place—I love warm climates—and never come back any more. Now do, like a good fellow, just think of that. Do you know—don't laugh at me!—I positively would rather please that dear girl than not; and if my turning respectable on a decent pension, and taking myself off, would do it, I really am open to terms. I don't mean to say that I am prepared to make any downright sacrifice for my niece—of course, between men of the world, that sort of thing is nonsense; but I would rather serve her than not. I should like to live quietly at Nice; and upon my word, if my wife would only oblige me and show her conjugal devotion by departing to that world where all virtuous persons ought to wish to go, I don't know but that I should entertain the idea of marrying some nice little girl myself. There *are* nice little girls, sir, let me tell you, who would not be entirely averse to such a notion. Now think of all this, Temple. Think of me! Think of what a thing it is to do a good action, and to play your own game and torment your enemies at the same time."

He spoke in quite a solemn and pathetic tone.

"I have given you my answer. Let me pass. I don't want to speak more harshly, or to lose my temper."

"Confound it!" he exclaimed, with a puzzled air, "I can't understand this at all. By Jove! the fellow must be privately married to her already, or he never would talk in this cock-a-hoop and lofty kind of way. There is an alarming air of security and confidence about him. —Now, Temple, fair is fair, you know. I always thought you too honourable for that sort of thing. Do speak out like a man, and tell me what is your game. Imitate my candour, and speak out."

I pushed past him; he caught me by both arms, and looked earnestly, scrutinisingly into my face. I could not get away from him without an exertion of positive violence. His grip was wonderfully strong; and

there were some groups of people scattered here and there sufficiently near to make me feel anxious to avoid any scene. I stood there and allowed him to study my face. It was rather a ludicrous business. With his twinkling beady black eyes he peered up into my face, standing on his toes meanwhile, and his head still hardly touching my chin. His sensuous expressive lips were working unceasingly with eagerness and curiosity; and in his whole expression, attitude, manner, eyes, there was a strange blending of the cunning of a detective and the wildness of a lunatic. Far back in the depths of those keen twinkling eyes there was surely, one might think, the reflection of a madman's cell. The first impression, as I looked at him, was a mere sense of the ridiculous, and I could hardly repress a laugh; the next was a sense of the horrible, and I found it not easy to keep down a shudder. It would not be pleasant to wake some night and find such a grip on one's arms, and see such eyes peering into one's face.

When he had scrutinised me apparently to his satisfaction, his countenance underwent a sudden and complete change of expression. Curiosity and eagerness had now given way to mere contempt. He literally flung himself off from me.

"Pah!" he exclaimed, "the idiot has done nothing of the sort. His enemy's daughter is safe enough so far as he is concerned. He walks in Kensington-gardens *pour des prunes*."

He put his hat a little more jantily than before on the side of his head, nodded an ironical farewell, and I saw him a moment after opening up a conversation with a smart nursemaid who was in charge of two obstinate children.

I went my way, not rejoicing, Heaven knows, but at least relieved.

THE RETURN OF THE BEAR-HUNTERS

SHALL I tell you how we killed the bear,
My boy Fritz with the golden hair?
I stuck in my hat this sprig of fir—
Your sister Clara, 'twas picked by her.

The bullets I'd rammed down hard and fast,
My horn athwart my breast I'd cast;
Yet I would not fire when from the bush
The hind leaped gaily—hoosh, hoosh, hoosh!

Because 'twas the bear that day we sought;
The bear that our bravest dogs had fought.—
On the mountain-side the echoes rang—
I saw his grizzly snout—bing-bang!

Crack went the maple-twig by his ear;
None of the others went half so near.
Then he came at me; the dogs like chaff
He scattered; again I went piff-paff!

This time he staggered, and rolled, and fell
Very near twice as deep as hell.
'Twas love that helped me shoot so true;
Clara, 'twas thinking, my own, of you!

I shouted to Rupert and Hans, Holà!
Then sounded my horn, Trara, trara!
I've promised Clara the thick brown skin
To line her father's cloak within.

That's why I shot so well—kling-klang,
Hoosh, hoosh, trara, Heisa, bing-bang!
A magic bullet I'd cast that day:
Zamiel, harm me not, I pray.

My boy Fritz, you're a hunter's son;
When you are fit to handle a gun,
You too shall make the old cliffs laugh
With the snap, crack, whistle, bing-bang, piff-paff!

W. T.

R. F. Leitch, del. Pauldenbaker, sc.

RETURN OF THE BEAR-HUNTERS.

THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT AS A COMPOSER

In a short time, perhaps the most splendid memorial this age has seen will be completed, and the stranger in London will be most attracted by the glittering pinnacle, the lofty canopy with its incrusted and sparkling mosaics, which is to shelter the image of one of the best of princes. This noble memorial, on which the existing genius of the kingdom is to exhaust itself, will surely be the most satisfactory record of the late Prince Consort's virtues and genius; and though such was the last thought that entered into the mind of the revered and much-loved Royal Lady who planned the whole, it will indirectly record the untiring exertion of one who has mourned as widow has never mourned, and whose mourning has been soothed as widow's mourning never has been soothed,—by the most responsive accumulation of testimonials, and the most sympathising shapes of grief. Kings have died before now, the most popular of their dynasty; royal personages have passed away, beloved by the people—as was that Princess Charlotte whom the whole kingdom mourned; but not for her or for them rose statues in many cities.

This commemoration of the departed Prince is certainly unique. No kingdom and no country of the world can exhibit so remarkable and *unanimous* a manifestation of regret—so positive a determination not willingly to let a memory die: of no departed hero, statesman, warrior, king, or priest can it be said that his statues are to be counted by dozens; and there is no town of any consequence in the empire that does not show its memorial to the departed Prince.

By this time the public has formed its opinion of the character of the man thus remarkably celebrated. That opinion grows fairer every day. His more solid gifts, his virtues, his wisdom, his good counsel, his domestic qualities, have been dwelt on often, and, best of all, because indirectly and unostentatiously, sketched in her Majesty's Balmoral volumes. There the figure of the

"Silent father of our kings to be"

stands out roundly and full of colour. He has been described far less successfully in the official *catalogue raisonné* manner, which indeed, for a correct notion of character, is to a description of a pattern day in his *Life in the Highlands* as a sale catalogue to a photograph of the collection to be sold. With this view of him we have nothing to do here; it is now as familiar, and perhaps as well worn, as the Row after an

vening's hard cantering. But there is another side of his character which has not received the consideration it deserves—a view of him as the accomplished man, the student with elegant tastes, the skilled patron, the artist, the man who delighted in the accomplishments of life for their own sake. No character is more common than that of the titled or royal dilettante; in no matter is the *rôle* so tempting, does a little go so far, or is received with so much flattery and favour. A prince with a smattering of the arts is invited, almost forced, to take the place of arbiter, or of musical or pictorial critic. But about the Prince Consort there was a "note" of quite a different order. Tested in the severest way, he was here perfectly *genuine*, and, apart from his station and advantages, would have satisfied all the conditions of true artistic feeling. There was no sham, no "play-acting," no slipping into the critic's gown. Mr. Carlyle might have scrutinised his credentials here, and let him pass as a man that "meant" what was true; so that whatever he did in *that* direction had its value and purpose. He had, first of all, that wonderful German gift, which at the beginning is really like an instinct or sixth sense—that *Kunst* which gives so much vital force to the soul of that country. We need only take up the last strange preaching of Wagner, where he distinguishes between the true German principle and the false French lacquer, which since the days of Louis XIV. has infected the art-life of the whole of Europe. An august patron of Wagner, the King of Bavaria is a frantic fanatico, and his fostering encouragement of music is more than inconvenient to the clients he fosters. The small vanity of persons in such a position is sure to be overset by the delight of being superior, as they think it, to men of genius. It is the only one way, too, in which they can obtain this fancied superiority, and can at least link their obscurer names with those which are certain of reaching posterity. The mad idolatry which drags Wagner into an obtrusive publicity, and forces him to the front of a royal opera-box, is a mere whim, and will pass by when a newer whim succeeds.

With the Prince Consort, this taste, and the fashion in which it was exhibited, was far different. It was constant, and burned with a calm steady flame. His patronage of art was unobtrusive, but substantial. It was the picture purchased from sheer relish; the little gem bought to adorn the private cabinet. There was no flashy patronage of the greater canvases. Even the subjects painted as commissions had the charm, the bloom as it were, of an association with some happy incident, some pleasant domestic scene, which gave them a fresh vitality. With music it was the same. His taste was of the true solid German order. Readers of her Majesty's first book, the *Early Years*, will recall the enthusiastic letter to "the concert-master Speith," with which the young man of twenty sends Beethoven's precious "Praise of Music" to a singing-society, a piece which he calls

erschnten und heissgeliebten. He offers himself modestly for the bass solo, "which, though not important, seems to be interesting." It was to be done with all the instruments; and there was a violin obligato, which he pronounced very beautiful, and which every true critic will also pronounce to be so. Prince Lowenstein, who was with him at Bonn, recalling with delight little sketches of the old student-days, gives a true glimpse of German student-life and its enthusiasm,—worth hours of grinding study and a thousand cans of midnight oil,—and tells how the Prince was looked on among the young men as a master in the art.

As a performer, he could play with great taste and feeling upon the organ; and in their journeys, when they came to one, the Prince's fingers were sure to try it. And in his visits to London, before his marriage, he seemed to enjoy life through these elegant accomplishments, now drawing, now playing on the pianoforte, with the Princess. There was a true enjoyment in all this: it was a genuine pastime, which the professional musical dilettante does not at all affect; he requires an audience for his patronage. No one relished public concerts more, and the Prince had that personal interest in the music and the players which is such a different thing from the ordinary sense of "going to a concert." He gave an excellent proof of this in his direction of the Musical Society's Concert, when it came to his turn to choose the music. He threw his whole soul into the selection. The result was an admirable programme, full of sound music, not too substantial, and a choice directed by the nicest taste. This was given during the year 1840, and was received with great satisfaction by the public.

It has been often remarked how the wish to create—that is, to compose—always attends a keen enjoyment of any art. He who relishes prose or poetry is inclined to write prose or verse, if not poetry: the connoisseur of painting feels an irresistible impulse to paint; while there is scarcely any one that plays or sings tolerably who has not attempted the "little thing of his own," the trifling sketch or *morceau*, but too often "composed" at the pianoforte. As a rule, amateur compositions are not bold enough to be bad; they are too weak and insipid to be offensive, and want the decision which in melodrama makes "the bold bad man." The villany is too milk-and watery. Amateur musical writers, too, often recall rather than compose.

About the year 1844 or 1845, a dozen songs with German and English words were republished in England, which were announced to be the work of the two royal brothers of Saxe-Gotha, Prince Albert and Prince Ernest. Though Dr. Johnson might declare that the labours of prince or noble are to be received, as it were, with head uncovered, the mere effort being a condescension,—it is scarcely too much to say

that these songs do not in the least require any support from such a prerogative.

At that time the great British public was deplorably ignorant—and incurious also—as to foreign music; it was but just beginning to make acquaintance with what were called "the German songs." Kücken, Cürschman, Keller, and others of that school, were indeed admired by a few of real taste; but the crowd were listening with delight to things by Messrs. Glover and Alexander Lee, and considered these the very perfection of true music. Who does not recall the ballad of that era,—the "We met, 'twas in a crowd," the "Come to me," and other innumerable invitations of that pattern? Some things of the same sort are still chanted, but they are chanted for the groundlings. Now our songs of this order—the "Claribel" description even—are on a higher and worthier model. The historian of English music, though that will be a short history, after all, will have to trace the surprising influence of the German school. And he will have to own also that these dozen royal songs came far too soon, before the public education began, before Mr. Chappell devised his admirable Popular Concerts. They are sound good music; elegant often, and certainly not conventional in shape. An English amateur composer, and especially an amateur composer of rank, is certain to trip along the regular walks of the ordinary pattern; and we know the regulation accompaniment which might be written by machinery. But in these German songs of Prince Albert there is an unconventional variety, with a free fancy and imagination, with a solid purpose, which is rarely seen. They will be found "to hold their own," as the phrase runs, fearlessly, when put beside productions of greater name and far more pretension, and will bear comparison with the works of professional composers.

It is curious to look over the joint work of these two young patricians, and see what enthusiasm, what feeling, there is both in words and music. They show besides a true affection; many of the little stanzas being written by one brother for the other to set to music. One even is addressed fondly "To my Brother."

Hat so lang mein Lied geschwiegen,
Soll es heute auferstehn.
Und aus süssem Schlaf dich weigen,
Durch der Klänge zartes Wehn!

Ist auch noch so weit die Reise,
Trägt ein Engelein hinan dir,
Und es flüstert dann ganz leise,
Denkst des Bruders du auch hier!

Von der Heimath, von dem Norden,
Von der Jugend schönem Glück,
Sprechen es [illegible] in Amerika,
[illegible] Bruder [illegible]

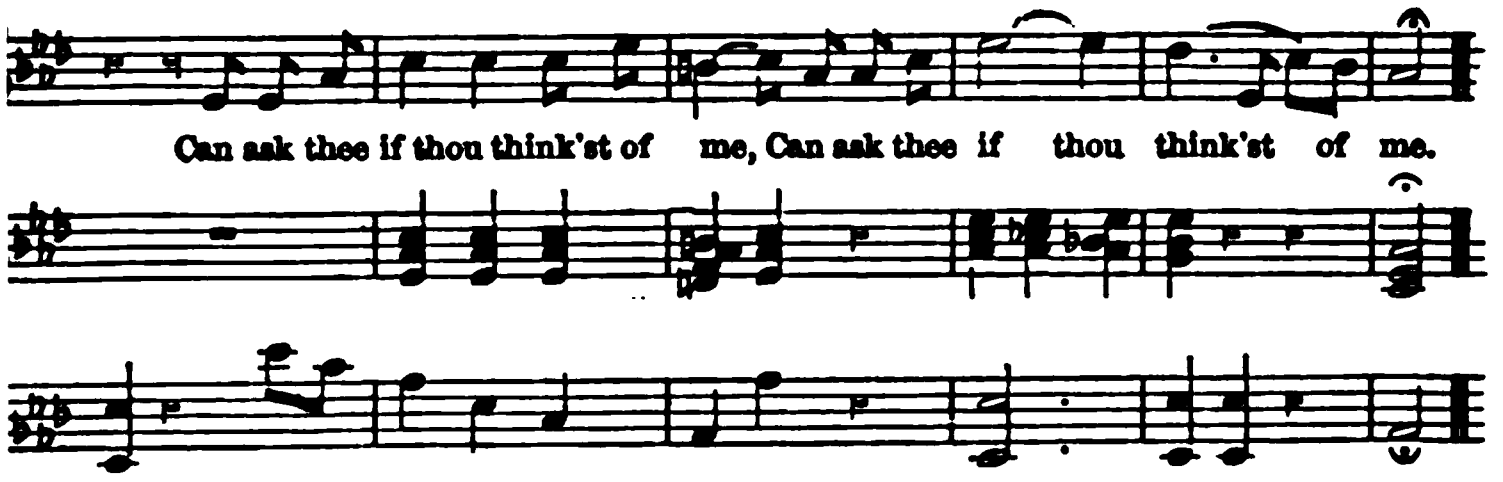
hich has been rendered:

And have I the Muse forsaken,
Though I loved her once so well?
I will now her strains awaken,
All a brother's love to tell.

Far though thou art doomed to wander,
Still the winds can reach to thee,
Can tell thee absence makes me fonder,
Can ask thee if thou think'st of me.

They can breathe in softest measure,
They can reach where thou dost roam;
They can whisper promised pleasure,
And guide thy heart to love and home.

Here is a pleasing token of mutual affection, and though the Engh version savours more of Bunn than of Tennyson, the German is rnest. The music is in the true German strain, beginning with the nple *Hertz, mein Herz* pattern common to many a German song, with ich change of the sort to which Kücken is so partial, and a pretty d original phrase before entering on the burden:



is is a graceful phrase of introduction, and what follows is singularly tty.

Once some Italian verses attracted the Prince's fancy; and with t wish to make them his own in some fashion, which is the homage always offer to what we like, he set to work to put music to them. e result is a singularly pretty song, quaint also, as suiting the oldioned words,

"Ah, che il destino, mio bel tesoro,
Altro che pene non ha per me."

s worth while quoting this little song here, and without giving it exaggerated praise, it is impossible not to acknowledge the pree of musicianship, and of a mind that was writing because it had ought to express, and could express it clearly.

Klage der Liebe.

Poetry an old Italian song. *Music by* PRINCE ALBERT

Allegretto.

pp

Ah che il des - ti no, ah

bel te so - ro, al - tro, che pe - ne non ha per me!

cres. *cres*

al - tro che pe - ne al - tro che

pe - ne non ha non ha, per - - - me!

f

A

A te vi - ci - no da

- mor mi mo - ro, d'a - mor mi

f *mf*

mo - ro, non ho mai be - ne lon - tan da te, non

ho mai be - no lon - tan da te, non ho mai

p

be - ne lon tan da te, lon - - - tan da

lento

a tempo

In the treatment of this little strain is a certain richness, and an ambition, unlike that of the amateur, to make the accompaniment as important as the melody. There is also an unconventional *breaking-up* of the melody which shows science, and a plaintiveness at the passage marked A which shows a true feeling and reflection of the words.

Through these songs there is a strong leaning to minor keys; and these, which are always rocks ahead for amateurs, are not so successful as the others. There is a danger of monotony. "The bark dashes wildly," *Es treibet die Welle*, is in G minor, and has an excellent "storm" passage. *Wachst Liebchen*, a sort of slumber song, is truly German, very sweet and pretty, and worthy of Kücken himself. It may, indeed, be said that the severe musician or critic would dismiss these efforts as trifling, or hint grimly at the necessity of complaisance when a prince condescends to set music-paper before him, and blot down crotchets and quavers. But it may be repeated, that these compositions have a sentiment and real *feeling*, without which mere scholastic training is utterly ineffective.

There is also a great variety in these little pieces. "The star of splendour," *Ich zog auf meinen Lebens Wegen*, has some original forms and phrases, though otherwise not so pretty as its companions. *Komm, Liebchen, komm*, is in the old-fashioned canzonet style, and was clearly suggested by one of Haydn's graceful songs; though here, too, his fancy for rich accompaniment is evident.

But the song to be most admired is that called *Wie es rauscht dort um die Wipfel*, which is better known as "Sounds are in the forest dying," and which is singularly graceful, with a flow of melody that is really charming, while the change from one key into another, though it seems a little violent at first, is so rich and satisfactory as to satisfy even the most exacting ear. Any true musician will be delighted with the melodious stream of rich chord and flowing song, which certainly deserves to be rescued from the oblivion to which light music, if only a year old, seems destined to be consigned.

To an absent Friend.

Poetry by PRINCE ERNEST. *Music by* PRINCE ALBERT.

Andantino

Hark! a whis per o'er the fountain, Hark, a murmur o'er the
Wie es rauscht dort um die Wipfel, wie es wogt dort auf der

plain, Hark! a voice from vale and mountain; Sure - ly 'tis the
Flur! Wer bewegt wohl Flur und Wipfel? wars der sanfte

ped *

Ze - - - phyr's strain! 'Tis the breath of ev'ning
Ze - - - phir nur? Wie die A-bendwin - de

Un poco piu mosso.

ped. * *dolce.*

steal - ing O - ver field and o - ver grove, Breathing sounds of gen - tlest
we - hen, zie - hen ü - ber Feld und Hain, fä - chern Wie - sen, küs - sen

feeling, Sounds of transport, sounds of love! Sounds of transport, sounds of
Se - en, wei - chen nur dem Mon - den-schein! wei - chen nur dem Mon - den-

love! 'Tis the breath of ev' - ning steal-ing O - ver
schein! Wie die A - bendwinde we-hen, zie - hen

field and o - ver grove, Breathing sounds of gen - tlest feel - ing, Sounds of
ü - ber Feld und Hain, fä - chern Wie - sen küs - sen Se - en, wei - chen

tran-sport, sounds of love! Sounds of tran-sport, sounds of love!
nur dem Mon - den - schein! wei - chen nur dem Mon - den - schein!

rallent.

Piu lento

Ze-phyrs, as ye float o'er ro - ses, Kiss - ing ev' - ry flow'r to
Die ihr mit dem O - dem lin - de je - des Blüm-chen zart be -

Piu lento

rest, Seek my friend where he re - po - ses, Breathe your balm with -
grüsst, sagt mir, lau - e A - bend - win-de wo den Freund ihr

ped. *

piu mosso.

- in his breast! While your wel-coms pre - sence
jetzt be - grüsst? Flat - tert um ihn ei - ne

ped. * piu mosso. pp

cheers him, While ye float a - round him free, Say that ab-sence but en -
Wei - le, sagt ihm, dass ich um ihn bin, ihr, als Träger, bringt in

dears him, And bear this song a gift from me, And bear this song a gift .....
Ei - le ihm dies klei - ne Lied - chen hin, ihm dies klei - ne Lied - -

..... from me!
- - - - - chen hin.

p ritard e dim pp

So with "Yonder thou shalt find the blessing," *Jenseits wirst du Ruhe finden*, which is elegant and rich in treatment, and also light and fanciful. Indeed it might pass, to a person who had the music of Mendelssohn's "Son and stranger" lingering in the ear, as a fragment of that delightful little work.

Yonder thou shalt find the Blessing.

Poetry by S. Burde. *Music by* Prince Albert

Andante

Yonder thou shalt find the blessing Here a-mid this
Jenseits wirst du Ruh - e finden Herz, das hier du

p *p*

ne'er hast known; All the ties this life op-press-ing, Loos'd by one kiss
nir - gends fand. Al - le Fes - seln, die dich hin den, löst ein Freund mit

hand a-lone. He shall sleep a fear-less stranger To the thought of
kal - ter Hand. Klip-pen, die dir, Schiffbruch drohten, an - gstes lan - ge

dread of dan - - - ger,
nicht den Tod - - - ten,

cresc. *dim.*

Who, in deep ob - liv-ious gloom, Sleeps the slum-ber of the tomb,
der in fes - ten Schlaf gewiegt, in der küh-len Er - de liegt,

p

Sleeps the slum - ber of..... the
in der küh - len Er - - - - - - de

pp

tomb.
liegt.

p *pp*

2

All that causes here our sorrow,
That pains the good or daunts the brave,—
All shall vanish in that morrow
Which shall dawn beyond the grave.
What shall check the soul's aspiring?
What shall stop her flight untiring?
Bright as morn and fresh as youth,
She shall seek the Source of Truth;
She shall seek the Source of Truth.

2

Was ich zu beweinen habe,
Irrthum, Thorheit, Selbstbetrug,
Alles scheidet sich im Grabe,
Nichts erschwert des Geistes Flug:
Nie ermüden ihn die Schwingen,
Rastlos wird er weiter dringen?
Und auf unbegrenzter Bahn,
Froh dem Ziel der Wahrheit nah'n;
Froh dem Ziel der Wahrheit nah'n.

At the obsequies of the late Prince one of his compositions was performed, to which, therefore, a touching interest attaches. This was a chorale, which is perhaps the only effort of the Prince's known to the public, and which, it must be owned, is scarcely equal to the rest. This probably arises from the monotony of a style of writing which, indeed, save in the hands of a very great master, can scarcely take the shape of anything original. As, however, it was thus solemnly associated with this good Prince and accomplished gentleman, it may be inserted here.

How sweet this Hour of pure Devotion!

Poetry by EICHENDORFF. *Music by* PRINCE ALBERT.

How sweet this hour of pure de - vo - tion, Hour to thought and feel-ing
O wun-der - ba - res tie - fes Schwingen! Wie ein-sam ist's noch auf der

dear; When Nature wakes with sweet e-mo-tion, And seems to own her Ma - ker near!
Welt! Die Wäl-der nur sich lei - se rin-gen, Als ging der Herr durch's stil - le Feld!

2

I seem amid a new creation,
I feel affliction haste away;
Worldly trial and vexation
Fly before so bright a day.

3

Earth, and all its care and sorrow,
Is a transient night to me,
Leading to a brighter morrow
That shall dawn to bliss and thee!

4

Wake, my harp, and pour thy measure,
But to strains that holiest be;
Sing the pure ecstatic pleasure,
Lord, that dwells alone with thee!

2

Ich fühle mich wie umgeschaffen,
Wo ist die Sorge nun und Noth?
Was mich noch gestern wollt' erschlaffen
Ich schäm' mich dess im Morgenroth.

3

Die Welt mit ihrem Gram und Glücke
Will ich ein Pilger, froh, bereit,
Betreten nur wie eine Brücke
Zu dir, Herr, übern Strom der Zeit.

4

Und buhlt mein Lied, auf Weltgunst lauernd,
Um schnöden Sold der Eitelkeit,
Zerschlag mein Saitenspiel und schauernd
Schweig ich vor dir in Ewigkeit.

There is also a very simple but touching sort of *Volkslied*, unpublished as far as is known, and beginning "*Einsam.*"

This, then, is a fair review of these agreeable efforts, which, by their own unadorned merits, deserve recognition. But they are far more valuable as an index of real accomplishment and of true sentiments; and will have their part in proving the Prince to have been a man of elegant tastes and true feeling. The oft-quoted image of a straw proving the direction of the wind holds good here—and any musician may be safely appealed to, to say whether these pieces do not show true instinct and refinement.

UNDERGROUND GODS

PHILOLOGY has prepared strange surprises for us: it has introduced us to Aryan ancestors, of whose existence we had no previous conception; it has shown us that the Hindoo is our cousin, a little further removed than Slave and Celt, than Gaul and Roman, but still a collateral descendant of our original Aryan progenitor, who kept flocks and herds and reaped his corn in Central Asia; it has shown us that Indra and Zeus were merely different names for the same mythological conception; and now, by the help of the Rig Veda and the laws of Manou, it has proved that, after all, Indra and Zeus are quite *parvenus* in the world of mythology, and that the chief religion of primitive Greek and Roman, as well as the Hindoo cousin, consisted for centuries in the worship of underground gods—his own dead ancestors.

Thus, when we think of primitive Greek and Roman worship, we must dismiss from our minds all notion of Jupiter and Juno, Diana and Apollo, Minerva, Pluto, and Neptune, and all the venerable hierarchy who feasted on Olympus, and were served out of elegant-shaped ewers by Hebe and Ganymedes. The first worship of Greek and Roman was the worship of the dead; and the knowledge of this will enlighten us much as to the meaning of many obscure passages in old writers, and the reason of many otherwise unintelligible ceremonies—kept alive even up to the time of, and after, the advent of Christianity.

Vespasian, just before his death, exclaimed mockingly, "Alas, I think I feel my divinity coming upon me!" *Væ, puto Deus fio!*—he being evidently a sceptic as to the *apotheosis*, or promotion to divinity, of deceased emperors; which seems to us so strange a proceeding when we first read of it. However, the exceptional *apotheoses* of Roman emperors were but the last surviving application of a belief which had formerly been universal. In the prehistoric times of Greece and Rome, not only every celebrated man, but every man whatever who belonged to a family which counted as a family and was not an outcast once, became a divinity on his death to his descendants, who worshipped in him, and all ancestors, the principle of life which they inherited.

It must not be imagined, however, that they fancied their progenitors were taken up to any sort of Olympus, or spent pleasant after-lives in the twilight repose of the Elysian fields. Olympus and the Elysian fields were quite a later invention, and only heroes of very exemplary merit were ever promoted to those quarters at all. No; they imagined that in after-life the dead continued existence in some sort of dim underground *mundus*, or region, to which they found access from their

graves. The primitive Greek and Roman buried his father, not as in later times by the road-side, but in a field near his house, and the ancestors were deposited there one after the other; and the descendants believed, in a benighted way, that they had need of meat and drink: they placed food in their tombs, and even holes were made in the ground into which wine and milk could be poured for the use of the deceased; and it was thought that unless this underground population were duly considered, paid attention to, and properly kept good-tempered with regular supplies of comestibles, they would not rest quiet. There was immense power of doing mischief in them; and as their numbers must have become in time something overwhelming, they were served more in fear than in reverence. The ordinary pagan, who eschewed the dangerous heresies of philosophy, up to the last continued to feed the soul of his great-grandfather in good faith, long after sophists and sceptics had ceased to do so from any other motive than avoidance of public scandal, after the death of Anaxagoras or Socrates, or when the scoffing Lucian wrote, "if a man has no son to feed him after death, his soul is condemned to everlasting hunger." Not a pleasant thing this, for a neighbour to believe that an impious householder hard by was keeping the souls of his ancestors in a state of raving famine; and that thus a whole multitude of angry spirits were let loose on society, to inflict upon it all kinds of disasters—frightful diseases for the body, mildew and blight for their corn-harvests; not to speak of their going over and siding with the enemy in case of warfare. Consequently a man who was known to be on bad terms with his underground relatives had little mercy to expect from those about him; it was no matter if you put him to death, for you might appease him in his after-life by feeding him properly, and giving him milk and honey, or anything else supposed to be pleasant for a ghost; and, provided some other male descendant was left to continue to feed the family-ancestors, the whole community would be a gainer.

Up to the present day the Hindoos still preserve the custom of giving repasts to the dead.

Even in the Augustine age, Virgil, speaking of the burial of Polydorus, says they shut his soul up in his tomb; and Cicero writes, the dead were formerly believed to lead the rest of their existence underground; for men of our race, at all events, never seem to have entertained the notion that the soul was mortal, and had finished its career with the breath of the body.

So completely indeed did the ancients believe that the dead lived an underground life, that they placed not only wine and food, but arms, vases, and clothing in their tombs. The Etruscan sepulchres are little chambers fitted up with every domestic comfort; and they sacrificed slaves and horses over their places of interment, so that the deceased might not want a becoming state in the under-world. After the capture of Troy, when the Greek chiefs were about to return home with a fair

captive allotted to each of the leading men, they sacrificed Polyxena to Achilles; she was his share of the booty, and he had a right to have her down below. Phryxes, we read in Pindar, died in Colchis, in a strange land, and was buried there; but he did not like it; he suffered from home-sickness, and he appeared in spirit to his descendant, and told him to go and fetch his soul and bring it back to Greece.

The "*sit tibi terra levis*," then, like many expressions whose use survives obsolete beliefs and customs, had a much fuller meaning in it originally than it had in later times, when no one believed any longer in subterranean life. The family of the deceased, after closing the tomb, called three times by name on the *manes* of the dead person, and wished them a happy existence. Then they said, "Fare thee well, fare thee well, fare thee well; may the earth be light upon thee!"—so that the very expression "fare thee well," like the "*siste viator*" now so common in churchyards, had some real significance in its early use: the descendants of the dead were very anxious their ancestors should fare well and have no cause to be spiteful.

From this primitive faith was derived the sacred duty of giving the body a proper tomb, one of the most imperative of ancient sacred observances. That the soul which was not duly interred was supremely miserable, all antiquity believed. It was a public crime not to lay the dead with all the usual observances in a proper tomb, and it was for this reason that the Athenians condemned to death their generals even though they had won for them the great sea-fight of Aigospotamos,—they had neglected to inter their slain soldiers. The generals were philosophers, and had a strong taint of infidelity about them, and thought that the duty of saving their ships from a coming storm was before that of burying their dead; but on their return the relatives of the slain made a public procession in long mourning robes, to demand vengeance for the unburied; and the Athenians fully believed that their dead citizens would exact retribution upon them, if they failed to avenge the unburied misery of these defenders of their country, so they put the generals all to death on religious grounds, and for their own safety.

The tombs too were temples as well as sepulchres; the *dii manes*, the *manesque sepulti* of Virgil, the θεοὶ χθόνιοι, σύναιμοι, συγγενεῖς, resided there; there was an altar in front of it for offering sacrifices; and the necessity of performing the religious rites of the ancestral tomb was so great, that we see Roman generals, in time of war, leaving their armies without a chief in the most critical situations, to come home and appease the souls of their ancestors; and the Senate, so far from being angry, would probably have deprived them of their command had they not done so—if they had been so irreligious as to neglect their *dii manes* in times of difficulty, when the city had especial need of their protection. For as soon as the *dii manes* received no longer their due supply of cakes and victims, of wine and milk, they came out of their tombs and wandered about, unhappy and revengeful, and were

[illegible] mortally in night-time. Defeat, disease, famine, and [illegible] were to be looked for with the *dii manes* in [illegible] Even Clytemnestra, though she had murdered her husband, [illegible] she could appease his spirit with a regular [illegible] demons. Thus the Greek *demons* and *heros*, and [illegible] and *ani*, formed one and the same race. Such [illegible] Greek and Roman gods, older by many centuries than [illegible]

[illegible] difficulty in imagining how a man could adore [illegible] ancestor as something divine. Nevertheless, it [illegible] these primitive people had no [illegible] of a maker beyond the being from whom [illegible] which they worshipped was the prin- [illegible] Naturally it was a vast step when they [illegible] gods of nature, who spoke in the thunder, [illegible] the sun and moon, and governed the storms [illegible] was a far less leap of the imagination [illegible] was the worship of the fire of the family [illegible] of the family.

[illegible] forms of primitive worship. Many [illegible] Isis; but the fire [illegible] was necessarily its most sacred form, and every [illegible] *ara*, [illegible] was consecrated. It was the [illegible] this slight day and [illegible] was carefully piled up [illegible] out in the [illegible] the sacred flame. [illegible] family altar [illegible]

[illegible] in the words of [illegible] It was always to be [illegible] year, on the 1st [illegible] was to be used [illegible] of wood rubbed to- [illegible] prayers addressed [illegible] is about to sacrifice [illegible] horse, a touching [illegible] and welfare of her [illegible] returns [illegible] thanks, but to [illegible] The altar was the [illegible] life of the [illegible] as the whole past and [illegible] as the special pro- [illegible] without giving it libations, [illegible] from the days of Augustus,

Horace never in his country-house supped before his hearth-fire without performing the accustomed rites.

Of the antiquity of this rite we can form no possible conception; but as the same custom was prescribed by the laws of Manou for the Hindoo, it must be immense—practised when Greeks, Romans, and Hindoos were yet one family, and brought to Greece and Italy from Central Asia. The laws of Manou say, "The Brahmin shall never eat rice of the new harvest without making a first offering to the domestic altar. For the sacred fire is desirous of grain, and when it is not so honoured will consume the existence of the neglectful Brahmin."

The altar-fire became in time personified—ἑστία, *hestia*—became the goddess Vesta, one of the most benign, but chaste and venerable, of all the deities, whose fire could only be maintained by the pure hands of the vestal virgins; a goddess of order; not like the dark and terrible ἀνάγκη or Necessity, but of the gentle, moral order of human nature.

The first religion of Greek and Roman, then, was entirely domestic; each family worshipped its own hearth and its own ancestors. The stranger was carefully excluded; nay, his presence was a profanation. Hearth, *lares*, *manes*, and demons, composed the θεοὶ μύχιοι, the *dii penates*, the peculiar deities of each family; which prepared its rites after its own ancestral fashion, with which none might interfere.

Every morning and every evening the family assembled to pray before the domestic altar. Each family was then a religious association; but there was this peculiarity, that the worship of the family could only be perpetuated by a male chief. Hence all the primitive laws of Greek and Roman were directed to the care of preserving the worship in a direct line of males; and hence came many anomalies of the old Roman law which are still a puzzle to its professors.

Community in family worship was essential to be considered a member of a family; therefore the descendants of a daughter who had married into another family, and consequently adopted another form of family worship, could no longer inherit property from her own family. She had no longer any community of worship with them, and hence *agnati*, or relatives by the female side, never inherited by the rules of Roman law. All celibacy also was consequently impious; it was the cause of evil to all the population; it put an end to hereditary worship; and the son was called the saviour of the paternal hearth. Hence too the favour with which adopted sons were regarded by Greek and Roman, and still are by the Hindoo law. The adopted son could keep alive the worship of the dead for the common benefit of all. What difficulties about the rights of adopted sons have not arisen before the English in India, who would never consent to recognise the rights of the adopted sons of the native princes!—rights which we see are perhaps one of the oldest legal creations of humanity, sanctified by the ancient religion of which we have any trace.

The *marriage-customs*, moreover, in connection with the altar-fire

were very significant. Every marriage was celebrated before the hearth-fire, and required no more sacred temple than the house for solemnisation. The bride, on coming into the house of her future husband in procession, with a crown on her head and her face covered with a veil, made a show of resistance and cried for help—she was a stranger, who, by the law of assumed force, was torn from her own hearth-worship to be initiated into that of her husband; the bridegroom seized and bore her before his own hearth, taking care her feet should not touch the threshold; for the threshold was sacred in those days, and no stranger-foot profaned it, and the wife was a stranger till she had been constrained to worship her husband's *penates*. In company with him she arrived before the sacred hearth, she was sprinkled with lustral water, she touched the sacred fire, prayers were addressed to the hearth, and the bridal pair then partook of a cake together. From the time of her marriage the wife had no longer any right to be present at the family worship of her own ancestors in her father's house; she had become a stranger to them, and sacrificed at the hearth of her husband.

Thus in the earliest times the family was a religious institution, the house of the family had the sanctity of a church; and the succession of property, and every act of life, was regulated and consecrated by the family religion. Man lived in the society of his gods, and every object around him became sacred. The head of a family was also its priest, *pater;* the true meaning of which appellation is, that he was the sacred chief of a family and the founder of the state. The pater-priest's hearth was an altar; his walls, his doors, his threshold, his boundary-stones, were all sacred. Every repast was a sacred rite. Birth, initiation of the son of the family to family worship, the taking of the toga or robe of manhood, were all accompanied with prescribed religious ceremonies, and the anniversaries of all these events were sacred. The fulfilment of family duties was part of the religion of the time, as is certified by the expression, *pietas erga parentes, pietas erga liberos.* But side by side with this primæval religion grew up another—the worship of the gods of nature—till the two became fused ultimately together. Universal is the testimony of Greek and Roman writers that the worship of Jupiter was a new religion. It is sufficient to appeal to Æschylus alone, in the *Prometheus*, for evidence of this belief, νέοι γὰρ οἰκόνομοι κρατοῦς Ὀλύμπου. But notwithstanding the immense number of the gods of Olympus, it took centuries for men to simplify them down to the condition in which we find them even in the poems and hymns of Homer. There were originally thousands of Jupiters, multitudes of Minervas, Dianas, and Junos, each appropriated to the use of a particular family, and introduced among the *penates*. The various titles of each divinity proved this—Apollo, Phœbus, Hyperion, Alexicacus, and Heracles were originally different conceptions of the same divinity in various minds, conceptions drawn by different imaginations from the sun; and it took ages imagine that one divinity was the ruler of the sun, and

was the same being worshipped hitherto under various names. Moreover, as each family familiarised itself with the notion of external gods of nature, some of these were admitted into partnership, into the worship of the house-fire and the *penates*. Thus each family had not only its ancestral underground gods, but a new race of family gods springing up—the divinities of nature. These were styled the hearth-preserving, hearth-standing gods—ἑστιοῦχοι, ἐφέστιοι, πατρῷοι. "My own Jove," says Hecuba, in Euripides. "I conjure you," says Tecmessa to Ajax, "by the Jove who sits near your hearth." Some particular divinities thus remained always the especial property of a family. The Eumolpides laid claim to the Demeter of Eleusis. The Athene of the Acropolis belonged to the family of the Butades. The Potitii of Rome had their own Hercules, and the Nantii their own Minerva; just as different quarters of Naples have still their own Madonna.

The celebrity acquired by the divinity of some influential family induced later the whole city to institute rites for its public honour; but the family always retained its sacerdotal functions, and hence we have public hereditary priesthoods.

It was a vast step, then, in the history of humanity when several families united together to worship a common god, and the stranger was no longer regarded as something profane and execrable in the presence of a family divinity. But who can tell how many centuries it took to elaborate the idea of a Zeus Xenius—of a Jove, the god of hospitality? Nevertheless, all the new gods were of a more hospitable character than the old, who maintained their exclusive character as long as paganism was a religion.

The simplification of these new divinities into the hierarchy of Olympian deities, as found in Hesiod or Homer, was the next advance in mythology—the reformation period of paganism.

Ages intervened before philosophy grasped the conception of one universal and presiding governing spirit of the world; and when Anaxagoras lifted himself up to the height of this idea and proclaimed it, so impious did it seem, that they put him to death to propitiate the injured majesty of the old underground divinities.

WILLIAM STIGAND.

THE BEGGAR OF VERNON

THE pleasure-seeker who has indulged in a trip up the Seine, by steamboat or train, cannot fail to have noticed the picturesque old town of Vernon. If for no other reason, he would regard it with some interest because it gave name to a distinguished family that has figured in the annals of England from the time of the Norman Conquest downwards, and has contributed to English renown in the various fields of arms, of jurisprudence, and of literature. What lover of Dante does not reverence the memory of the late Lord Vernon? But the town has other claims to notice. It is prettily situated in the middle of a fertile plain, on the left bank of the Seine, and communicates with its suburb Vernonnet, on the right bank, by a bridge of twenty-two arches stretched across the river. It had the honour of being burnt by our Edward III. in 1346, and again ten years later by his son the Duke of Lancaster, and remained in the hands of the English from 1419 till 1449, when it was recaptured by Dunois the young and brave. The timber-framed houses in the narrow, inconvenient streets, while they suggest the fatal efficacy of that barbarous military device called "firing a town," serve to enhance the picturesqueness of the ancient *bailliage*. Adding greatly to the general effect is a tall and massive tower, called La Tour aux Archives, which—and a curious old building, now converted into a mill, at the foot of the bridge—is associated with sad rather than gloomy thoughts, as being the home of English prisoners during the great Napoleonic war. Around the town are pleasant walks and boulevards, of which the most agreeable is the avenue leading to the Château de Bizy, where lived and died (in his bed, wonderful to say of a duke in 1795) the Duke of Penthievre, father of the Duchess of Orleans.

The church, which is the opening scene of our history, is a gothic edifice, built evidently at two different periods, the nave being in a style later by three centuries than the choir. For some reason the devastators of the revolution left within the church intact the marble effigy of a lady of the family of Maignard, buried in 1610.

Very strange was the scene enacted in the nave of this gothic church on the morning of Sunday the 25th of July in the year 1655. The people were at prayer; some, however, passing in, some out. Among the former appeared a sturdy beggar, accompanied by a little fair-haired boy, both wearing the marks of a weary tramp along hot and dusty roads. Following his vocation, the beggar stationed himself near the door with his little ally, and asked alms. The parishioners of Vernon seem to have had a sharp eye for mendicants and their surroundings,

and many a scrutinising glance was cast at Jean Monrousseau—such was the name of this lay member of the order—and at his little boy. There was an increasing significance in the glances, and a sequence of whisperings growing in intensity.

"Surely that beggar-lad is Jacques le Moine!" said one. "I believe it is," said another. "I am sure it is; I know him by his hair," said a third. "And by the scar on his forehead," added a fourth.

Now Jacques le Moine was the lost son of a certain Jeanne Vacherot, native, as it would seem, of Vernon, where she had property. Fifteen years had elapsed since her marriage with Lancelot le Moine, a notary practising at the Châtelet, Paris; and for six years she had been a widow. She was left sole guardian of her children—three boys—and had procured for them the rudiments of learning, as became their station. So strong was the confidence of the defunct notary in his wife, that he expressly set forth in his will "that none other but she should be the guardian of his children, because that would be their ruin."

Unfortunately Madame le Moine, or Dame Vacherot, as she was often called in her widowhood, was compelled in 1654 to quit her Paris home, and travel to Vernon in quest of her rents. Taking with her the youngest boy, she set off in the month of September, leaving Pierre and Jacques under the care of her mother Catherine Janvier and a servant. Whether grandmamma or the servant were too despotic, and the boys longed to rejoin their mother, or whether they acted on the impulse of vagabondage common to boys in all ages, is unknown. Certain it is that the worthy widow, on her return to Paris, learned that the lads had left home. Pierre was fourteen years old, Jacques ten. They had gone off with the children of a burgess named Coustard. The young Coustards were brought home to their father by an officer of the police, but no tidings came of the other two lads. Their mother is represented as overcome with grief, and making every search that maternal solicitude could suggest. Oddly enough, however, she does not communicate her loss to the legal authorities for two or three months. One day on the steps of the Hotel-Dieu she notices a beggar with a child, who had more than once asked her charity. She was struck with the resemblance between the child and her son Jacques, and begged the father to make inquiry on his travels for her lost children, whom she described, giving him alms, and shedding abundant tears. Jean Monrousseau—for he it was—comforted her with promises and hopes.

After this and some other private inquiries, of which no particulars are given but that they were useless, this despairing mother, on May 12, 1655, informed a magistrate of the flight of her sons.

Two months later, business again called her to Vernon, where the story of her bereavement was well known. By an extraordinary coincidence, at this very time the mendicant Monrousseau and his little boy entered the town, and hastened, according to his wont, to that threshold of the temple of charity, the church-door. Here pleading mutely

his own cause, by the help of his picturesque-looking son, he became the object of marked attention, as we have seen, and drew from several parishioners passing out of church the remarks we have quoted.

Now it must not be assumed that, in this early period of the reign of the Grand Monarque the populace of French towns were a quiet submissive set of people, who, having no voice in the politics of the nation, remained speechless and undemonstrative. Very much the contrary. Quite recently they had been in all the turmoil and passion of the Fronde, which was particularly active in Normandy. The concussion of opinions in the political atmosphere for the twenty previous years was violent enough to affect the lives of men in all parts of the world. The English civil war, the trial and execution of a king by his subjects, and the elevation of plain Oliver to supreme power in these islands, were events of so astounding a character, that no one could ignore them, or be entirely free from their influence. However various that influence may have been in particular cases, there is no doubt that it had one general effect—that of inspiring men with more respect for personal independence, and less reverence for human authority.

Reflections of this kind arise as we note the sudden fit of passion which seized the good folks of Vernon on the retreat of the beggar with the boy. They supposed him to be Jacques le Moine, and vociferously demanded that he should be given up to his mother. The crowd and tumult increased on the appearance of Sieur Louis on the scene. This gentleman was the *procureur du roi*, whose duty it was to take cognizance of all offences, and prosecute them according to law. Vehemently urged by the cries of the people, he adopted their views without due consideration. Jean Monrousseau was arrested and taken before the magistrate, who sent him to prison; and though neither his name nor the charge made against him were entered, as they ought to have been, in the gaoler's book, he was put in irons. Irregularities like this prove undue haste at least on the part of the officials, for which they had to pay the penalty of a tedious litigation afterwards. Meanwhile widow Vacherot, who, just arrived in Vernon, had been informed of the discovery of her son, repudiated the boy, to the great horror and scandal of her neighbours. The child was taken to the hospital by order of the magistrate, and the supposed unnatural mother was ordered to appear next morning in court to be confronted with Jean Monrousseau. She was not allowed to find her way quietly, but was summoned in form, and then led between two moving hedges of townsfolk, who showered upon her every expression of hatred, indignation, and contempt that they could call to mind or invent. She was confronted with the beggar, who swore the child was his, and with the child, who called her mother. Varlot, a tailor, swore that he had made a coat for this boy as for Jacques le Moine; and Aubert, a surgeon, vowed that he had treated him for a wound on the forehead. The dilemma was awkward, but Jeanne Vacherot stood firm. The judge, in French fashion,

interested himself warmly for the child thus shamelessly, as he thought, disowned. He entreated and threatened by turns, but the lady persisted in denying that she was mother of the boy they were so liberal as to give her. She was kept in custody all day, and liberated in the evening. Feeling her very life in danger, she set off at once, and, travelling all night, safely reached Paris; and not too soon, for the populace, hearing that she had fled, vented their rage on the house she had lived in, breaking the windows and committing other disorders of a like kind.

Meanwhile, on an information laid before him by the procureur, the judge declared the boy to be Jacques le Moine, appointed him a guardian, and granted a provision of a hundred livres.

Hereupon the widow appealed to the parliament of Paris, and on the 11th August obtained an order stopping all legal proceedings at Vernon, and transferring them to the capital. The judge, however, demurred to the authority of this decree, alleging that Vernon was in the jurisdiction of the parliament of Normandy alone. To procure money for the boy, and pay expenses, he issued a distress-warrant against Madame Vacherot's farmers, and seized their goods, horses, &c.

Readers of the history of the period know well how fierce and bitter were the mutual jealousies and bickerings of the several parliaments which then administered justice in the kingdom of France. A conflict of jurisdiction now began, and the cause of the beggar of Vernon became a *cause celebre*, and a battle-field for the gentlemen of the robe at Rouen and at the grand Châtelet of Paris. Madame Vacherot, in defence of her farmers, had implicated the judge and procureur in a personal charge of unjust and illegal proceedings, and obtained from the Châtelet an order for the release of her goods seized by the authorities of Vernon. This order was disregarded by the provincial court, and the seizure maintained. There was nothing to be done but carry the cause into the supreme court of appeal—the Privy Council.

The beggar and the boy were removed to Paris, and there interrogated by the celebrated lawyer Lamoignon, then master of requests.

In February 1656, order was given to stop the execution of the sentence against the farmers. Nothing more could then be done without the concurrence of the Rouen parliament, which was not sought, and would not have been granted.

In Fort Evêque, the house of detention in Paris, the boy, whose resemblance to the lost child was said to be proved by his flaxen hair and a mark on his forehead, avowed that Monrousseau was his father, notwithstanding his pretensions to be Jacques le Moine. The cause went on from court to court, and in June 1656 reached the parliament of Paris, at the very time that Lamoignon was made first president. It was on this occasion the king paid this eminent lawyer the compliment of saying, "his elevation was due to his merit alone, and he would not have been preferred had it been possible to find in the kingdom a more faithful subject, or one more capable of that distinguished duty."

Strangely enough, eight days after the last order of the Privy Council, namely on the 10th of June 1656, Pierre le Moine, the elder of the missing brothers, returned home, after an absence of twenty-one months. He told his mother that when he and Jacques left Paris they made their way to Vernon, whence they proceeded to St. Waast, where they were reduced to the necessity of begging alms. A gentleman named Montaud, perceiving that they were of the better sort, took them into his house for a fortnight. Here the younger one fell ill, died, and was buried in the church of St. Waast by the Brothers of Charity. Pierre produced a certificate to this effect signed by the curé, by M. Montaud, by the Brothers of Charity, and by other parishioners of St. Waast. He had run away, however, from the house of M. Montaud, and spent a vagabond life, until the hardships and miseries he endured drove him home at length to the welcoming arms of his mother.

At length the cause came on for final hearing, and was opened on behalf of Jeanne Vacherot by Maître Pousset de Montauban; "a man," says Pitaval, "whose happy genius shone forth not only at the bar, but in the theatre, for he was the author of comedies, tragedies, and tragi-comedies—of *The Charms of Felicia*, *Pantagruel*, *Zenobia*, *Indegonda*, *The Count of Holland*, &c., which were printed in 1654." The forensic eloquence of a man so versatile is worthy of notice, and his speech on behalf of Dame Vacherot may be found in a little old quarto volume printed at Paris in 1665, under the title of *Divers Plaidoyez [illegible] la Cause du Curé de Vernon*, where it occupies fifty-eight pages of print. There is a biblical tone in all the speeches, savouring of the pulpit as much as of the bar. We imagine, however, that solemnity in a court of justice in those days was no mere pompous affectation, but a real product of the thoughts and feelings inspired by the place and the business in hand. Viewed in the light of our day, the mode of procedure has a tinge of the ludicrous. "Gentlemen," said Montauban, addressing the parliament of Paris, with Lamoignon at their head, "it is no new thing to see mothers disputing the possession of a child, with so many reasons for doubting on both sides, that the right decision descended from heaven alone, and proceeded from the spirit of God himself, who has pronounced the verdict by the mouth of the wisest of princes. It is no new thing to see a mother disown her son, and forced only to recognise him by the happy artifice of a sentence to death or marriage with this same son—celebrated judgments of which all the ages have spoken. But it is a new thing to see a child who acknowledges his father, and whom his father acknowledges, who disowns her who is given to him for a mother, and is disowned by her; to see him torn from his father who asks for him, and given to her who does not know him. It is new to see people wishing to rob a father of his most precious possession, the only good thing he has, to give it to my client, who were she in want of an heir, would not be so hard as [illegible] would [illegible] the spoils of a poor man."

He then proceeds to charge the lieutenant-general, and the procurateur of Vernon, with imposing this beggar-boy upon her for a son because she had refused to sell them her estate near the town.

"Spite of all testimony to the contrary, that from the mouth of the father and son, these officers will have it that the father is blind, and the son mistaken, that nature has a false voice, and that all these infallible lights of the knowledge of their own condition are extinguished at their very source."

His metaphors get a little puzzling at times, and he is rather high-flown; but the directness and clearness of his statement against the defendants is admirable. His reading is shown by quoting Plato and Seneca to prove that children are born to the republic, and belong to the state before they belong to the parents. The very poverty of the beggar's child draws closer the ties which bind him to his country. "The state," says Seneca, "counts not riches, but arms and heads." He then relates the family history of Dame le Moine, or Vacherot—her marriage, the birth of her three sons, the baptism of the second (Jacques) at a church near Vernon, the death of her husband, and the substance of his will. A passage in the will is quoted as testimony to her affection. In appointing her to be guardian, the testator adds, "not wishing that any other be their guardian, as it would be their ruin." "Does not this," exclaims the advocate, "destroy the reproach cast upon her by these officers, that she bore an aversion to the child? Can they accuse her, when her husband justifies her? Can they say she wants to ruin one of her children, when her husband says they would be all lost if she did not love them, and ruined if she were not their guardian?" He continues his history, and quotes Solomon again when he comes to the escapade of the two boys.

Further on, in describing the treatment of Monrousseau and his boy when they first arrived at Vernon, the orator garnishes his discourse with a more lively scriptural metaphor. "The beggar came to the church-door to ask for bread, but the people, incited by the judge, instead of changing the stones into bread to alleviate his misery, turned bread into stones to insult his misfortune." The examination of Dame Vacherot by the judge at Vernon he describes as a course of entreaty and menace; "a great combat, in which nature proved triumphant, love victorious, and truth without a stain. If this child had been her son," he continues, "there was no need of violence to stir up her passions in his favour. The heart of a mother is a door always open to her children in times of the greatest difficulty. They know the road to it, and will find their way thither without the use of fire or sword, torture or imprisonment."

Much more of this kind of language was allowed than would now be tolerated either in France or England. How much it contributed to the convincing of the judges, it is of course difficult to say, since the counsel on all *sides dealt* in it. Certes Montauban touched a more

responsive chord when he asked what authority it was that dared to resist the decrees of the parliament of Paris, and how long the officials of Vernon had been sovereigns. "They have put the threshold of their tribunal higher than that of yours, or, as Cato said in speaking of the philosophers, of their portico they have made a temple." The parliament seems to have enjoyed this sort of pedantry, and talent in selecting instances from Greek and Latin writers was highly appreciated.

The weakest point of Montauban's case was the contradiction in the boy's conduct in calling Dame Vacherot his mother at Vernon, and Monrousseau his father at Paris. Both statements could not be true, for the lady's fidelity to her husband was not impugned, and the baptismal register of the lost Jacques was produced in court. The advocate has recourse to great subtleties here.

"The simple utterance of the name of mother by this child gives no certainty that he is her son. In law, if a man call another his son habitually, he does not thereby prove the relationship, neither can a child prove his sonship by merely calling another man his father. The name of father is rooted in the soul and blood; it is nature's point of perspective, where everything is gathered up; it is her seal and signet; in it is comprised all that force of nature which makes it fruitful. The utterance of this name should not be the sterile production of lips articulating its component syllables. It is the external mark of an impression at the bottom of the heart, which unfolds the secret cipher by the mouth. It is the evidence of those impetuous feelings of the soul which more than once have untied the tongue of a dumb child to exclaim against the hand raised against his father. Had this child uttered in such a manner the name of mother, he would have found a responsive echo, and my client would not have failed to call him son. But the word pronounced remained dead upon the lips, and my client has still to mourn the loss of her son."

Simple enough, perhaps, of Maitre Pousset's stilted eloquence. He does not spare his learned brothers. He calls Plutarch into court, with Theseus and Ægeus, Homer with Ulysses, Virgil with Astyanax; he appeals to Plato in the original Greek for a definition of "necessity;" quotes St. Ambrose, Augustine, and Tertullian. On the subject of resemblances he has a quaint astronomical conceit. "If the beggar-child and the deceased child were alike, still the one would be the son of the pauper, the other my client's son. There would be the same difference between them as between a star and a comet, both having the same appearance and seemingly the same brightness; but the one is seated in the firmament, shining with a fire lighted at the sun; the other is but a vapour of earth, a false star, that finally falls from the sky in which it only seemed to be placed." A hint of the condition of the contemporary poor is given in a passage referring to Monrousseau. "I know well, gentlemen, that the disorder among persons of [illegible] has been very great hitherto. I know there are few genuine

poor—few of those whom God draws from his bosom as he draws the winds from his treasures, in whose person he appears disguised, according to Tertullian, who calls the poor man 'God masked.' "

He is very severe upon the *vox populi* as displayed by the people of Vernon, and quotes several instances from ancient history of the mischief it has produced. At length he ends with the formal phrase, "I conclude that it may please the court to reverse all the previous proceedings, to declare the [Vernon] officials fully implicated, and to condemn them in all the damages, with interest and costs."

The next orator was Maître de Fourcroy, counsel for the beggar Jean Monrousseau. His style is less pedantic and more business-like than Montauban's.

"Gentlemen, I will not offer you a studied narrative, full of artifice and ornament, nor set before you a picture of bright and lively colours: brilliant colouring does not sit well on the wretched; paint, which is an ornament on the great, in the poor is a crime; and artifice is not necessary where the truth speaks for itself. I present my cause quite bare, in its natural state, without disguise or figure of speech, for the simplest language is the most suitable to the condition of my client."

He proceeds to narrate the history of his client, who was about fifty years old, the son of a Limousin stonecutter, and, having begun life as a shepherd-boy, became a soldier. He was in the campaigns of Italy and of Flanders. When Marshal Meilleraie took Bapaume from the Spaniards in 1641, the regiment in which Monrousseau served was left in garrison, and the tired soldier thought to settle comfortably in life by marrying Jeanne Blond, an artisan's widow. The curé at Bapaume refused to marry them, because Jeanne omitted to carry with her a certificate of her first husband's death. Arras was not far off, and Maître Michel Hocquet, the curé there, being more complaisant, the happy couple were lawfully wedded in the presence of the corporal and some soldiers of Jean's company. This was in 1642, and the town of Bapaume had not recovered from the effects of the previous year's siege —it was in a ruinous condition. The newly-married pair therefore moved away, first to Mondidier, then to Neuville. Of two pairs of twins that Jeanne bore her husband, the boy Louis was the sole survivor. The parents gained a livelihood for a time by working in the gardens and woods of Neuville. In 1647, however, they set forth "on the tramp," armed with a letter from the curé to the Bishop of Beauvais, requesting that these poor people might be allowed to beg in his diocese. This letter was brought into court as confirmatory evidence of Monrousseau's own statement. This miserable vagrant life seemed well-nigh ended by the death of Jeanne Blond in the Hôtel-Dieu at Tours, in 1654. The widower and his boy moved back to Neuville, but could find no occupation there, and went on to Paris, where, in a casual meeting with Dame Vacherot, they received alms from her, and were asked to look *round them* in their travels for her lost sons. Going into

the country soon after to get work in the harvest, they passed by Vernon, and were treated in the manner already related. One peculiarity of Fourcroy's style is that he identifies himself literally with his client. "I do not ask," he says in one place, "of what we were accused, for when we were imprisoned, there was neither accuser, informer, nor complainant against us. But I ask why we were imprisoned?" In another place he says, still speaking for his client the beggar, "I bring authentic documents and justify my marriage, the birth of my children, the death of some of them and of my wife. Here is a proof in writing that I was married and had children, of whom the boy in question was one. What other proof of possession can I have than this—that I was holding him by the hand and asking alms for him when they took him from me?" The parliament was doubtless too much in earnest to smile at language which would have a comical effect from the mouth of an advocate in our day. Fourcroy concluded a speech that fills seventy-seven printed quarto pages by demanding damages from the Vernon officers for the false imprisonment and other injuries of which his client had been the victim. It is worthy of mention that he quotes Lord Bacon as "a great chancellor of England, who has said that nature may be often concealed, sometimes surmounted, but never extinguished."

The Lieutenant-general of Vernon, Louis Mordant, was defended by Maître Bilain, for whose speech we have little space left. He is energetic enough, beginning with a fine piece of flattery to the judges: "Heaven raises up from time to time extraordinary causes of this kind, for the honour of justice, and for the exercise by the judges of that sovereign wisdom which appeared in their decrees. It is upon this that my innocent client M. Mordant relies." He then gives his client's history, and an account of the transactions at Vernon as seen from their point of view. "It was the cry of the people arising suddenly, like a voice from the centre of the earth, that first directed the attention of the judge at Vernon to the beggar and child. The lieutenant-general had no part in it. The case was brought before the deputy-lieutenant, who was cousin-german to Jeanne Vacherot's husband. Thus it was the voice of heaven, since it was the voice of the people; and it was the voice of nature, since it was a near relation of Jacques le Moine who condemned the mendicant." He makes a strong case from the evidence of those who recognise the boy as Jacques, and of the child's recognition of places and people in and about Dame Vacherot's farms. The other side had said that these acts of seeming recognition had been prompted by persons who wished to impose a stranger upon the bereaved mother as her son. Bilain retorts that the boy's inconsistent avowal at Vernon that Jeanne was his mother, and at Paris that the beggar was his father, was to be explained. Dejobar, the usher of the court, who brought the child from Vernon to Paris, was a near relation of Jeanne Vacherot, and had on the road coaxed and threatened the little beggar into disowning his own moth[illegible] what a mother! It had been said that the crime im-

puted to her was incredible. Why, all great crimes are incredible, for they have neither reason nor pretext in nature or in morals. Shall they go unpunished for all that? In conclusion he prayed the court to declare that the judge had been foolishly charged, and that the plaintiff should be condemned in damages and costs.

The subordinates of the lieutenant-general, and actual perpetrators of the malfeasance complained of, did not appear in the cause further than in the person of their superior, and also of the little boy, who was represented by counsel and defended by Messire Robert. He dwelt with much severity on Dame Vacherot's cold-heartedness, the delay of eight months after the loss of her sons before she appealed to the authorities, her manifest indifference to her children's fate, and her extreme anxiety about the safety of her property. The beggar he painted in the darkest colours as "a master in vagabondage, a simulator of disease and sorrow, more devoted to crime than to pain, a kidnapper of children, an excellent artificer of roguery and malice."

He said that the widowed mother and the beggar had come to an agreement about the child, and had had several interviews in various parts of Paris. Having lost her son by neglect, Dame Vacherot was resolved not to find him again. She repelled every manifestation of affection on the part of the child. "The judge of Vernon seeing the appellant obstinate in her disavowal, and desirous of ascertaining if the presence of her son would re-illumine any sparks of a mother's love in her heart, presented my client to her. As soon as the child cast his eyes upon her, not waiting until she spoke, regardless of the solemnity of the court and the presence of the magistrate, he threw himself into her arms with the simple words, *Bon jour, maman*. His face, his eyes, his words, his heart, tell her that he is her son; love and agitation will not let him say more than *Bon jour, maman*. Unnatural mother! pause a moment; examine with care whether that be not thy son; if those ragged clothes, that nakedness, be not thy son's; if those tears and caresses are not his; if his size, his movements, are not like thy son's; if the weariness of wandering have somewhat changed his features, look at that heart so full of love, which remains unchanged—it is the heart of thy son." In this oration also the reader is struck with the ludicrous effect of a grave gentleman of the robe identifying himself personally with his client. After calling Monrousseau "a cannibal, a cyclops, a hangman," oppressing the life of his poor client, he says: "I am not the son of that vagabond and impostor, but his prey and slave. Monrousseau is not my father, but my kidnapper and tyrant. He has robbed me of my birth, my education, my love of liberty; he has reduced me to the vilest and most sordid condition among mortals; he has doomed me to be the instrument of his roguery, the organ of his thefts, the companion of his wretchedness, the accomplice of his crimes, and the successor of his ignominy."

When counsel had been heard on both sides, the whole matter was

summed up in a long and able speech by M. Bignon, the advocate-general. The cause, he said, was more like a romance or drama than sober reality. "Love and hatred, the two great passions which govern the world, here set in movement the whole action, just as they are made to do in the pieces at the theatre. In works of art, however, one spring of passion is seen to dominate the other; whereas in this affair one does not know to which we may attribute the extraordinary results set before us: on the one side the love of a father, which fortifies him to endure hardships and imprisonments rather than give up his son; or, on the other side, the artifice of a wretched venal soul, leading him to adopt this language and borrow the character of a father. Again, there is the love of a mother for her children, whom she would protect against a strange intruder, or the unconquerable hatred of a hard heart against her own flesh and blood." Proceeding in this tone, M. Bignon pleaded, with great skill and verve, the cause of the defendants against Jeanne Vacherot. The widow must have trembled in her seat with the fear that he would declare against her. But her alarm was dissipated, when, after following the counsel opposed to her, and even gathering up little points that they had overlooked, he came to state the case as from her point of view. He acquits the Vernon magistrates of malice, and of all fault save undue haste, and makes light of the voice of the people, who, always credulous and easily surprised, at once believed in the resemblance of the beggar-boy to the lost boy. He therefore concluded that Jean Monrousseau should be set at liberty, and receive back his son, and that the money set apart for his provision should be restored to Jean Vacherot. On Maundy Thursday of the year 1659 a decree in conformity with the above conclusion was pronounced by the President Lamoignon. Thus ended a litigation which had lasted four years, envenoming the relations of a large family, and destroying the peace of a respectable town.

ROBERT HARRISON.

Geo. Cruikshank, Jun., del.

FIRST DOWN IN THE MORNING.

FIRST DOWN IN THE MORNING

I.

WAKING I dream, and dreaming see
The little room I know so well,
Where fern and flower deftly blend,
Dearer to me than asphodel;
Lace-shadows play upon the wall,
Play on the table, where the light
With star and prism over-rays
The damask spreading purely white.

II.

A silken rustle on the stair,
The opening door, and sudden stir
Of lace and damask, fern and flower;
As if they dumbly welcome her
Who, entering, steps into the light
That makes a glory in her hair,
And clothes her with a sudden robe
Of splendour, fitting one so fair.

III.

I mark the pallor of her face;
I see it quicken with surprise,
Flush with delight, and yet the tears
Gather and tremble in her eyes—
Bright eyes, that watched the amber glow
And golden splendour of the dawn,
When gusts were freshening in the trees
And leaves were blown about the lawn.

IV.

Bright eyes! What meets their eager gaze?
What but my foolish letter—mine!
Brought from far climes where stranger stars
In stranger seas reflected shine;

Her eager fingers grasp the page,
That with its every word beguiles,
That of its roses robs her cheek
While tears are falling through her smiles.

V.

Delicious picture! May I dare
Pursue it to its sunny end,
See her red lips the missive press
While blessings with her kisses blend?
No, hungry heart, that holds for truth
Each idle picture love can make,
The trumpet-call of duty sounds,
The dream is over—I awake.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY

OR THE

Adventures and Misadventures of Robert Ainsleigh

Chapter XXXIV. The old Place and the old Folk.

The Bath coach left London at dusk, and travelled all night, much to the terror of its passengers, who regarded the passage of Hounslow-heath as a period of imminent peril. Yet I think a dark narrow road in a woody country is infinitely more appalling than a wide open landscape, such as Hounslow or Bagshot; across which, on moonlit nights, one may see a scudding hare at half a mile's distance, and where at all times the sound of horse's hoofs travels far to warn the ear of an approaching foe. Hounslow and Bagshot have, however, the stamp of fashion; and I suppose it is as much the mode for a knight of the road to assail his prey upon these particular spots, as for a gentleman to air his long-skirted coat in the Ring.

The coach deposited me at Willborough before daybreak; and while breakfasting in the coffee-room of the George by a good fire, I had leisure to consider how I should approach Hauteville. I was not certain of one friend in the home of my childhood and youth, and knew not whether I should be permitted to cross the threshold of the mansion, or sit once more beside the familiar hearth of the warrener's lodge.

"Yes," I said to myself after a long debate, "it is to the instinct of my foster-mother I will trust. How ever she may have heard me maligned, I doubt not I shall soften her. There must be a subtle power in affection that will prove stronger than lies or treachery. Yes, I will go straight to her whose tenderness sheltered my childhood, and I know *she* will not refuse to believe the truth spoken by her foster-son."

With this resolve I set out for Hauteville, and just as the sun brightened over the landscape with the promise of a glorious day, I crossed the little rustic stile which marked the boundary of the estate, and entered Hauteville woods.

O, how bitter and how sweet, how new and how old, how strange and how familiar, the scene was to me! Here all seemed unchanged. On the face of Nature time had set no mark; but those who had made the place dear were dead or estranged from me, and it was with a stifled sob that I paused to look around.

The walk from Willborough to Hauteville was a long one; and I knew that before I could arrive at the warrener's lodge honest Jack Hawker would in all probability have set out on his daily round. This was what I wanted. It was upon my foster-mother's affection I relied, and I meant to make my appeal to her alone. I had occasion

to pass within sight of the house; the shuttered windows looked blank and dismal as when my childish eyes had first beheld them. The same air of desolation hung over the place, despite the careful neatness of gardens and parterres; and I fancied that Sir Everard and Lady Lestrange came seldom to their country mansion. I turned from the scene with a sigh, and continued my journey at a quicker pace.

The blue smoke from the warrener's lodge was curling cheerily upward from among the newly-budding trees, ever so faintly tinged with a tint of tender green. Here at least there was life; here something much more like home than was to be found in yonder stately dreary pile, which Vanbrugh had improved away from its original gothic splendour. My heart beat fast as I hurried along the path which little Margery and I had so often trodden hand in hand.

Dear child! Her image came back to me, not as I had seen it in the hour of my enthralment by a base plotter, but in the gentle innocence of childhood, fair as the face of an angel.

The outward aspect of Jack Hawker's cottage had changed in no particular since I last looked on it. The latticed windows twinkled in the morning sun, the chickens pecked invisible nourishment from [illegible] grass, and close at hand sounded the comfortable grunt [illegible] English pigs. The door was fastened only by the latch [illegible] my hand had been of old so familiar. I paused for a [illegible] the threshold, and the next moment was stand- [illegible] with my foster-mother.

[illegible] from the dairy, carrying a dish of butter. [illegible] hastily, startled by the entrance of one she took for [illegible] standing with my back to the light, and my seven [illegible] in Indian sky had doubtless wrought some [illegible] change may have been, my foster- [illegible]

[illegible] with a furtive glance of apprehension towards [illegible] which I had of old known her to keep [illegible] suspicious, a battered caudle-cup, and [illegible] a hard-working countrywoman, [illegible] have no need of your smuggled [illegible] a customer, were my [illegible] this year past, nor is likely [illegible]

[illegible] reproachfully: "your eyes are bright [illegible] help your memory to re- [illegible]

[illegible] clasped her hands toge- [illegible]

[illegible] art grown!"

[illegible] Did you believe [illegible] drove me out?"

She hung her head as she answered me:

"Yes, Robin, at first I half-inclined to think my darling's ruin must needs be your work; I knew she loved you. How *he* lured her from her home I know not to this hour; but I have long known it was no act of yours."

"Yet whence should come my justification, mother, if not from your own heart?"

"It came from hers. A year after she left us, there came a woman to me one morning, while my husband was in the woods, to say I was to call next day—market-day—at the George at Willborough, where there was one who wanted to see me. It was not strange that I guessed at once 'twas something to do with Margery, for my lost child was never out of my thoughts. I questioned the woman, but she would tell me nothing. I was to go to the George, and ask for the person who wished to see Mrs. Hawker. This was all. O Robin, thou art a man, and knowest not what a mother's heart can suffer! I thought the time would never pass. I lay awake all night, praying that I might hear of my child; and next day, setting out on the journey, I felt like one distraught. The house was scarce up when I went to the George, and I had to wait a chambermaid's leisure before I was taken upstairs to a sitting-room, where the shutters were still shut. While the woman was opening them, a figure wrapped in a white gown came out of a room adjoining. 'O God, it is my child!' I cried; and the words were scarce spoken when Margery was sobbing in my arms. I stayed with her all day, Robin. There was no stall of mine set in the market that day, and I had to sell my butter and honey, at a dead loss, to a chap-woman in the town. We were together all day, my child and I; but she would tell me scarce anything, save that we had done thee wrong, and that an enemy had hatched a wicked plot to bring about thy ruin. ''Twas no act or word of his that tempted me from my home, mother,' she said. Yet when I pressed her to tell the villain's name, she would not. 'You must ask me no questions, mother, as you love me,' she said. 'I was mad to trust myself here, but I could not live a day longer without seeing you. I am rich enough to go where I please.' And she swore there was no shame in the money, Robin; it was all won by her own honest labour. She lived alone, with but few friends, and had neither lover nor suitor. She had sinned and suffered and repented: those were her very words, Robin. I begged her hard to tell me where she lived, and how; but she would not. 'I am lost in the great wilderness of London, mother,' she said; 'but there is not an hour in which I sit alone that my thoughts do not fly back to my old home and hover around those I love. Would they were guardian spirits to protect and shelter you!' She pressed money upon me, but that I refused; and it was but to stop her tears that I consented to take a locket from her neck."

"*And have you never* seen her since, mother?"

"Yes, Robin, often. The same woman brings me her message, and we meet in the same room three or four times in the year, and I know my child loves me. Yet I dare not speak her name to her father, unless I could tell him she was coming home to us; and that she will not do. And so we go on, Robin. I know nothing of my child except that she loves me."

"And you have never been to London to look for her?"

My foster-mother regarded me with a wondering smile. It was as if I had asked her whether she had been to Hindostan.

"I was never in London in my life, Robin, nor my husband either, and I know not a creature in that great city."

"Shall I search for Margery?" I asked.

"Ah, Robin, if thou wouldst!" cried she, clasping her hands.

"Who has a better right than I? Did I not ever love her as a brother should love his sister? She was made the unconscious instrument in a vile plot against me; but that is cleared up now, and there is no cloud between us. I will seek her, mother; and, if it is possible, I, who was accused of luring her away, will bring her back to you."

And now I entreated my foster-mother to tell me all she knew of that strange event which had happened at the Hall on the night after Lady Barbara's death, and how it had fared with my old friend Anthony Grimshaw since that time.

"Alas, poor soul!" she exclaimed, "he lives, and that is all can be said. His poor wits have gone for ever, the doctor says; and yet there are times when he knows people, and for a few minutes together will be quite rational. I doubt he might mend if he lived a different life, amongst cheerful sights and sounds, and with people that would talk to him; but to be mewed up for ever with Martha Grimshaw is enough to drive the sanest folks mad."

"Faith, I have reason to know that. Mrs. Grimshaw is the very genius of gloom; and these last seven years have not improved her, I suppose?"

"Nay, Robin; she has changed for the worse since you left; and yet she goes more than ever to the chapel in Brewer's-yard. It is not often I go to the great house, but I never see her that she does not sigh and groan as if a corpse were in the next chamber."

"Poor Tony!"

"Ay, poor soul! 'tis a dreary life for him. He sits moping by the fire; and were it not for the comfort of his pipe, I doubt he would have been dead long ago. 'Tis his sole companion and friend."

"Were the scoundrels who made the attack ever brought to justice?" I asked.

"No, Robin; they were never so much as seen in the county."

"And they were known for no foul work before or after?"

"Never that I heard of. No men answering to the description have been caught by the thief-takers since that time."

"Were no means taken to discover the wretches?"

"Sir Marcus sent two men down from London—one, an ugly fellow, that they said was as clever at hunting a thief to the gallows as one Jonathan Wild that had taught him the trade; but the men could make nothing of the business."

"And after this no more was done?"

"What more could be done? Squire Hedges, one of the county magistrates, was set upon catching the scoundrels, and there was not a tramp or a vagabond brought before him that he did not suspect as concerned in the Hauteville burglary; but nothing came of his pains."

This was all my foster-mother could tell me, and it only helped to confirm my suspicions of foul play. I was determined to see Anthony Grimshaw and his wife before going back to London; so I bade the dear soul good-bye, promising to see her again before many months.

"I shall go back to London by to-night's coach," I said. "I have no purpose in Berkshire but to see you and poor old Anthony."

Before leaving, I asked her one more question. Had she told my foster-father how cruelly he had wronged me?

"Alas, no, Robin!" she answered, hanging her head. "For two reasons I dared not tell him that: first, because I must have owned to having seen the child; and next, because to tell him as much would have been to set him looking for the wretch that really did the mischief. If my good man doubted Sir Everard Lestrange was the scoundrel—*I* think he is, Robin—he would not sleep another night under this roof; and I love my home, dear. My child was born in this house. It would be a kind of death to leave it. And, after all, we know not for certain that it was Sir Everard stole our girl away from us."

I could but smile sadly at the woman's reasoning. She was the fondest, tenderest creature I had ever known; yet the finer sense of honour, which the rugged man had, was wanting in the softer woman.

"Tell my foster-father nothing till I bring his daughter home to him with a name which is honestly hers," I said; and left the cottage without waiting to be questioned.

I reflected that, as the widow of Mr. Hay, a soldier slain in Bengal, my foster-sister might return to her home without shame or scandal. It must needs be easy enough to prove a marriage performed no more than seven years ago; and I resolved to visit Paris myself, in order to obtain due evidence of the fact. It was only by making this first marriage a certainty that I could assure myself from the hazard of any legal entanglement arising out of the second.

Grimly dreary—splendid as it had seemed to me when I first entered it—appeared Hauteville Hall on this the occasion of my revisiting it after a lapse of years. A strange maid-servant admitted me at a small iron-clamped door that had been used by the Grimshaws and myself during the long absence of the family. I was conducted across

the great hall—where the banners looked dingier and more ragged than of old to eyes that had so lately beheld the blaze of Indian standards beneath an Indian sun—along the same passages by which I had first reached Mrs. Grimshaw's dreary sanctum, and so to the door of the sanctum itself, which the woman opened softly and admitted me.

"A gentleman from London to speak with Mrs. Grimshaw on business," she solemnly announced in my own words, and retired, closing the door behind her, leaving me face to face with my old enemy, who dropped the book she had been reading, and started up from her chair, staring at me with a ghastly face.

My tutor was dozing in an arm-chair close to the fire, with a handkerchief over his face. My heart yearned to this kind friend in his affliction, and it was to him I should at once have addressed myself, had not his wife's awful looks arrested me by a kind of magnetic power.

"Robert Ainsleigh!" she cried.

"Yes, madam," I answered, "and I am pleased that you at last deign to call me by my right name. During my absence from this place I have met one who was witness to my mother's wedding, and am thus able to tell you I never deserved that opprobrious title you were wont to bestow upon me."

"Indeed, sir; I am glad to hear Miss Lester was not the base creature folks believed her when she ran away from her home to take up with your father."

"It is the misfortune of the generous and impulsive to invite the censure of the malevolent, madam," I replied. "My mother has passed to a world where her actions will happily meet a more tender judgment than they received on earth."

"May I ask what business brings you to Sir Everard Lestrange's house after these many years? I was not aware that you and he were on terms of friendship, however you may stand with his lady."

This was said with a little spiteful shiver. The woman had an [illegible] capacity for hatred, and her manner told me that even [illegible] was not exempt from her ill-will.

"[illegible] Mrs. Grimshaw," I replied; "one [illegible] I had reason to be grateful at a period when I had [illegible]."

"[illegible] by your politeness, sir," [illegible] "he knows no one—not even his wife."

[illegible] to see him, notwithstanding [illegible] Mr. Grimshaw awakens."

[illegible] Mrs. Grimshaw resumed [illegible] pamphlet in her hand showed [illegible] sermons.

"[illegible] by faith," I said to [illegible] who [illegible] impulse, can [illegible]."

For about a quarter of an hour we sat in silence—a silence broken only by the slow ticking of the eight-day clock, the heavy breathing of the sleeper, and the falling of the light wood-ashes on the hearth. The fire was the only comfortable thing in the room.

The striking of the clock awoke my old friend. He pushed the handkerchief from his face with a tremulous hand, and looked around him like a child that is newly awakened. Great Heaven, how changed was that wan white face from the intelligent countenance I had known so well! It was like a mask moulded from the dead, rather than the visage of the living.

"My pipe, mother," he said, stretching his hand towards his wife without looking at her.

Mrs. Grimshaw filled a clay-pipe that lay beside a brown jar of tobacco on a little table near the old man's chair, and handed it to him, assisting him submissively while he lighted it.

"It is not in such vile creature-comforts the benighted soul can find pleasure," she said, by way of commentary on this small act of charity. "The bread of life hath no power to nourish or console him. It is in vain that I read the inspired pages of Mr. Whitfield, or the learned discourses of the late holy Venn. He doth but stare at me with a blank unmeaning gaze; and you will have observed that he calls me 'mother.' He has by some strange hazard forgotten his later life, and takes me for his mother, who departed to the rest of the pious nigh forty years ago. The mind is quite gone you see, Mr. Ainsleigh."

No, not quite. At the sound of that familiar name, there came a faint flicker of the lamp which Mrs. Grimshaw thought to be for ever extinguished.

"Ainsleigh," muttered the old steward, "Ainsleigh! Roderick Ainsleigh—a wayward lad—proud, but generous; and I think he loved me. Yes, I am sure he loved me. Poor lad! Dead, they tell me. Yet who should be master of Hauteville, if not he? There is no one else; I say there is no one else."

It seemed as if these broken sentences struck terror to the mind of Martha Grimshaw. She hastened to the old man, and did her best to stop his talking.

"'Tis your coming has sent him into this fever," she cried angrily; "he is not fit to be seen by strangers, and cannot bear to see them."

"Strangers! yes, madam, he may be loath to see strangers; but I am no stranger. I am one who loves him—one whom, I dare venture to say, he loved.—Come, dear sir," I said, going to my old friend and kneeling down beside his chair, sorely against the will of his wife, who lacked only the strength to keep me off by main force, and wanted not the will to be violent; "come, sir, look at one who has ever loved you; your friend, your pupil—not Roderick, but Robert Ainsleigh!"

The *old steward gazed* upon me with a fixed countenance, but the

transient gleam of intelligence that had lighted it a few moments before was gone; it was a blank.

"Dear sir, do you not remember me?"

"Is it likely he should remember you, when he does not know his own wife?" Mrs. Grimshaw demanded with a sneer.

I was still kneeling at my old friend's feet, gazing curiously into his face, with his cold wasted hand clasped in mine. Alas, I could neither warm that feeble hand into the genial glow of health, nor awaken one thrill of memory in that frozen brain!

While I thus watched him, the old man suddenly rose from his chair and tottered with feeble steps towards the door.

"Come, come," he said in a confidential whisper; "I promised—come, all is safe. I promised to take care. An old man, my lady, but a faithful servant. Come."

He beckoned to his wife, and then laid his hand, as if mechanically, upon my arm, and drew me, by no means unwillingly, along with him. In this manner we left the room, and walked along the narrow passage, and through the deserted chambers in which I had lived in the brief period of my gentility. Heavens, how ghastly they looked! with all their splendour shrouded by holland draperies, and only a glimpse of the chill March sunlight creeping in here and there through a hole in a shutter. Mrs. Grimshaw followed us closely, with a countenance that expressed at once impatience, anger, fear, contempt—a very conflict of passions.

My old tutor led me to the foot of the grand staircase and upward to a room that I remembered with a pang of unspeakable bitterness, a tenderness that was anguish—that last worst agony the Italian tells of in his catalogue of hell's various tortures—the memory of departed happiness. It was my Lady Barbara's morning-room before the door of which my tutor stopped.

"It is a madness with him to come to this room, where he met with the accident that lost him his wits," said Mrs. Grimshaw; "he will come here every day, sometimes twice a-day. The Lord has been pleased to afflict him grievously in punishment of his sins."

"Nay, madam, I doubt if it were a question of punishment for sin, my old friend might have kept his wits till others I know of had lost theirs. I do not believe in that nice scale of earthly reward and punishment, that debtor-and-creditor account with the Almighty, which some folks pretend to keep. It has pleased God to afflict a good and harmless old man in this instance, as He hath often chastised the innocent in days gone by, for some wise purpose of His own."

Mr. Grimshaw rattled the handle of the door impatiently.

"Open, open!" he cried; and his wife, with a most unwilling air, took a key from her pocket and unlocked the door.

"It is but to encourage his madness to let him come here," she said; "and you, sir, who can have no business here, and whose presence

in this house would, I am sure, be displeasing to my master, Sir Everard Lestrange, will oblige me by leaving me alone with my husband. It can be no pleasure to me that he should exhibit his infirmities to curious eyes, and I know not at whose invitation you came hither."

"At no invitation, Mrs. Grimshaw. I come to a house in which I have been grievously wronged." My looks were fixed on her countenance as I said this, and I saw her blench. "And I come chiefly to see this one old friend; secondly, because I believe this house hides the secret of a great wrong done to me."

At this her countenance grew livid, and from this moment I was sure that whatever evil had been done me in my absence, this harridan was in the secret of it. For the minute my random words had a crushing effect upon her, and she made no further attempt to prevent my entrance into the chamber where I first heard the story of my birth, seated at the feet of my benefactress. The room had a disused air, and, except in the one instance of the ebony cabinet, which had disappeared from a recess by the fireplace, there was nothing changed since I had last beheld the apartment. I was very curious to see what purpose, or what fragmentary memory of some past duty, had brought my tutor to this room, and I stood apart observing him in silence.

He walked slowly round the room, looking at every article of furniture with an inquiring gaze, as if he would have demanded of each inanimate object what it was that he sought. Sometimes he came to a dead stop, shaking his head with a strange helpless gesture; then with a faint sigh walked on, and thus completed his round.

"Something missing," he muttered at last. "An old man, my lady, but a faithful servant. Yet there is something missing. What, what, what, what?"

No words can describe the piteousness of his tone as he reiterated this last monosyllable.

"It must be the ebony cabinet he misses!" I exclaimed.

"Likely enough," replied Mrs. Grimshaw, with a carelessness which I felt sure was but assumed. "He had a childish fancy for taking charge of this room—the odds and ends of old china, and books, and suchlike; and the thought of it worries him now his poor wits have gone."

"There must surely have been something of peculiar importance in this room," said I; "my old friend was too sensible to perform a duty that might have been better discharged by a housemaid. He must have had some solemn charge in this room, or the broken memory would scarce prey upon his mind as it does."

I watched Mrs. Grimshaw as I spoke, and I saw that every word was a homethrust. Yes, there had been a plot, and the outrage committed in this room was a part of it. It had been a plot against me, and this woman was concerned in it, or privy to it. But what advantage was it to me to know this? and what more than this was I ever likely to discover?

"'Twas strange that nothing was ever heard of the villains who misused your husband, madam," I said.

"Yes, sir, it was very strange."

"Did his master, Sir Marcus, take no pains to avenge so faithful a servant?"

"Sir Marcus did his duty to my husband, sir. All was done that could be done."

"And who were the doctors that preserved my old friend's life, and yet failed to restore his reason?"

"My husband had the attendance of two doctors, sir; Mr. Harris of Rerton-green, and Mr. Claypole of Willborough."

"What! two country surgeons only? Were no eminent men brought down from London to pronounce upon his state?"

"He had every care, sir, and constant prayers. Mr. Whitfield himself prayed for him by name during a blessed visit to Willborough."

"And these prayers were to avail instead of medical science! Why, woman, this is a kind of murder, to let the lamp of reason go out for want of a judicious breath to coax back the flame."

"I cannot argue with a blasphemer, sir; Elisha went up into his chamber."

"Elisha lived in the childhood of this earth, when man was still an infant at the knees of his Creator. The age of miracles is past, and, instead of His own divine interposition, the Almighty has given us science. He has taught us to be ourselves the miracle-workers; but you bundle away the gift in a napkin, and think to save yourself cheaply and easily by prayer."

"I do not ask your advice, sir, as to the treatment of my husband, and I am fully satisfied with what was done for him."

"Ay, madam, I doubt not it suited you that he should lose his wits. There may be secrets in this house that could scarce be kept hidden while so honest a man had his senses."

Again I saw that every word went home. And now, having little more motive for remaining in this house, since my old friend gave me no token of recognition, I wished Mrs. Grimshaw good-day, and left her, I fear, more frightened and bewildered, not knowing how much, and certainly as we were suspecting how little, I knew of the evil-doings with which she was acquainted.

CHANGING THE VENUE

[At the present time, when the topic of emigration is so much discussed, it is assumed that the following narrative will be interesting. The record is but slightly veiled. All the main incidents we know to be strictly true.—ED.]

I AM twenty-three, and I stand on Canadian soil. I came to Canada to get my eyes opened, and I succeeded. Her Majesty's Canadian territory has rejoiced in my presence for about six months. I am well contented, and make more than I spend. "Come, come, this is not so bad," you say; "we should like to know something about you." So you shall; but in my own way, and with a certain reserve. One doesn't like to be stared at, you know; especially if he is of a retiring disposition, which is just my case.

I know something of printers' type; I would have known more, as will appear in the sequel. I am aware that some of the most thrilling adventures have been written in the British-Museum library; and therefore I assure the kind and benevolent reader—not on my own honour, which, unimportant and incognito as I am, would not count for much, but on the honour of the Editor, who knows somewhat of my belongings—that my narrative is simply true.

As I grew up, it often struck me I should like to earn my bread as easily as my Pater did. Pater, you should be informed, was then, and is now, what folks call "a literary man"—he earned, and still earns, his bread by writing. My age might have been ten years, perhaps, when I first acquired a consistent notion of what seemed to me my father's easy way of making money. "Writing is not so much, after all," thought I, "else the Pater would have less time on his hands. There he sits, temples on palms—a favourite *pose* of his—or there he paces up and down, smoking his pipe." It all seemed very jolly. Then the money came tumbling in so nicely. As a leader-writer on a newspaper there was a cheque weekly, quite unasked for; and when magazine payment was due, I sometimes was sent for the cash: it all seemed so pleasant.

"That's what *I'll* do," said I to myself; and when Pater, who asked me from time to time what I'd like to be—when he spoke against a literary life, saying it was hard work and precarious—you little imagine my feelings. Alas and alack! let me make a clean breast of it. The Pater planted me twice in fixed avocations; but I lost both chances. I was writing—yes, indeed, writing on the sly! At sixteen, I must have accumulated in certain boxes at least twenty pounds' weight of

manuscript poetry! By his pen my father lived; but at times it was somewhat hard; for he was frequently ill. I had an explanation. "He has not soared high enough," thought I; "cannot, poor fellow, may be. I'll go in for something grand. I'll be a poet, and I'll write an epic." An epic I did write; ay, I have it now—very much at the bid of any intelligent publisher! I have also various little jottings poetically set down; one on the disappointed love of a tortoiseshell tom-cat. You shall know the truth—the Pater and I had a split; it seemed to me he was jealous. "Let me only get loose," thought I; "let me only get adrift in this big intellectual London; let me beat-up publishers—we'll soon see who is who." I got adrift, taking the MS. I tried the publishers all round. What they replied, I decline to state. It doesn't matter, as their answers did not influence my judgment. My poems were in advance of the age; that was *my* opinion. I have faith in my epic. Let me set foot on British soil again, and try the publishers once more; even Tennyson had to wait before he was appreciated. I, too, may be Laureate.

One conviction dawned on me—the poor Pater had worked harder than I thought. His temple-squeezing, his moodiness, his room-pacing—these were not all amusements.

Another conviction dawned too—that poets cannot live on air. I resolved to emigrate somewhere and somehow: chance rather than anything else suggested Canada. "Steam-voyage—steerage—Quebec—six guineas." An advertisement of that sort met my eye, and presently I was gone.

It would boot not to say that in my hurry and poetic abstraction I had made no provision for creature-comforts during the voyage. My stock of money being very short, I tumbled into the good ship ——- at Liverpool just as I was, after wandering about the town all night to save expense. We slid off into the pool, where we waited some hours for the mails. Next afternoon we sighted Londonderry, which, as well as the entire length of coast, is very fine. Now is dimly seen the Scottish coast on our right; gulls scream overhead: such is the picture. Our first night at sea was strong enough. All the passengers save three were sick; I was one of the three. Novelty wore off, and then came the monotony of a sea-voyage. I paced the deck all day, and more than once all night; so when the weather was a little rough I came in for a wetting. I left Liverpool in such a hurry that I had made no provision of any kind, either as regards bedding or tin-pots. Indeed, I had not the money to buy them, even had it occurred to me to do so. For the first four nights I lay in my hammock without covering. As the weather was squally, and my hammock was slung at the foot of the hatchway-ladder, I often shipped a sea, and had to take off my coat and wring it. Trousers I could not divest myself of, since around me lay women in all stages of marine nausea and every degree of clothing. Some were wrapped in furs, others

had only blankets, and a few had preferred to lie down in their clothes. One or two had elected to wear even lighter clothing. I thought their taste peculiar. There is great sameness in a sea-voyage; people are thrown very much on their own resources. The sea grew more animated upon nearing Newfoundland. Whales were spouting in every direction; I saw many at full-length. We passed several icebergs floating south towards the Gulf of Mexico. They look very beautiful when the sun shines on them, reflecting every imaginable colour. Off Newfoundland it was very cold: entering the Gulf of St. Lawrence it grew warmer. Passing Gaspe on our left, we skirted Labrador and Nova Scotia. For hundreds of miles not a house is to be seen. The coast is high and broken—covered almost to the top with brushwood. We arrive at Quebec, and are put ashore: the landing-place Point Levis, close to the Grand-Trunk railway-station. My cash amounted to one guinea exactly. It would have been a few shillings more, had I not hired, when on board, a blanket and a tin-pot. As everybody was talking of Toronto, I gave 1*l.* to a fellow who had a ticket to dispose of. I now drank two glasses of beer, and had then just enough money left to buy a loaf with: a very serviceable loaf I found it too. Money for bed I had none, so I walked out in the country and lay down to sleep.

"Better clar out thar, or else light a fire," growled somebody in a surly tone; "wolves is about."

"Wolves don't climb," thought I; "I'll get up a tree." So up I did get, and slept between forked branches. Not knowing where my next loaf was to come from, after a very frugal meal, I returned to the station, and found there would be no train before eight in the evening. When the hour came, I stepped in, and in due time got to Montreal, where the cars changed. The night was rainy, and having no money for a bed, I asked for the police-station, found it, and passed the night on a bench. Sleep I had none; for a woman in the adjoining cell made such a noise screaming "Murder!" that one might have fancied oneself in Bedlam. Next day I went on to Toronto. We arrived at night, and, as before, I slept *al fresco.* My loaf was finished by this time, and I felt hungry; but everything has an end, and this night was no exception. In the morning I went to the St. Lawrence, and made my ablutions. Then I called on the emigration agent, and got several addresses. One principal said he would give me an engineering job in a few days; so, on the strength of this promise, I took lodgings, and had a good dinner and tea. There I lived two days, and lived as well as I could, not knowing what might happen; but when, after many inquiries, I learned that the promised job might not take effect for a week, it might be two weeks, I thought it time to act decisively. I did not like to run-up a heavy bill with uncertain prospect of liquidation, so I took a walk out into the country, went into a public-house, and called for a glass of beer. Having drunk it, I asked for an axe;

which being given me, I went into the back-yard and began helping a man who was chopping wood. Boniface could not tell what to make of it: he looked surprised, as also did some farmers. Having done a good stroke of work, I reëntered the bar and called for more beer—not having paid for the first, as will be remembered. There was some sort of hesitation; then demand for payment. Boniface and I differed on this issue: I considered labour had been done equivalent to this beer; I told him so. "Besides, *money* do you want?" said I. "How the d—l can you expect money from one who has just come from England to make that commodity?" The joke seemed to be appreciated, for all began to laugh, which was just what I wanted. "How do you *think* to make that commodity?" inquired Boniface; "what can you do?" "Anything, everything," quoth I; "nothing comes amiss to me." "Can you tend horses?" "I can." Well, to cut the conversation short, I engaged myself as ostler, at a very low salary and my board. My life was none of the easiest. Rising at 4.30, I began my day's work by lighting four fires; then I drove the cows to pasture, a mile off; then, upon returning, I had to clean and feed four horses, clean out the stables, and wait on pigs and poultry. Breakfast came next; but don't fancy I could polish it right off. The door might be crowded with teams of horses and hot-blooded farmers, each one considering himself of greater importance than his neighbour, and all putting the ostler to discomfort and annoyance. Breakfast over, there was wood to be cut—not little strips of soft pine, but great trunks of trees, tough and hard. First the trunks have to be sawn through into lengths; next split with wedges; lastly, finished with an axe. Then there was the garden to look after, and the orchard. Hoeing cabbages and digging potatoes entered into this section of my duties. The potato-field was half-a-mile off, and a bag holding a hundredweight is no joke to carry across ploughed fields. After dinner came the old routine of horses, cows, pigs, and poultry. All the while I was assumed to be keeping my eye on the door, watching the teams, which sometimes came turning in all day long. At tea-time, again, the animals had to be fed, and the cows to be fetched home. Perhaps there were farmers staying all night, and then I had to clean their horses for them. Other exceptional duties, too, I had, but these I will not enumerate.

Well, now, about the pay—I had two dollars a month and my keep. It was not stupendous; but beggars must not be choosers. My first engagement had been for a month, during which period a very bad kick did not enhance the comfort of my existence. The month ended, I only consented to engage myself for a fortnight; and the fortnight over, I left, having prospect of a new situation; not, however, to be entered upon immediately, but a fortnight hence. Having purchased a hat and a pair of boots, I had exactly half-a-dollar left—not much for a fortnight's board and lodging, you will admit. I am superstitious, like most poets; I believe in miracles, interpositions, aberra-

tions, &c., with a foolish faith. Having taken a turn into the country, and beginning to think of past, present, and to come, the idea occurred to me, that something good was to happen. Well, so it did. Wending my way leisurely towards town, I met a young Scotchman, a shipmate of mine, whom I had not seen for five weeks. I merely passed the compliments of the day, and made to walk on. He, however, seemed inclined for a chat; turning, he accompanied me in my direction. I walked home with him, and we struck up an arrangement for lodging together. The people were Scotch, and very kind; I had good reason to be satisfied.

Please don't forget I am a poet. The memory will come as a zest to the next intelligence. My second Canadian occupation—what do you think it was? I had become a butcher's labourer! I won't disclose the particular establishment; enough for you to know we killed hundreds of pigs per diem, and my services were appraised as worth a dollar for the same space of time. It was dirty work, very—and decidedly not poetical. One chief trouble of mine, to begin with (blushing I write it), was that I had only one pair of nether garments. Moving amidst grunters—living, moribund, and defunct—as I had to do professionally—excuse the big word—any refined and intelligent reader may form some conception of my general plight, but more especially the plight of my nether extremities. 'Tis gone and past; I'll think of it no more.

A dollar a-day you heard me say—twenty-five shillings per week, English money. Board, washing, and lodging cost me three dollars weekly, so I netted the rest.

A slight topographical divergence should not come amiss after so long a chronicle of personal doings. Canadian scenery is irregular and full of surprises. Here you see a level plain, having explored which for some hours without a break, you wonder the country is so flat. You turn a corner, and, behold, you are on the brink of a precipice. Ravines and gullies are far more plentiful than at home. Springs of good water are very numerous. A feature of the country peculiar to this part of Canada is the watercourses. Ordinarily dry, one rainy night suffices to convert them into roaring torrents. Of hedgerows, which make an English landscape so pretty, there are none. The fences are heavy, ugly, awkward; and all but the longest settled land bristles with tree-stumps, which, gaunt and spectre-like, impart at twilight a very ghostly aspect. The landscape, considered as a whole, is finer than in England; but, taken in detail, it falls short of what one sees in the old country.

To change from scenery to people, I have to remark that a stranger meets with great kindness here from his countrymen; but real native Canadians I do not much admire. The almighty dollar is rampant, as in Yankeeland; and while the Yankee is often confiding in his generosity, the Canadian is as surly as his own bears. A Canadian will

not embark in business unless he sees his way clearly to realise. There is no enterprise here, as we find at home. No commercial Columbus is to be found, who would dare to leave the shore behind him and try unknown waters.

Rowdyism is kept in the background more than in England; but when met with is far worse. Fair fighting is unknown; once a fellow is down, he is mauled unmercifully; many have their ears and noses bitten off. Men are often waylaid and killed. Nevertheless, the laws are very stringent, especially as relates to drunkenness. All public-houses are required to close at seven o'clock on Saturday night. On Sundays they dare not open at all; still, admittance is gained somehow by those drinkers who so desire, and in whom Boniface has confidence. The interior of Canadian dwellings is arranged with a view to comfort. The stoves are very fanciful and pretty, as well as useful.

To resume now my personality—you left me pork-packing. It had not been my intent to continue in that line of art permanently, but to leave it on the first profitable opportunity. Severance between me and my occupation was determined more abruptly than had been contemplated. Illness was the cause—not severe, but debilitating. I gave up my situation and lay-by for three weeks: then, feeling better, I entered upon a new department of the fine arts called "shingling," i.e. roofing houses with slabs of wood, used here in place of slates. Illness returning, I had to give up this too; again rusticating for a few weeks, which brought me slightly into debt, but nothing to beget alarm. In fact, I was lucky enough to obtain a better, more profitable, more congenial occupation than either I have yet mentioned. The word *intellectual* might even be applied without much reservation. Circumstances, however, best known to myself, impose a certain reticence as to whereabout in Canada, or what the new occupation is. Enough to communicate that my labours are not heavy, and that income overtops expenditure. This has been my Canadian fortune hitherto. Not so bad, perhaps, upon the whole: at any rate, the narrator is not himself dissatisfied. To be absolved from Mrs. Grundy is something; and the maternal discipline, the conventionalities, the censures, of that imperious lady have no weight here.

SUNDAY LABOUR

THE tendency of late years, among both thinkers and workers, has been to relax the strain of labour, and add to the number of holidays. The cry was raised, not very long ago, that the whole nation was overworked; and the nation, with ready acquiescence, set about to shorten its working-hours, and generally to increase its leisure. The result has been the establishment of the half-day system in schools, of the early-closing movement, of country excursions for town children and paupers, and of the Saturday half-holiday.

The primary cause of a movement which has developed itself so beneficially was, doubtless, a conviction that there was too much hard work and too much confinement among business and labouring people; but, in addition to this motive, so far as the Saturday half-holiday was concerned, there was an unavowed desire on the part of the promoters of the new system—at the head of whom must be placed the benevolent Lord Shaftesbury—to check another movement, which threatened, to their minds, to encroach upon the Sunday's rest. This was the attempt to obtain the opening of the national institutions, typified by the British Museum and the National Gallery, on Sunday afternoon.

The great argument in favour of this proposition was the undoubted fact, that the working classes had no other day of real leisure than the Sunday on which to visit the national institutions; and the opponents of the proposal set about, very energetically and very logically, to increase the working man's leisure on the week-day; thus to save, as they believed, the Sunday from desecration, and by a side-wind to remove the most obvious impediment to the reasonable enjoyment and instruction of the people. There can be no possible objection to the course adopted, nor to the result obtained, by which all parties have benefited; but was the ground of action a true one? Was the Sunday rest ever in any real danger from the proposal to open the doors of the British Museum and the National Gallery on that day?

Regarded simply in its social aspect, the Sunday question, as it has been called, is not a very difficult one. It has never been seriously proposed to deal in a secular manner with more than the latter half of the day; and that half, to the great mass of the people, is already little fettered by religious obligations; as the absence of an afternoon service in most chapels, and the thin attendance in the parish churches where ritual is performed, will abundantly show. The majority of English men and women who frequent church or chapel are satisfied if they attend the morning and evening services. Thus the proposal to open

certain institutions on Sunday afternoon was no great innovation after all.

It must always be remembered that our English Christian Sunday is, to the vast majority of the middle and to the whole of the working class, not only a day of prayer and rest, but the great weekly holiday. Nor have all the various devices of early closing and the Saturday half-holiday taken from it this essential character. To the Sunday the shopkeeper, the tradesman, and the manufacturer look forward as the one free untrammelled day in the week; and the clerk, the artisan, and the labourer greet it always with a certain amount of religious reverence, often with a serious attention to its duties, but universally as the great holiday—the day of compensation for the toils and anxieties of the previous six. Nor can it well be otherwise, more especially to the artisan and the labourer. To these last, of all men, time is money. The clerk will receive his monthly or quarterly salary, nor will an occasional release from his books entail a proportionate diminution in his receipts; but the artisan and the labourer, who work by the day and the hour, and whose every lapse in the exact performance, as reckoned by time, of their duties, is a direct loss in wages, must necessarily estimate the hours on the week-day as so much in hard cash. This distinction in the two cases of clerk and workman has never been sufficiently explained on the one hand, nor acknowledged on the other. A day's pleasure taken during the week, in the case of a working man, is costly, because it entails the loss of a day's pay—a sixth part of his weekly wages—and a considerable item taken from an amount which is seldom more than sufficient for his wants. It is this which gives a double value to Sunday, not only as a day of rest, but as the great holiday of the week.

The proposition to give the Sunday an additional value as a holiday by the opening of institutions founded by the Government and supported by the nation, and which are, through their contents, highly instructive as well as beautiful, would, it has been said, if carried into effect, tend to make Sunday a working day. How strange that an act which must inevitably make the day more prized as an opportunity for innovation should be branded as the means of handing it over to labour! It would be just as reasonable to say that the giving a man an additional five shillings a-week would tend to reduce him to poverty. It is assuming, in fact, that by adding to his leisure you would increase the desire of the labourer to work: and that in proportion to the opportunities of enjoyment would be his aversion to pleasure.

Let us suppose for an instant that the desired concession were granted, what would be the result?

[illegible] the number of persons who would be employed in the character of guardians at the four institutions, the British Museum, the National Gallery, the Geological [illegible] the South Kensington Museum (if open on Sundays)—

would be eighty-two. Say one hundred, and the amount is so small that it is evident it could never be taken into serious consideration by either advocates or opponents of the measure. It is not asserted for a moment that the services of even eighty-two attendants on the Sunday afternoon—although they might, and would, minister to the gratification and improvement of thousands—is a matter of no consequence; and it would be an affair of easy arrangement that this labour should be voluntary, should be paid for, and should not devolve upon the week-day attendants. But it is said that the number is only ridiculous in comparison to the danger it threatens. It is not the hundred additional attendants which constitute the evil; it is the more tremendous consideration of what it may lead to. When once launched upon the sea of vague conjecture, it is wonderful the number of gaunt and terrible spectres which crowd upon the distant horizon. The result of the opening is to be the flooding of the immediate neighbourhood of the several institutions named by streams of eager sightseers—no bad appreciation of the force of attraction in the objects to be seen—and the consequent increase in the number of omnibus and railway passengers; the invasion of the premises of all purveyors of meat and drink; the creation of an army of sutlers to supply the wants of the hungry and thirsty invaders; the gradual breaking-down of the weak barriers between rest and increasing occupation; and the ultimate destruction of all the restraints which now prevent weak human nature from rushing into a chaos of endless and unmitigated toil.

It is a very natural conclusion to come to, that a people's holiday must necessarily be a crowded and a tumultuous one, from the fact that people's holidays have been so hitherto; but the real truth of the matter lies in the circumstance, that public holidays are so few that the whole anticipations of a year have to be gratified in a few days. On Easter and Whit Mondays, for example, the British Museum and National Gallery are blocked-up with a weary crowd of working men, women, and children, who, bewildered by the variety of objects to be seen, and obstructed in their progress by their own multitude, pass at a snail's pace through the accumulated wonders about them, more astonished than instructed, more wearied than pleased. But every Sunday would not be as at Easter or Whitsuntide. If more frequent opportunities were afforded for visiting the national store-houses such visits would be oftener made; would be unimpeded by a crowd which renders it impossible to appreciate the beauty or the wonderful nature of the collection, and would consequently be a pleasure and a profit. In fact, these public accumulations of national and art objects would then fulfil one of the great objects of their formation, which they at present fail to do. Thus it is not to be anticipated that the opening of these institutions on Sunday would lead to the accumulation of a disorderly crowd,—though it may here be said that

an English crowd is usually a well-behaved one,—but the result would be the gratification of a laudable curiosity, and the unconscious acquisition of much knowledge among a great mass of people, who could then pay repeated visits to that which at present is the one spectacle of a year—perhaps of a lifetime.

In all this there is nothing which would cause general labour; certainly nothing which would conduce to the absorption of the Sunday as a working-day. But the question is still repeated, What will it lead to? The answer is said to be proclaimed to us in the license of the French capital, and the general laxity of manners of continental cities. There never was an assertion so groundless and yet so specious as this. The inference would be, that, all other circumstances being alike, the open picture-galleries and museums were the single points of difference which changed the methodical dulness of the English Sunday into the gaiety and frivolity of the Parisian *dimanche*. But the characteristics and conditions of the French and English people are utterly unlike each other in regard to this Sunday question; and further, there is room for doubt whether the French Sunday is so very much worse than the English one after all. The French vagaries and means [illegible] are all on the surface: they make a display even, and [illegible] but it is questionable whether an English judge- [illegible] a public-house with closed doors, in an atmo- [illegible] and [illegible] or the scenes which are to be pub- [illegible] Sunday night in certain quarters of London, may [illegible] prototype.

[illegible] that there was a sufficient funda- [illegible] in the vivacious Celt, and the duller [illegible] as compared with the Anglo-Saxon, to [illegible] between the races, with- [illegible] opening and shutting of [illegible] themselves have nothing in common with [illegible] associated. If we seek for the [illegible] of observing Sunday on the [illegible] difference of faith [illegible] England is [illegible] countries [illegible] population, and the [illegible] of the rest of [illegible] Sunday is by no means a thing [illegible] Sunday making the largest market [illegible] What wonder, then, if [illegible] of reading, or work- [illegible] of what is [illegible] the opening of [illegible] in the [illegible] people is simply absurd.

The fact that the French artisan works or plays upon the Sunday has nothing whatever to do with the opening on the same day of the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Palais des Beaux Arts, or the Galerie des Arts et Métiers. These institutions are, in fact, correlative with the churches, for they open and close with them; and are as distinct in their times of display from the theatres and balls of Paris as they are in their teaching and the nature of their contents.

But the argument that the opening of the national and purely educational institutions of a country would conduce to play-acting and dancing, or that such opening has any relation to these amusements, is refuted by the fact that, although in continental cities theatres, ball-rooms, and casinos are universally open on the Sunday, public access to museums and picture-galleries is the exception, and not the rule. Neither in Vienna nor in Munich, cities which abound in art-treasures, is any such grace accorded, nor in any of the other Roman-catholic capitals of Germany. Among all the Teutonic peoples, it is only in Berlin and Dresden—and they are Protestant, let it be remembered—that the temples of science and art are thrown open to public inspection; while every species of amusement—whether innocently entertaining, positively vicious and immoral, or purely idiotic—is permitted, if not encouraged. Farther north, Copenhagen thinks it no sin to open her Thorwaldsen Museum to her citizens at the same hours as her churches. These facts are, perhaps, not so generally known as they deserve to be; but, reasoning the matter out fairly, no other conclusion can be deduced from the premises laid down by the Sabbatarians than that museums and picture-galleries lead naturally to theatres, and that where the former are at the command of the public, the latter will be found in conjunction with them. When we discover that this is precisely the state of things which is not; that, with few exceptions, where theatres are open, museums are closed on Sunday; and that in no case are the two institutions open at the same time, the museums rather taking their time from the churches,—we begin to wonder at the desperate shifts to which partisanship is driven for an argument. If we were seeking for other examples in the same direction, we should look around us for the results of experience at home. We should then find that, although the gardens and picture-gallery at Hampton Court attract, Sunday after Sunday, their many thousands of visitors, the Richmond Theatre was by no means a profitable concern; and that in spite of the opening on Sunday for many years of St. George's Hall at Greenwich, the Royal Theatre in that town has not been encouraged to seek to open its doors to the public on that day.

Whatever else the opening of the national institutions on Sunday would lead to, it requires but little serious reflection to determine that it is not to the creation of a disorderly crowd round their doors, nor to the increase of carriage-traffic in their vicinity, nor to the multipli-

cation of houses of entertainment, nor to the opening of theatres, concert- or ball-rooms, or other places of amusement of a similar character, nor, least of all, to a desire on the part of working people, whether artisans or labourers, to add to their working hours either on Sunday or week-day. The arguments which attempt to prove this result are beside the question, which is simply no more than a request to afford to the people an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the accumulations in our national treasuries on that day which is, in fact, their only day of leisure. It is an attempt to supply a great want in the education of the people; to afford them other means of mental occupation than the vicious ones which too often surround them; and to give to the collections themselves that real value as materials in the education of all citizens, which is their best and proper use, and which they have never yet had. It is a mockery and an insult to the people to tell them that their introduction on the most valuable day of the week to choice objects of nature and art is the readiest means to their debasement; and that what is so good in itself will, when placed within their reach, give them a taste for low pleasures and sensual indulgences. This is already sufficiently unreasonable; but it is simply absurd to tell these same hard workers that the result of their more intimate knowledge with these illustrations of the beauty and harmony of nature, and the genius and industry of man, will inevitably lead them to debar themselves from such contemplation, and impel them back to their workshops for the whole seven days of the week for the same wages that they now receive for six.

It is of all things curious that the arguments in support of this theory are chiefly drawn from France, where it is said the system already exists in full vigour. There, we are told, the labouring population is at work all the year through, receiving no more remuneration for their seven days' labour than they would for six; but at the same time it is France, and especially Paris, which is held up to us as the terrible example of Sunday licentiousness and desecration. It seems to have escaped the observation of these critics that if the Parisians are at work during the whole seven days, they can scarcely be at play on the Sunday; and if for all this extra work they receive no extra pay, then they must find it difficult to meet the expenses of the Sunday carnival. The truth is that these assertions are simply misstatements of facts. That some men do work on Sunday in Paris is no doubt true; and in this they are encouraged by the customs of the country, the teachings of their faith—not directly, but indirectly—and above all by the bad example set by their Government, of which every bureau is as accessible on Sunday as any day of the week. The system of their social police in part necessitates this; for when a municipality undertakes to overlook and control the entire actions of a people, whether in their social, their political, or their moral relations to each other, this interference must be incessant, and no Sunday rest dare intervene to in-

terrupt or suspend its supervision. It is this governmental restlessness which sets the worst possible example to the citizens, and casts down the barriers which should divide the Sunday in its social and religious observances from the week-day. But to suppose that because certain French labourers work on Sunday, they therefore are without extra remuneration, is simply ridiculous. Their pay is subject to contract, and is fixed, upon engagement, at so much per hour and per day; and this Sunday-work is paid for at a higher rate by at least twenty per cent than week-day work. It is, in fact, "overtime," and is regulated in price by the same rule which obtains with all other overtime. Nor can it be pretended that in consequence of Sunday-work the whole scale of wages has been lowered; for it is a well-known fact that the price of labour has risen considerably during the last decade, and every-day experience shows us that it is still rising, not only in France, but over the whole Continent.

Workmen, whether English or foreign, are perfectly cognisant of the value of their labour, and to suppose that they could be cajoled or driven to give seven days' work for six days' pay, is to regard them as mere children in the knowledge of their own interests. Sunday-work is as well defined in England as on the Continent, and English workmen are as little fond of it as the most devoted idler on the Boulevards among French artisans. The truth is that the present dearth of legitimate entertainment for the Sunday—which day is, and must be, whatever be said to the contrary, the workman's great holiday—leads to work. Many artisans of sedentary trades prefer to work on Sunday, that they may play on some other day of the week, simply because the means of enjoyment, to their minds, is wanting. These means cannot lie in the direction of the public-houses, which are never wanting, Sunday or week-day; and it is not too much to suppose that they may lie in the direction of museums and picture-galleries. It would be something to draw these Sunday recluses from their holes.

In conclusion, we may rest assured that to open the best receptacles of the nation's careful generosity to her own people on a day which is of all others the one which they can call their own, would "lead to" no single act or thought against religion or morality. It would set up another monument of the people's good sense, of their self-control and power of rising to the level of the confidence reposed in them. It would instruct them, and render them more happy, and, if possible, more docile, than ever. Most of all, by making the Sunday a day not only of prayer and rest, but as affording an opportunity for cheerful and quiet enjoyment, it would render it so valuable as a holiday, that it would remove it altogether out of the category of working days.

WILLIAM DUTHIE.

POLITICAL IMMORALITY

To those who have studied the practical workings of our Constitutional system, few things will appear so strange or so unreasonable as the fickleness and inconsistency displayed by particular constituencies. Although on the whole there has been, ever since the passing of Lord Grey's Reform Bill in 1832, an evident leaning throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain to principles of a Liberal, not to say Radical, tendency, checked indeed at times by a sudden and short relapse into more Conservative views, yet we find some individual constituencies, Parliament after Parliament, changing and rechanging their political creed, and others as often—*mirabile dictu!*—returning as their representatives two members holding views diametrically opposed to one another. The former curious anomaly may be predicated of almost every borough in England, with the exception of those that rest under the shade of some great family influence, and those that present to us the latter still more curious anomaly, which is true with regard to many of our most important towns. For not only do we find this Janus-like belief in the smaller towns, where we naturally expect local causes more or less to affect the elections, and local magnates to rise and fall as their influence predominates or declines; but we see it to be the same in the great capitals of commerce and industry, the great cities of the North, where a freedom of choice and a dogged kind of independence reign supreme. Various reasons have been given for these sudden changes and glaring inconsistencies of political faith. Some trace their origin to the all-powerful and levelling influence of the purse; others assert that the majority of those intrusted with the right of voting are wholly indifferent to any political creed, and are simply swayed by some passing and short-lived prejudice of the hour; and some declare, perhaps with greater truth, that the two great parties in the State are so equally balanced, that the minority in any given borough or county can, by a little extra exertion on their part, or a little apathy on the part of their opponents, obtain an actual majority on the poll. Very few believe, in fact it would be impossible to believe, that the inconsistency is attributable to any *bonâ-fide* change of opinion on the part of the electors. The nice balance of parties no doubt will to some extent explain the sudden changes from blue to yellow that so often take place in many counties and boroughs. And perhaps a certain undefined English sense of fair-play, a feeling that each side ought to have its due, may induce many tituencies virtually to disfranchise themselves. Such an act

amounts to political suicide on a grand scale, and can hardly be defended from a moral point of view.

But whatever the cause—and we will not stop now to unravel the mystery—the fact exists, as I will demonstrate to my readers by taking certain constituencies, and giving a short outline of their antecedents since the year 1833 to the present time. In the first place I will show by a tabular statement the strange principle of neutrality that has governed so many of our large boroughs in the selection of their representatives; and secondly, I will give the different important measures which these same representatives have supported or opposed, and the different Ministries they have been instrumental in upsetting or establishing. We shall thus be enabled to realise the strange fact—strange considering the enlightened age we live in—of intelligent and reasoning men upholding with one hand what they are endeavouring to pull down with the other.

We will first take the town of Exeter. By the tabular statement which I have drawn at the side, it will be clearly seen that the influence of Exeter in parliamentary affairs since 1833 until the present time, as far as regards the great questions of the day, has been absolutely *nil*. The two seats have been filled respectively by a Conservative and a Liberal for eight Parliaments, and the two members have neutralised each other's vote with a fidelity and conscientiousness worthy of all praise.

Exeter.		Con.	Lib.
1833	Buller Divett		● ●
1835	Follett Divett	○	●
1837	Follett Divett	○	●
1841	Follett Divett	○	●
1847	Duckworth Divett	○	●
1852	Duckworth Divett	○	●
1857	Gard Divett	○	●
1859	Gard Divett	○	●
1865	Courtenay Coleridge	○	●
1868	Coleridge Bowring		● ●

Now Exeter, as we all know, is the capital of one of the largest counties in England. Its population numbers nearly fifty thousand. No taint of bribery attaches to it; nor has it been influenced by any special local interests. Neither has the cold shade of the aristocracy, nor the darker shadow thrown by wealth, ever rested upon her; but she has from time immemorial enjoyed the full sunshine of independence and freedom. Yet for thirty-three years she has stultified herself by selecting as her mouthpiece representatives opposed to each other on those fundamental principles that have divided the two great parties in the State, *and upon* which the happiness and prosperity of the coun-

try have so much depended. The good people of Exeter have evidently gone on the old English rule of fair-play, and, disregarding all political bias, have endeavoured to obtain social ease and contentment at the expense of political morality.

Let us now see how each member voted on those important questions, to settle which their fellow-townsmen sent them to St. Stephen's. At the election in 1833, Exeter, as our friends over the water would say, voted *straight*, and returned two Liberals. The fierce passions created by the passing of the Reform Bill in the previous year were still burning hot and furious, and forced even Exeter to speak out with no uncertain sound. For two years, therefore, her representatives were found on the same side of the House, voting in the same lobby, and supporting the same measures. But in 1835 there came a great change. The heat of passion had subsided, and a cold fit of disappointment had seized upon the supporters of the Reform Ministry. So soon as the autumn of 1834, the Whig Government was ill at ease. It had lost its chief in Lord Grey, and its spokesman in Lord Althorp, and before it could reconstruct itself the King gave it the cold shoulder, and Sir Robert Peel was called to power. A new Parliament was summoned, and Exeter, already tired of consistency, and wishing for peace, determined to give each party a helping hand. She declared her neutrality, and for twelve years was represented at Westminster by two indefatigable members, who on every possible occasion displayed their zeal by voting against each other. In Sir William Follett the electors felt they had secured a Conservative of brilliant genius and surpassing talents; in Mr. Divett they found a much-respected townsman and steadfast Liberal. What cared they for more? They had genius, they had respectability, and they were sure of success; for if one member was doomed to sit on the shady side, the other basked in the sun. At the commencement of 1835 Sir Robert Peel tested the strength of his party by two great divisions: one on the election of Speaker, when Mr. Abercrombie was preferred to Sir Manners Sutton, the other on the answer to the Address. In both divisions the members for Exeter voted, and in both on different sides. In the same year Lord John Russell brought forward his motion on the Irish Church. For Ireland—poor Ireland!—then as now, and as ever will be, was the political cat's-paw by which leading statesmen secured to themselves the sweets of office. Lord John Russell intended, by his Bill, to apply the surplus revenues of the Church to educational purposes. The Bill was carried, and Sir Robert Peel's Ministry resigned. In the list of those who supported the falling minister we find the name of Sir William Follett; and in the other list, amongst those who worshipped the rising luminary, appears the name of Mr. Divett. Happy Exeter! victorious in the hour of defeat, no one could say of her that her views were the of the minority. We pass on to 1836. Again Mr. Divett, ever to his party, supports Lord Melbourne on the Address; again

Sir William Follett balances the account by voting against it. Lord John Russell once more brings in a Bill on the Irish Church; this time, we suppose, to redeem a pledge and not to provoke a contest; but whatever the cause, he finds himself, as before, supported and opposed by the members for Exeter. In 1837 Mr. Divett votes for the Ballot and the abolition of Church-rates; his colleague denounces both, "either is alike fatal to society and religion."

In 1841 the Whig Ministry finally collapsed. Having spun out a weak and dubious existence for eight years, kept on its legs more by the folly of its opponents than by any inherent strength of its own, it was defeated on a vote of want of confidence by a majority of one. Exeter again had a double satisfaction; she felt that neither party could accuse her of ingratitude; for through Sir William Follett she had enabled the Tories to triumph, and through Mr. Divett she had reduced to a minimum the advantage thus gained. Lord Melbourne appealed to the country. But the country ungratefully did not answer to the appeal; it was rather tired by this time of Whiggism, and showed it by increasing the majority against the Ministry from one to ninety-six. Popular feeling ran high in favour of Sir Robert Peel, and he became the idol of the hour. But the impartiality of Exeter was not to be overridden by any such ebullition of feeling, and once more she sent to Westminster her two tried and trusted members—Sir William Follett and Mr. Divett. The days of the former were now numbered. The brilliant career of Sir William Follett was cut short by the cold hand of death. The expectations raised by his talents and eloquence were doomed to disappointment, and a void was created which was felt, not only by the town he represented, nor the party to which he belonged, but by the whole nation. But the King never dies; and in Sir John Duckworth Exeter found as true, if not so renowned, a champion. In 1846 the great question of the Corn-laws split up the Tory party, and Sir John Duckworth was compelled to vote against his leader. But Mr. Divett, true to the principle on which he was returned, changed over likewise, and voted for Sir Robert Peel. In the same session the Whigs, taking advantage of the breach thus made in their adversaries' ranks, defeated the Government bill for protection of life in Ireland, and took possession of the Treasury bench. The following year a new Parliament was called, and the tide of popular feeling ran strongly against the Tories; but again Exeter was neutral, and returned Sir John Duckworth and Mr. Divett. In the same year the question of removing Jewish disabilities was raised, and we find them voting on different sides. We pass on to 1852, when Fortune once more smiled on the Conservative cause. Mr. Disraeli sits on the Treasury bench as Chancellor of the Exchequer; Sir John Duckworth sits behind him, enjoying for a season the sunshine of prosperity; Mr. Divett sits before him in the cold shade of Opposition. The Budget finds no favour with the latter, although excellent in the eyes of his

colleague; in fact, Mr. Divett considers that the country is going to rack and ruin as long as he sits in the shade, and he does his best to get out of it; and succeeds too. Lord Derby gives way to Lord Aberdeen, just in time to escape the responsibility of the Crimean war.

In 1857 Lord Palmerston, the most popular of ministers, whose *bonhomie* and practical good sense enabled him to sway for so long a time the votes of men of all shades of opinion, found himself out of his depth on the China question. Deserted by his best friends, he still could rely on Mr. Divett. Sir John Duckworth, indeed, considered the war unjustifiable, and voted with the majority. The country was appealed to; Exeter lost the services of Sir John Duckworth, but replaced him by another Conservative, Mr. Gard, who opposed his fellow-member, Mr. Divett, with as much alacrity and devotion as any of his predecessors. In 1858 we find them opposed on the Conspiracy Bill; in 1859 on Lord Derby's Reform Bill. In 1865 Parliament died a natural death. In the new one we no longer find the old name of Divett as member for Exeter. For thirty years and more he had done his best in support of Liberal measures and Liberal ministries, and had effectually checkmated his Conservative colleague. No one can say he had not done his duty; yet, notwithstanding all he did, it is clear that the result would have been exactly the same, politically speaking, had Exeter been disfranchised by Lord Grey's Reform Bill in 1832. In 1865 Lord Courtenay was returned as the Conservative member, and Mr. Coleridge as the Liberal; and in the following year we find them both at variance on Mr. Gladstone's Reform Bill. The firm but genial sway of Lord Palmerston was at an end; he had gone to his rest; and Lord Russell, although formerly ready for any emergency, found himself utterly unable to unite the discordant elements of the great Liberal party. The Conservatives came into office, and for two years and more, up to the autumn of 1868, Lord Courtenay and Mr. Coleridge did their best to counteract each other's influence.

We see by the foregoing remarks that on all the great questions of the day Exeter has given two different opinions at one and the same time. For thirty-three years she has declared her confidence in two political parties who had no confidence in each other. We have simply quoted Exeter as one example out of many; she does not stand alone by any means; we might mention numerous other constituencies that have acted in the same way. We will take one more.

Here is a tabular statement showing the members returned for Leeds within the same period. Leeds is a more remarkable instance than Exeter, as it is one of the largest boroughs in England, and a city where, if anywhere, we should expect to find a consistent and decided tone of political feeling. But how vain the expectation! for, on looking at the statement, we see that in seven Parliaments out of ten the electors of Leeds returned members professing different opinions.

looking down the list of names we see many well-known political

heroes — Macaulay, Molesworth, Baines, and Beecroft; and we are naturally surprised that a large and unfettered constituency like Leeds, that was willing and able to return a Baines, should choose for his colleague a Beecroft. But so it is; and as it was with Exeter, so now we find it to be the case with Leeds: whenever a great question has been fought out at St. Stephen's, her members have been found in different camps. Mr. Baines in 1836 was an advocate of the Ballot and Roman-Catholic relief; Mr. Beckett favoured neither. Mr. Baines in 1837 endeavoured to exclude bishops from Parliament and abolish Church-rates; his colleague effectually counteracted both endeavours. Mr. Marshall, the Radical member, in 1817 assisted the Protectionists in tripping up Sir Robert Peel, while Mr. Beckett remained faithful to his old leader. In 1857 and 1859 Leeds supports Lord Derby by electing Mr. Beecroft, and the Opposition by again returning Mr. Baines. The latter in 1866 votes for the Liberal Reform Bill, and to the end of the session opposes the Conservative Government; the former does exactly the reverse.

Leeds.		Con.	Lib.
1833	Marshall Macaulay		● ●
1835	Beckett Baines	○	●
1837	Baines Molesworth		● ●
1841	Beckett Aldam	○	●
1847	Beckett Marshall	○	●
1852	Baines Goodman		● ●
1857	Beecroft Baines	○	●
1859	Beecroft Baines	○	●
1865	Beecroft Baines	○	●
1868	Wheelhouse Baines Carter	○	● ●

I will not tire my readers by entering into more detail. Many other constituencies might be mentioned that have acted more or less on the same principle, if principle it can be called, as Leeds and Exeter. Bath, Hastings, Bolton, Carlisle, Boston, and Ipswich are all cases in point, and show how little the political faith of any borough can be relied on. There are exceptions, no doubt, to this rule, as to every other, but they are few and far between. Birmingham, with the metropolitan boroughs, excluding Westminster and Marylebone, are almost the only large constituencies in England that have remained altogether faithful to Liberal principles since 1832. If we except pocket-boroughs, the rest are soon enumerated: Rochester, Huddersfield, Banbury, Sheffield, Stroud, Tavistock, Bury, and Wolverhampton—eight "among the faithless faithful found." The Conservatives can point to a long list of counties that have never gone over to the enemy, but no town of importance. We give below, in a tabular statement, some of those boroughs that have proved most versatile as to their political faith.

It will be seen that, like the chameleon, they have changed their colour over and over again since the passing of the first Reform Bill.

When Macaulay's New Zealander, long foretold, comes at last and reviews the history of what once was mighty England, nothing will strike him with greater wonder than this, that in a land which boasted to be the Palladium of truth and honesty—which claimed to be the birthplace of free institutions and independent thought—the most intelligent and enlightened portion of her people, in the zenith of her glory, were unable to form any sound or lasting opinion on the fundamental principles of government.

Name of Borough.	1833		1835		1837		1841		1847		1852		1857		1859		1865		1868	
	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.	[illegible]	L.
Helston . . .		●	○		○		○		○		○			●	○			●		●
Maidstone . {		● ●		● ●	○ ○		○ ○		○ ○			● ●	○ ○			● ●		● ●		▬ ▬
Gt. Grimsby .		●		●		●		●		●	○			●	○			●	○	
Preston . . {	○	●	○	▬	○	●		▬ ●		● ●	○	●	○	●	○	● ○		○ ○		
Falmouth . {	○	●	○	●	○	●		● ●	○	● ●	○	●		● ●		▬ ▬		● ●	○ ○	
Horsham . .		●		●		●	○			●	○		○		○			●	○	●*
Cambridge . {		● ●		● ●	○	● ●	○ ○			● ●	○ ○		○ ○		○ ○		○ ○			● ●
Blackburn . {		● ●	○	● ●	○	● ●	○ ○		○	● ●		▬ ▬	○	● ●	○	● ●	○ ○		○ ○	

FREDERICK THOMAS MONRO.

* Double return.

LETTERS FROM LILLIPUT

BEING ESSAYS ON THE EXTREMELY LITTLE

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

X. On a Little Learning—and is it a Dangerous Thing?

"Ha!" the charitably-minded critic who reads the title to this article—read no more than the title, critic, I implore you!—may cry, "he who wrote this article—the jackanapes!—may perhaps, for once in a way, be accepted as an authority. *He* has little learning enough, goodness knows; and he should properly be able to tell us whether a little learning is a dangerous thing or not."

But I can't. I do not even know so much about learning, whether it is good or the contrary to have a great deal or a very little of the commodity; and is it a commodity? Well, since "Miriam cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsam," book-learning—if book-learning be real learning, which I very gravely doubt—may be held to be a kind of marketable article, fetching now a princely, and now a pauper price; subject to curious fluctuations, as the laws of supply and demand may warrant, yet bringing to the vendor, under most circumstances, something of the nature of remuneration. That old Warwickshire vicar, who has retailed so much idle gossip about Shakespeare in his *Diary*, gives us the name of the first English author—was it Dr. Calamy?—who ever received "copy-money" from the booksellers; and every schoolboy knows—what is there which that schoolboy is *not* expected to know?—the stories of Milton's contract with Samuel Simmons for *Paradise Lost*, and Dryden's ten-thousand-verse contract with Jacob Tonson. Yet hundreds of years before authors ever got "copy-money" their learning was marketable, and it brought them cash. Aristotle, you may be sure, did not teach Alexander for nothing—*pour des coquilles de noix*—or for the sake of the hero's *beaux yeux*. Socrates, I am inclined to think, was often obliged to his friends for a small loan; and Plato was a "Dominie," who, as the old Laird of Auchinlech said contemptuously of Dr. Johnson, "kepit a schule, and ca'd it an acaademy." There were no Murrays or Longmans to pay munificent prices to Horace for his lays, or Virgil for his epic; yet both Mæcenas's friend, and the reputed son of a jackpudding to a classical Dr. Dulcamara, did pretty well by their poetry—much better than the late Mr. Wordsworth, who was rewarded only by a moderate pension and the post of distributor of stamps for the county of Westmoreland; and the Mantuan bard, besides, is said to have made a very handsome thing out of farming, combined occasionally with a little

tune-telling. Juvenal was a "military swell," who squeezed the Egyptians, it has been hinted, pretty tightly when he was in command among them; and Catullus, as we know, was an elegant gentleman, on the site of whose delicious villa at Sermione I have often gazed wistfully from the window of a wretched little inn at Desenzano, on the Lake of Garda. These ancient gentlemen seemed to have got on admirably without the help of any "eminent publishers." It is the fashion among literary men at the present day to sneer at the old dead-and-gone patron, the royally-descended senator, the noble lord, ingenious baronet, worthy knight, or what not, to whom our predecessors used to write dedications, and who filled their pouches with broad pieces for the same. The author of the Victorian era is accustomed to remark loftily, that the public is his best patron, and that to the public only he looks for support. There is much humbug in this. We are fain to dispense with the patron for the simple reason that, as a rule, he no longer exists; he can't be got hold of. My lord has come down into the literary arena, and writes books himself—big books, good books sometimes, and which run to a second edition. Literary men have grown so haughty that they claim social equality with my lord. My lord, with a charmingly-affable smile, admits the claim. He is glad to have admitted it, for he is absolved from the necessity of giving the literary man anything. My lord asks him to dinner sometimes. The author is invited as an equal. He is not made to sit below the salt; he is not expected to withdraw, with the domestic chaplain, when the pudding is served. Nay, he asks my lord to dinner in return. I am acquainted with a novelist, sir, who has entertained earls; and, ere *I* die, I hope to get a bishop's legs under my mahogany, at present rusticating at Taylor's Repository, Pimlico. To dine a bishop is the height of my ambition. And the most curious thing is, that when my lord is asked, he comes, and behaves himself quite as an ordinary gentleman. How can you expect this affable nobleman to fling you a purse of jacobuses, or to recommend you for the place of a commissioner of hackney-coach duties, or paymaster of the band of gentlemen-pensioners? Phillips, who wrote the *Splendid Shilling*, was the first; Gifford, the author of the *Baviad* and *Mœviad*, and the translator of Juvenal, was the last. Both had patrons. Gifford's in particular, the princely Lord Grosvenor, did his *protégé* inestimable good. Where would Jeremy Taylor have been during the evil days of the Protectorate, when he had lived "to see the tabernacle covered with skins of beasts, and made ambulatory," without the protection of the good Earl of Carbery, and the sweet tranquil Patmos of the Golden Grove? Old Hobbes of Malmesbury had his patron. Good Dr. Watts, but for the protection of Sir Thomas Abney and his amiable consort, might have cracked stones or cobbled shoes for a livelihood. But his patrons installed him in "a country recess," where he had the privilege of "the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other

advantages, to soothe his mind and aid his restoration to health; to yield him, whenever he chose them, most grateful intervals from his laborious studies, and enable him to return to them with redoubled vigour and delight." The Doctor lived in this vale of milk and honey for six-and-thirty years. Lady Abney was as fond of him as Sir Thomas, and Mrs. Elizabeth Abney, their daughter, emulated the affection of her papa and mamma for the exemplary inmate of Abney Park; so the Doctor lived in clover, peacefully kicking his heels up, and writing those charming hymns and that capital treatise on logic, out of which yesterday I got the particulars of the Protagorean dilemma, about which I may have something to say to you presently. Which was better, to live at Abney Park surrounded by all sorts of nice things, and writing beautiful books at one's leisure, or to reside in the cock-loft in Petty France, where the translator of Thucydides, the compiler of voyages and travels, and the contributor to *Mist's Journal*, lay three in a bed; to prowl about booksellers' shops, and be Curll's hack or Tonson's bond-servant; to dine at a twopenny ordinary, and die in the kennel, or, at best, in the workhouse? Greater writers than Watts have died there. For my part, I think much evil has been spoken, and most unjustly, against the patron. Here is his health! It was a patron who took the Rev. Mr. Eustace to Italy, and enabled him to write his *Classical Tour*. But for patronage, Thomson might have starved; but for my lord we should never have had Coxe's *Travels*—voluminous, if you will, but eminently readable—or Mickle's translation of the *Lusiad;* utterly unreadable, but indubitably respectable, as is that Caledonian version of Camoëns. The patron, gentlemen, with all the honours! He *was* a jolly good fellow, very often; and we wept at his death, *quippe benignus erat.* He kicked the author sometimes. Well, are your lumbar vertebræ wholly unbruised, my Plagosus? His lordship occasionally insulted his client. *Eh, bien!* is it not possible to be kicked, beaten, insulted nowadays, *and without so much as a pennyworth of golden ointment to heal our broken pates withal?* I wish somebody would board and lodge me gratuitously for six-and-thirty years, or for six-and-thirty months. I think that I could endure to be snubbed every day at lunch-time, and to be kicked downstairs, say, on the first Tuesday in every month. Swift must have gone through an enormous amount of snubbing at Moor Park; yet there is nothing in the *Tale of a Tub* that bespeaks the broken spirit or the crushed heart. It was not until he had become himself a patron, and could bully lords and curates and servants, that he wrote cynically. Slavish treatment, I have heard, makes slavish souls. Psha! The sailors who won Trafalgar, the soldiers who won Waterloo, were lashed every day as hounds are lashed; and they were the very soldiers and sailors who were accustomed to sing, ay and to prove, most lustily that Britons never would be slaves.

Is a *little learning* a dangerous thing? and should we drink deep,

or refrain from touching altogether the Pierian spring? Let me see, where was the Pierian spring? I turn up the index to Dr. Dymock's *Ovid*. Well, here is Pierus, a mountain in Macedon, from which the district was called Pieria. The Pierian spring flowed, it is to be presumed, from the mountain in question. The Pierides, my index goes on to say, were the Muses, and had their residence in Pierus. Very good, I begin to feel quite learned; only, casting my eyes just five lines upwards on the page, I find that Pierus was a Thessalian, very rich in land, and that the Pierides were the nine daughters of Pierus and Enippe, who challenged the Muses to a contest in singing, and, on being surpassed, were changed into magpies. Very good again: only isn't there something wrong in the index to Dr. Dymock's *Ovid*, an approved schoolbook? If the nine Muses and the nine Pierides were the same personages, how could the last have held a musical contest with the first, and losing, been transformed into magpies? Of course the apparent anomaly can be easily explained by the really learned, who will show that there are nine times nine myths about the Muses and the Pierides and the Thespiades; but what is our wretched little friend the traditional schoolboy to do? He turns up Dr. Dymock's index. He turns up two statements which seem grossly contradictory. His answers, when interrogated on the famous fable *Pieridum certamen cum Musis*, must necessarily be confused and blundering. The fault is not his, but the index-maker's, who didn't explain matters properly; but the end of the unhappy schoolboy is, to be himself turned up and whipped. And this is why the springs that flow from Pierus and from Helicon likewise are so often made briny by children's tears.

So far as I am concerned, I can afford to snap my fingers both at the learned and the unlearned. I have quite made up my mind as to the myth of the contest between the Muses and the Pierides, because I purchased two years ago in Venice a sumptuous engraving from a picture by the Chevalier Vanderwerff representing the summit of Mount Pierus itself, with the Pierian spring in the centre, flowing in "blubbering rills," in the approved pseudo-Miltonic fashion, from a large pipkin of classical design. The crest of the hill is occupied by all the gods and goddesses sitting *in banco* (that is to say, on a green bank) in a kind of mythological judge-and-jury society, Apollo with his lyre standing up right in the midst of the assembly to "see fair." The nine Muses are ranged on one side the stream, and the nine Pierides on the other; the artist having drawn a subtle distinction between the rival bands of *cantatrici* in depicting the Muses loosely clad in classical draperies, while the nine Pierides, like the "liddle mermaid" in Mr. Hans Breitmann's song, have literally "noding on." 'Twas all very well of the index-maker to tell us that Pierus was a man very rich in land; but to judge from the pictorial testimony of the Chevalier Vanderwerff, *Pierus*' nine daughters were very badly off for clothes.

'Is a little learning a dangerous thing? and, if such be indeed the

fact, what is the minimum quantity of erudition which may be acquired without putting one's soul or one's body in peril? Why should you or I be hopelessly condemned for the smallness of our knowledge, if, when we attempt to take a long deep draught from the Pierian spring, our mouths are filled by the sand and grit with which the blundering index-makers have poisoned the once-clear element? Is there any other Pierian spring anywhere else? and is that pump locked up, or free to all comers bringing their own jugs?

If a little learning be a dangerous thing, may not a large amount of learning, or—I will let you have the lemma all ways—no learning at all, be things even more perilous? In the opinion of the Marquis of Salisbury, the tendency of education is rather to increase than to diminish crime. *Argal*, as Mr. Constable Dogberry would say, if there were no such thing as education, would there be an utter cessation of all crime?

"*Es sabio*," say the Spaniards, "*porque no sabe; peró cuando sabe, sabio está*." He is wise because he knows nothing; yet when he knows all, he is wise. A sufficiently obscure proverb, and one of which the application may cut both ways, but with equal truthfulness. That very small child in arms, who, with a damp pudgy forefinger, is inscribing cabalistic characters on his nurse's cheek, has about him, for all his infancy, something of an infinite thoughtfulness. After a dim uncertain manner he strikes you as being as much a figure of Wisdom as that bald-headed patriarch yonder, sitting perchance on a bench in the Luxembourg-gardens, close to the Boulevard de l'Observatoire, and who, with his walking-stick, is working out in the gravel, say the twenty-first proposition of the third book of Euclid. The segment BAED being less than half a circle, he draws in the circle A B C D, A F to the centre, produces it to C, and joins C E. He is very wise—as wise as the wonderful man in the nursery rhyme. We all know M. Laplace Descartes de l'Etoile, member of the Institute, associate of several Academies, and knight of many orders. He has written a whole library. He discovered two additional satellites to the planet Lenunculus. He can foretell storms, and presage eclipses. He can account for the milk in the cocoa-nut. He is wise; yet extremes meet, and there is an odd connection between his dreamy expression of sapience and that of the brat in the bib working out *his* proposition on the brown cheek of his Normandy nurse.

The Roman emperor Caligula, we are told, having a mind once upon a time to invade Britain, brought a large army down to the coast of Gaul, over against our shore—to Valerie-sur-Somme, it may be. His legions were presently set in array. The emperor shipped himself on board a vessel, weighed anchor, and launched out; but he had not been long on the sea when he returned again; had his soldiers drawn up in order of battle; and charged every man straightway to begin—what?—the pike-exercise, sword- or buckler-play? No; gathering cockles. Not

idly should we set down Caligula to have been in this instance a trifler or a fool. There may be deep wisdom, after making an immensity of preparations for a given purpose, in tucking-up your shirt-sleeves, and setting about cockle-gathering.

"*El Diablo*," I quote the Castilian again,—yet who is so rich in proverbs as he?—"*sabe mucho, porque es viego;*" he knows much because he is old. Yet do we not learn from Ben Jonson that the Devil can be an Ass? and where, if you please, can you find a greater fool than an old fool? It would be well worth inquiry—but the investigation is foreign to my present purpose—to ask whether the vast majority of the difficulties into which, at all times, nations have gotten themselves, have not been primely due to the folly, stupidity, obstinacy, and perversity of old men. In 1847 Europe was altogether governed by dotards. Louis Philippe and Guizot, Nesselrode and Metternich—power on every side was wielded by doddering old bucks with wigs and false teeth. A pretty kettle-of-fish, too, did reverent Age cook for us in the first year of the Crimean War. Old ministers (*cet excellent* Aberdeen), old generals, old medical directors, old commissariat officers, and old muskets and cartridges from the Tower. Was it not a knot of rancorous old men who plunged America into civil war in 1861? And by whom, during five-and-twenty centuries, have the grand things been done, the decisive blows stricken? Young Moses is a statesman, economist, lawgiver; old Moses loses his temper and quarrels with the tribes. Young David, from quite a humble position in life, gets to the top of the tree; but old David makes a sad spectacle of himself, and behaves on more than one occasion with the most shocking levity. The most brilliant successes of Cæsar and Pompey were achieved when they were young. Alexander was a mere boy when he conquered Asia. The young Napoleon beat all the old generals and all the old diplomatists that came in his way, and was master of half Europe by the time he was forty. Byron, looking at what he was, and what he did, was almost incredibly young. Yet had Alexander's life been prolonged he might have become as unseemly an object as Mr. Thackeray's Sir George Tufto; Byron might have developed, the wrong way, into a leering cynical satyr,—a Marquis of Steyne; and Napoleon the Great? well, we know what he became before he was fifty—grossly fat, sluggish, indolent, obtuse. His Waterloo campaign, the greatest military authorities tell us, was a series of blunders; and it is certain that his conduct in captivity was neither wise nor dignified, nor even commonly sensible. Yet old men have the impudence to prate, forsooth, of the "vanity" of youth, untoward, ever spleeny, ever froward. Proverbial lore so abounds in sneers at and warnings to youth, that one almost feels inclined to think that proverbs have been mainly the composition of old men. The plain truth, my boy, is, that the fogies are jealous of us young fellows. They envy us our hair unflecked with gray, our smooth and ruddy cheeks, our bright eyes, our elastic step, our erect carriage, our buoyant spirits

and generous impulses. The cankered old curmudgeons! I could say a great deal more on this head, did I not remember that I am no longer young.

And remembering this, I may say, Go to, vain and forward youth, with your monkey jacket and your more than monkey ways, your stand-up shirt-collar with the tips turned down, and your shiny hat with the brim turned up. Where gottest thou that goose-look, and that scarf with a breast-pin three inches lower down than it should be? Away, inconsequent puppy, with your eyeglass, your horsy slang, your idiotic puns, your music-hall songs and nigger-dances! Go to; you are impertinent, obtrusive, and offensive; nay more, much more than that—you are ignorant. What does a young man know? There is young Jack Cadsby, who writes smart paragraphs in that famous satiric journal (illustrated), the *Cupping-Glass*, and who only last week fired-off an epigram against me, more than hinting that I was a dullard, an impostor, and a dolt. Come hither, Jack. Say, lad, what dost thou know? Why, bless us every one, how *can* the boy know anything? Why, I remember him in petticoats and a perambulator. Jack, when you were but five years of age my intercession saved you from a whipping when you had been denounced by the housemaid for attempting to administer slate-pencil to the ducks in St. James's Park. Jack, many a time and oft have I tipped you sixpence to buy sweetstuff withal. You young dog, you know I have! You used to call me "Sir;" you were proud to sit by my side when you came into the parlour with the dessert after dinner on Sundays. I believe you and your little sister—she is a lady of the period now, and sweeps by me as haughtily as though she were Queen Esther newly come from seeing Haman hanged—have played at me, with the aid of two chairs and a sofa-pillow. You thankless rogue! I bought you a box of ninepins once. And now this fledgling pecks at me! Bits of his shell yet cling to his back; yet he struts about, quizzing the oldest inhabitants of the farmyard. Egg-shells! Why, I see he is advertised in the *Times* to deliver a lecture this evening "on the Art of Sucking Eggs" to a grandmothers' meeting at the Mother Redcap. I am told the dog writes leading-articles in the *Daily Peppercastor*. *I* knew him before either his whiskers or his intellect grew; nor is the growth of either much to speak of now. I was reading a smart article attributed to Jack only yesterday. "Old Cobbett once remarked," he began. What do you know about "old Cobbett," young sir? Because you were once taken on a half-holiday to Madame Tussaud's, and saw there the waxen gentleman in top-boots and a broad-brimmed hat, whose lungs are wound-up with a key and who pants by clockwork, are you to be justified in claiming acquaintance with the famous Peter Porcupine—with the terrible Registrar who wrote at the sign of the Gridiron? He would have "old Cobbetted" you, had he taken you in hand, vain youth. But Cobbett or Montesquieu, Chrysostom or Sir Thomas Browne,

Geoffrey of Monmouth or Hobbes of Malmesbury, are all alike to Jack Cadsby. It is impossible that he could have read seventy consecutive pages of any one of these authors; but he has quoted, with all the assurance in the world, little bits from their writings. Rabelais and Montaigne: he has them at his fingers'-ends; but his knowledge either of the one or the other does not extend beyond the extremities of his digits. He has never thrust his arm up to the shoulder. Who has? I declare that one of the most accomplished men of this age, writing to me, not long since, to tell me that he had just purchased a copy of Montaigne, added, with a degree of modesty that was quite touching, "I wonder whether I shall ever read much of him!" Macaulay, speaking of the prolixity of the *Faery Queene*, observes somewhere that "few readers are ever in at the death of the Blatant Beast;" but, as it happens, the Blatant Beast does not die; and it is clear that, for one, Macaulay had never thoroughly perused Spenser's beautiful and interminable poem. Mr. Mason Jones learned the whole of *Paradise Lost* by heart; but ere he had half spouted it forth at St. Martin's Hall his audience fled, howling. A great English writer was once engaged to write a preface to a new edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. He was an unconscionably long time over his task; and alleged as an excuse, that there was a good deal of Bunyan's book which he had never read before. A critic, lately deceased, once accused me of making improper use of the old locution *Vidi tantum*. I challenged him to tell me in what ancient author the locution occurs. He could not; and "ripe scholars" are ofttimes as crassly ignorant as Jack Cadsby.

But Jack!—how can the whippersnapper have the face to tell me that he knows anything? Where was he when the Chandos clause was smuggled through parliament? Did he ever see Joseph Ady, or Colonel Sibthorp, or Mr. Muntz of Birmingham—at one time, young John, the only gentleman in England who wore a beard? Does Cadsby recollect a single mail-coach, a single member of parliament's "frank," a solitary pair of hessian-boots with tassels on human legs? Why, so recent is this Cadsby that he has probably never seen an officer in the British army arrayed in a swallow-tailed coat and epaulettes. The coxcomb, I have said, is twenty. Now, I will grant him to be even twenty-two, or three, or five; I will grant him duly degreed from the University, or entered at the Inns of Court,—but at five-and-twenty, Cadsby, what do you know? When the Revolution of February '48 took place, you were four years old. Children of your age were not admitted to the opening of the Great Exhibition of '51. The Crimean War found you a boy at school; when the Indian Mutiny broke out you were but thirteen; and you were still in a jacket when Solferino and Magenta were fought. Cadsby, withdraw!

But Cadsby, clamouring from outside the doorway through which I have thrust him, asserts that there is no need to have seen things to know all about them. "I have read hard," cried Cadsby. Cadsby,

you fib, you are "unhistorical," as Dr. Colenso used to say. You have not had time, my young friend, to read sufficient to give you even a tolerable acquaintance with any one of the things I have mentioned. You were the idlest young scamp, Cadsby, at school that ever I remember to have seen; and when you came home for the holidays you did nothing but tease your old aunt, let-off fireworks in the back-garden, and plague your relations and friends to take you to see the pantomimes. At college more than half the time which should have been devoted to severe study was given to boating, cricketing, boxing, foot-balling, foot-racing, drag-hunting, and what not. The pernicious preachments of the Reverend Charles Kingsley about Muscular Christianity—were the Apostles professors of gymnastics?—have led you, and thousands more British young men, to the assumption that violent bodily exercises are the most essential points in public education; have led you to despise "reading-men" as "muffs" and "gerund-grinders." Outdoor sports are all very well in their way; but youth is notoriously given to idleness, and athletics in nine cases out of ten simply amount to a license to shirk one's lessons. One knows all the stock arguments in favour of elaborate bodily training. Athletics encourage habits of hardihood, manly feeling, high sense of honour: they have made an Englishman what he is, and that sort of thing. Precisely so. They *have* made an Englishman what he is. In nine cases out of ten they have made him, when he emerges from college, a valiant, generous, full-blooded, confident ignoramus. The tenth man has *not* been stroke-oar to a crew of amateur watermen between Putney and Mortlake. He has *not* followed the "drag," or got himself beaten about the head and chest by the Game Chicken, at the cost of a guinea a thrashing. He went to the university to learn, and from it he passes to his chambers in Lincoln's-inn or the Temple to learn more and more, until he shall have become really a learned man. No; he does not count for more than one in ten. Cadsby's name is Legion, and, in his boating-guernsey, or his cricketing-cap and shoes, he stands before me, whooping "*Mens sana in corpore sano!*" Yes, Cadsby, keep your body and mind both healthy as you can; but I have often known a condition of the rudest physical health to be quite compatible with the possession of no mind at all. Giles Jolter, the ploughboy who has just enlisted in the Buffs, is perfectly healthy; he can neither read nor write. You, Cadsby, can just read and write; but much further than that your education does not extend. And, let me tell you, Cadsby, about a thousand years ago you had Saxon and Danish ancestors, who were tremendous fellows in the way of bodily health. They could eat more beef and drink more beer at breakfast than you can. They wrestled, and ran, and thwacked one another at quarterstaff, and they were very completely and crassly ignorant, calling monks and studious persons (of the last-named of whom there were a few scattered up and down Europe) shavelings, book-a-bosoms, and other engaging names.

In a book called the *Anglo-Saxon Home* I have read that one of the favourite amusements of the young Anglo-Saxon warriors when they had captured an enemy in battle was to make what was termed a "spread eagle" of him. The prisoner was laid supine on the ground, and then the victor proceeded deftly to cleave his person in twain, from the navel to the chaps. The portions so divided were forced outwards, so as to give the body a gracefully aleated or winged appearance; and it is possible that proficiency in the manufacture of spread eagles with symmetry and despatch was, in those days, accounted a far more befitting accomplishment for a young Anglo-Saxon gentleman than reading or writing. Bah! of what use were the scribe's acquirements? Charlemagne became, in his way, a kind of Alexander. He was Lord Paramount, at all events, of the West; yet Pepin's glorious son was, according to M. Auguste Thierry, such a very indifferent scholar, that his favourite mode of signing an imperial decree was to dip the finger of his glove into an ink-horn, and smear it in the shape of a cross at the bottom of the parchment. Therein acted a true gentleman. Never forget to wear gloves; but never mind the manner of your handwriting. Is it not, to this day, accounted in England rather a plebeian and ungenteel thing to write a *very* good hand—at least, amongst men? At Christ's Hospital the study of caligraphy has always formed an integral part of a Blue-coat Boy's education (the immortal Cocker taught writing in the mathematical school in Charles the Second's time); and most "Blues" I have known have preserved, in after-life, a bold, manly, legible fist; but at aristocratic Eton the writing-master's art has been uniformly contemned and neglected. I know not what may be the case at present, but twenty years ago the Eton boys were not taught to write at all. They were supposed to have learnt the art, as Lord Malmesbury imagined they might learn French, in the nursery; and at school they had not even desks to write upon. Every boy had a little portfolio with portable inkstand, and when he was called upon to indite an exercise he put the portfolio on his knees, and scribbled away as best he could.

The result of this charming system has been, that you may generally know an Eton boy in after-life not only by his generous and manly qualities—self-reliance, high sense of honour, etcetera, etcetera—but likewise by the villanous scrawl of pothooks and hangers run mad in which the poor fellow is fain to express his thoughts. I will say nothing about his spelling; for who can always spell correctly? Nor you, nor I, nor the Admirable Crichton (whom, by the way, I suspect to have been somewhat of an Admirable Humbug). The grossest impostor I ever knew was a man who professed to be conversant with seventeen languages. His polyglotism, however, mostly hailed from the Southern Pacific or the remote Orient, and it is certain that he did not know the French for "fried potatoes."

Pray allow me to mention here, that I have not the slightest idea

of being able to wean one healthy full-blooded young Briton from his hunting, his shooting, or his coursing; his foot-racing, cricketing, bowling, or billiard-playing; his rowing, or paddling, or boxing. He may "toss the caber" and "put the stone" all day long if he chooses. He may surfeit himself with "curling" or with "golf." He may beat all competitors at "nurr and spell," whatever nurr and spell may be; in the winter-time he may skate his ten toes off; or in summer he may take alpenstock in hand and shin up as many peaks, or slide down as many glaciers, as he pleases. Nay, if he has indulged in all these athletic diversions to satiety, and wishes for a change, I have not the slightest objection to his joining the Camberwell Youths, invading the belfry of the parish church, and allowing his arms to be half-tugged out of their sockets by ringing nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine treble bob-majors for a boiled leg-of-mutton and trimmings. It might be certainly preferable, so far as I am concerned, and conducive to my own peace and quietness, if his campanological exercitations did not take place at the parish church hard by the premises in which I occupy modest apartments, and if he did not choose as the time for his infernal tintinnabulation the precise time when I am endeavouring to unravel the mystery of the zodiacal signs, or correcting the proofs of that little tractate of mine (in contracted Etruscan: I have had a new font of type cast for the purpose, and the matrices were very expensive) on the Fringe of the Veil of the Semitic Isis. But why grumble against the joyous gymnastics of bell-ringers?—confound them! I am acquainted with a philosopher, who objects even to the sound of bells pealing for divine worship—those very church-going bells, the inability to hear which was, according to Cowper, so bitter a deprivation to Alexander Selkirk in his Juan-Fernandez solitude. Nay, the tolerant and charitable Charles Dickens cries out in *Hard Times* against the "jangling" bells which "drive the sick and nervous mad." We should be patient under these minor inflictions. You don't know till you have tried what a bore it is to reside in the immediate vicinity of the Falls of Niagara. First, you are continuously contemplating the contingency of chronic deafness. Next, everything around you—furniture, teacups in their saucers, handles in their doors, keys in their locks, and windows in their frames, are continually rattling and shaking. Your own teeth, at last, begin to chatter, and to vibrate loosely in their sockets; and the ultimate nervous impression of Niagara is of a combination of ague, palsy, and delirium-tremens. But you bear these ills with smiling resignation, and, at least twenty times a-day, audibly observe that the Falls are Wonderful, while you heartily concur with those of your friends who declare them to be Delightful. Irritable persons should bring a little of this placable feeling with them when it becomes incumbent on them to endure home noises. Children shrieking "Champagne Charlie," and doctors' boys whistling "Tommy Dodd;" Mrs. Gummany's parrot swearing *like a trooper* two doors off; Lydia Languish pounding away

at Erard's grand over the way; the German band in the distance braying "Take, then, the sabre, the sabre, the sabre;" those appalling railway vans thundering along from King's Cross; the muffin-man, the watercress-seller, nay the humble individual who cries hearthstones or chickweed,—all these may be productive of sounds which to some ears may be intolerable, and which in many instances drive the hearers to frenzy.

You see how tolerant I can be, since, while expressing my candid conviction that athletic exercises carried to excess are often only another name for unbridled indulgence in idleness, I still refrain from recommending youth to abstain from the gymnastics in which so large a portion of their time is wasted. To have a pale face, to wear spectacles when one is young, or to confess that one sits up the greater portion of the night reading or writing, is accounted by many medical men a crime. "You work too hard," the doctor tells you. "You are using-up your brain too quickly. You are drawing on the reserve fund, and some of these days you will find that you have no balance left to draw upon. You must study less, and eat more and oftener." I apprehend that such advice as this is of about the same practical utility as that which a doctor is once said to have given to the pauper mother of a consumptive child: "You must try a southern climate," quoth Dr. Sangrado; "Madeira—no; the sea-voyage might be a little too long. Try Nice, or Mentone, or Cannes." How was a pauper child to be taken to Cannes? How is the student to leave off studying? A learned man, shall he not be learned? And what does it matter, after all, if poring over books, or scribbling until the fingers are stiff, do make us pale, and silly, and dyspeptic? Are there no other ways of injuring our health besides studying? The same doctor who warns us that inordinate devotion to intellectual employment may soften our cerebellum, or play the deuce with our tissues, is candid enough to own that athletism often ends in paralysis or in a galloping consumption. A man may injure his health by over-eating quite as much as by over-drinking. It is as easy to be slain by a knife and fork as by the sword. Love will make a man ill: both the love which is satisfied and the love which is unrequited. Poverty will injure your health; so will riches. Want of exercise is detrimental to the preservation of sound health. To walk too much, again, is a bad thing. You may over-ride, over-swim, over-shoot, over-think yourself. A cow doesn't chew the cud to excess; a horse doesn't take a "constitutional;" a dog doesn't use the dumb-bells. It is only Man who exceeds; it is only Man who grumbles at every deprivation, and misuses every gift.

GLAMOUR

BY THE COUNTESS VON BOTHMER

IN TWO PARTS:—PART II.

CHAPTER I. A RESOLUTION.

PERHAPS none of us who have ever hoped or feared very intensely are quite ignorant of that sensation at the heart which seems very like suspended existence. We see the realisation of our hopes—or our fears—coming nearer and nearer, and we pause and shut our eyes, feeling that now the crisis approaches we are cowards at heart. And if this be true of fear, it is almost truer still of hope; if it be true of unhappiness, it is almost truer of happiness. In the one case we have that sort of courage born of long endurance to strengthen and support us, to give us the heroism to endure the final pang, so long anticipated, that, when it comes, our overwrought nerves drop down dead, rather with fatigue than with pain. But with joy—would we not rather defer the realisation of our day-dreams? Do we not instinctively feel that with realisation they will lose half their beauty? We have looked forward to this supreme moment so long; what is behind it cannot be more beautiful; and now that the moment approaches we would fain hold it from us, gaze upon it with enraptured eyes, and picture over again, and yet once again, to ourselves the bliss of that coming day. We tremble when our happiness comes very near to us. We are awed at the imminent realisation of our aspirations. We would fain pause and hang back yet a while, until we have gathered our energies and our forces of soul together to support this alp of joy.

Thus it had been with Dolores. Once, looking over the balusters in Lowndes-square, she saw St. Vincent in the hall; he was waiting for Bessy and Lettice, and he glanced impatiently upwards, sweeping Dolores with his gaze as it were, yet without seeing her.

She turned and fled to her room, and burst into a passion of tears.

Once again she saw him in the Park, riding by his aunt's carriage, and she could not but observe his tender, gallant manner as he bent towards Lettice. How beautiful he looked! Like some young god, she told herself; and very happy were her thoughts as she walked homewards. Some day she and St. Vincent would meet again. Fate should bring them together, she would not fling herself in his way; and then he should woo her as a young prince woos his bride, and she would be somewhat reserved, as it becomes gentle ladyhood to be, so that he should put forth all his energies to win her; and then, when he had been constant and devoted to her during the time of a long probation,

she would raise him from his knees, and would lay her head upon his heart, and tell him frankly she was his; would tell him how she had watched him unseen and had tried and proved his love, and how she would always be gentle and faithful to him, never destroying their wedded love by caprice or perversity; not sour or harsh, but always loving and tender to him, as becomes noble wifehood. Alas, poor Dolores!

In the midst of all these phantasies a grim messenger came and tapped her on the shoulder, and bid her away from that garden of delights. Her father lay dying. Day by day, and night by night, she sat by him. Her aunt and uncle came up from Kingsmead, but he did not know them. Unhappy in the London air, feeling the confinement of the small house and the want of life and light about them, they did not remain long. "You will write to us, birdie," said the old lady as she bid Dolores good-bye; "you will let us know if anything can be done for him." Dolores said yes, she would; but when the doctor proposed change of air, and Dolores spoke of writing to her uncle and aunt for the necessary funds, Rebecca checked her fiercely, saying that they had done without their aid hitherto, and that they would do without it until the end; "they would have let us starve," she cried bitterly, "whilst they have been living in abundance."

"But, Rebecca, they did not know."

"Then they ought to have known."

"But you would never let me tell them."

"Don't argue with me, child; I know best."

"But, Rebecca, if papa wants change?"

"He must want it, then, as he has often done before. Want must be his master."

Dolores' heart ached, but she argued the matter no further. It seemed true that her aunt and uncle had been unkind and thoughtless, and yet it was not really so. Captain Skeffington, though a sensitive weak man, would have taken pecuniary assistance from anyone without the slightest sense of humiliation or self-abasement in so doing; but he had Rebecca by him, and Rebecca he had always feared, and obeyed after a fashion so entirely reversed to the usual order of things, that there was no appeal against it, and thus late in the day even Dolores knew it was useless to resist.

Mr. and Mrs. Skeffington, living their peaceful, prosperous, country life, full of plenteousness and repose, could not picture to themselves the narrowed, darkened, threadbare existence of their brother and his two daughters; now that they had come to town they had begun to realise some of the sad truths, and were perplexed and dismayed, and did not know how to set about altering the state of things. In their simple, countrified, out-of-the-world way, they had always thought of their brother as a well-to-do man, comfortably off, though living quietly.

"You know he had 10,000*l.* when my father died," said the squire, rubbing his chin thoughtfully and anxiously as he talked the matter

of his brother's finances over with his fair comely wife, seated once more by their own fireside; "and then he had his pay, and our girl's education was paid for out of her mother's fortune, you know; so I don't see how he's got into these straits."

"Poor thing! But that Rebecca gives me the horrors, John. Was her mother like that?"

"She was a great raw-boned woman whom Tom picked up in some boarding-house; or rather, she picked him up. He was always a weak fellow, was Tom."

"I tried to make Rebecca take something from me, but she wouldn't. She stood grimly aloof, and said they asked no one's aid, and that if they were poor, they were honest."

"I like her spirit," said the squire.

"And I don't. It is no good spirit that sacrifices a father to gratify a feeling which is only selfishness and pride."

"Do not judge her harshly, love; why didn't you give it to Dolores? if she is proud—and I suspect the minx has some of the old leaven in her by her going out as a governess, which I only looked upon as a whim before—if she is proud, she is loving as well, and she would have taken it."

"But she wouldn't," said the old lady, fairly crying now; "she confessed they wanted it, but she was afraid of Rebecca."

"D——tion!" said the squire testily.

"Who are you blessing, my friend?" asked the rector's calm voice, and the squire looked down abashed.

But it was a relief to them to confide their perplexities to him, secure of the sympathy of his large loving nature, and sure that good sense, kindliness, and judgment would guide his counsel.

And so it was settled he should go up to town in some sort as ambassador from them, to smooth away difficulties, and prevail upon Rebecca, if she would not take her father to the seaside, to bring him down to Kingsmead, where the calm pure country air and the complete change would be sure to do him good. Mr. Stapleton was to be sure and speak to Rebecca first, because she was very tenacious as to her rights of seniority; and he was to be very careful not to offend her in any way; and he was on no account to get Dolores into trouble by appealing to her. Thus hedged about with cautions, and bristling with counsels like a friendly porcupine, the rector of Kingsmead departed on his mission of love.

His heart swelled as he thought of his darling in distress, in grief of mind—who knows? perhaps in want of means. Yes, it behoved him to be very delicate, very gentle and tender, very considerate and forbearing and longsuffering, if needs be. He must not defeat the end and aim of his journey by any impatience; for her sweet sake he must be wise as a serpent, and harmless as a dove. And so, pondering on all these things, a look of love, pity, and sympathy in his kind gray eyes,

and an expression that was not all pain about his firm mouth, Robert Stapleton made the journey to London, and did not find it long.

But Rebecca was obdurate. Obdurate with a grim stoniness, with a persistent unwavering unwomanly hardness, that was a new experience to Robert Stapleton. No grace of manner softened her refusals, no gratitude tempered the asperity of her tone. At first she persistently recurred to the neglect which she considered justified her rejection of all brotherly offices on the squire's part; at last she contented herself with simply answering "No" to all Robert Stapleton's entreaties, representations, and arguments.

It went to his heart to see Dolores' face; so white, so cold, so angry. She never spoke, but she would look up at Rebecca from time to time with a fierce rebellion in her eyes that told more than many words what was passing within. She dared not trust herself to speak. Robert Stapleton saw this, and his heart bled for all the misery, love, anger, and humiliation pent up in hers.

"Why," said he gently to her one evening, as Rebecca left the room,—"why don't you, Dolores, speak, and appeal to her heart?"

"Heart!" she cried passionately, "she has no heart; when her father asks her for bread, she will give him a stone. It is all she has to give. This is not love for him, it is revenge, pride, selfishness; but," she cried, springing up, "I will not see it, I will not bear it any longer."

"You will take your uncle's gift, Dolores, and use it for your father as he wished?"

"No," she said, suddenly withdrawing her hand from his, "I cannot, dare not do that; but I will tell you what I will do—" then again she hesitated, turned red, and seemed at a loss to find words. But with a sudden gesture of confidence that was infinitely touching and graceful, she turned to him again, and stretching out her hand, said,

"You shall lend me the money."

He understood all that this implied, and he took her outstretched hand in silence, as who should say, "I ratify that unspoken bond, and I promise not to trespass upon your goodness."

"It is in this way," said Dolores. "Mrs. Dalrymple owes me a half-year's salary. I wrote to her a few days ago, saying I feared that my absence must be very inconvenient, but that the state of my father's health was such I could not leave him; and therefore I thought it better she should look out for another governess for Blanche and Helen."

"And—?"

"I received an answer to say the children had gone to the country, and that it suited her better I should take my holiday now than later on, so that I need not worry myself on that score. But she did not enclose my salary."

"How inconsiderate!"

"About the wages? no, I think not. People of that class know *nothing* about money, or rather about the need, the bitter need, one

may have of it. If you will trust me until our return, Rebecca shall know nothing of this, and my father can have change of air without our borrowing of aunt and uncle Skeffington."

"Trust you, Dolores!" Was he not ready to lay all that he had at her feet, and she talked of trusting her with a few paltry pounds!

"Yes," she answered, just a trifle coldly; "trust me as you would have to trust any other person who came begging and borrowing."

He saw that she would have no difference made between herself and any casual petitioner, and he felt that he must have patience with this shrinking, impetuous, sensitive nature. He took her on her own terms, and loved her so much, that he even accepted an I O U from her.

And so they went to Dover; and Dolores sat by her father on the beach, and took long solitary walks, and once again her spirit grew calm and bright.

In another fortnight Mr. Stapleton would come down to Dover to fetch his young brother home for the holidays, and then he would take Captain Skeffington to Kingsmead with him, whilst Rebecca and Dolores went home to Kensington.

"Castlewood.

"My dearest Dolores,—I ought to have written to you long ago; but I'm always a bad correspondent, and here it has been impossible to do anything but dawdle. We have been enjoying these fine moonlight nights, and profiting by them to make distant excursions, so that we have quite 'done' the neighbourhood. The Castlewoods are very kind people; they are connections of mamma's, and cousins of Lettice's. We are only three miles from Parklands. Naturally, we have seen a great deal of Hugh; but why should I talk so much and never come to the point? Of course you have guessed it long ago; we all saw it coming, but we none of us thought it would be so soon. Hugh is so gallant, and has so much chivalry in his manner towards ladies, that he seems to be in love with every woman he comes near, and yet somehow it is as though he did not care for any of them. Papa says that Hugh would have toasted 'the sex' if he had lived in toasting days, and not any 'bright particular star.' Those must have been horrid times, mustn't they, dear, when the gentlemen used to be found lying under the table with the bottles in the morning? And fancy having one's name bawled out by a number of dreadful tipsy creatures! Quite shocking! But people say that love, and devotion, and gallantry, and that sort of thing, has suffered from the change, you know. I don't think so; but then as nobody pays me any attention when there are prettier girls in the room (and there always *are*, Dolores), I can't be supposed to offer an opinion worth mentioning. But, as I told you, Hugh and Lettice are engaged. The gardeners and all the people about the place are as pleased to see them walking about together as if they were a prince and princess; indeed, they are far handsomer creatures than any *royalties* I have ever seen. But perhaps that isn't a

loyal sentiment; and how selfish I am never to have asked after your poor dear papa! Is he quite well again? And that horrid strict Rebecca? Have you any admirers at Dover, my dear? Of course you look scornful at this, but you know them all by sight, I daresay. Now don't be angry; and mind you write me a dear, delightful letter about our *fiancés*. Ever your affectionate BESSY.

"P. S. They are not going to be married yet, as Lettice is so young. Won't she look lovely as a bride? She says she shall have white satin and Brussels point."

"Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun."

Why did these words come singing and surging through her brain? There she sat hopelessly, helplessly, stupidly on the beach, just where she had been when Rebecca had given her the letter hours ago; and her poor old father was by her side; but she had no thought for him, though the blazing August sun struck fiercely upon his head, and shone full upon his pale careworn face.

Yes, the "rocks might melt" and the "seas gang dry," but as long as the "sands of life" ran, Dolores' face would never look the same again; never wear quite the same expression as it had worn that bright summer's morning before the post came in. She did not faint, or sob, or scream. She sat there stupefied, numbed, deadened. She could not think; she had no tears; no longing to rush away and passionately weep her heart out; no sense of impatience, of anger, of injury, of rebellion. That was all to come. For the present she sat there, and looked out at the glittering sea with hot, dry, burning eyes, and cared for nothing. There had been a shock, and she had been paralysed; and until some friendly hand came to lead her away, she would continue so to sit, fixedly gazing out at that dazzling glittering sea, and only hearing the wearisome refrain of an old song, the very words of which scarcely conveyed any meaning to her brain; they seemed to have reference to something of which she had known formerly, long ago, "once upon a time"—

"And I will come again, my love,
Though 'twere ten thousand mile."

When Rebecca came and shrilly reprimanded her for keeping her father out so many hours, she was frightened at the white, silent face Dolores turned upon her.

"Are you ill, Dorothy?" she asked in a kinder tone than usual.

"No," answered Dolores, surprised and startled at the sound of her own voice. So also was Rebecca, it sounded so harsh and broken; she looked searchingly at her sister, and then cleared her throat.

"Have they given you warning?" she asked.

"Warning? No, I had no warning," answered Dolores, just a little *wildly*. Then seeing that her sister was observing her, she said, "Why *do you* ask these questions, Rebecca?"

"Because I know you heard from Miss Dalrymple this morning, and I thought they might not want you any more."

"No; O no," said Dolores, and walked on.

She did not have a fever, though she was very ill for two days; dangerously ill, the doctor said. When Robert Stapleton came down to Dover a fortnight later, he was terrified at Dolores' appearance. He asked her tenderly what ailed her? Nothing. Then he asked Rebecca, and Rebecca gave him the same answer, "Nothing." But the eyes of love are not to be deceived. A settled weariness had grown about Dolores' mouth, a settled gravity on her brow; she smiled occasionally, but it was a mechanical, spiritless, wintry smile; pale and wan, like February sunshine. She was composed and quiet, but impenetrable and cold. Robert dared not say anything to her; for the first time since he had known and loved her, he felt chilled and discouraged; there was an invisible barrier between them, and his sensitive heart felt it.

And so she saw him take her old father away, and found no friendly word of thanks wherewith to repay him for all his patient care of the irritable invalid. Robert hoped, even up to the last moment before the train started, that she would give him one friendly look, one kindly smile; but he hoped in vain. She scarcely noticed him; and when the train moved away, it was on her father that her eyes last rested.

And had Dolores, then, so fondly, truly, deeply loved the playfellow of her first holiday-hours? She thought so, she thinks so still; but in truth it was her ideal that she had so loved and worshipped, and she could not bear that ideal to be so torn from her. Is not the unseen always better than the seen? Does not our very religion tell us this? Does not reality almost always fall short of imagination? And is it not hard to have our ideal torn from us, trampled underfoot, befouled, besmirched, so that it is hopelessly disfigured for ever afterwards? I do not believe that Dolores ever loved Hugh St. Vincent; but in him she loved all that heroism and genius, and chivalry and beauty, and grace of manner and charm of address, have ever claimed of love. To her he was the embodiment of all she had ever read, thought, imagined. In her wild, romantic, unworldly way, she had never doubted but that he would woo her; had never doubted that his troth was plighted to her as firmly as she thought hers plighted to him. She had pictured to herself how he would plead his cause; how she would prove him after the manner in which ladies of old proved their knights, and how then she would reward his faith and constancy by the full avowal of her own love and devotion.

Poor silly, romantic, foolish child! If she had known the world better, she would never have seen these visions, worse than vanity, or dreamt such senseless delusive dreams.

And then, too, it was a bitter pain to her proud heart to feel that she had given it unasked, in vain. She, who had scorned the idea of being lightly wooed and won, was never to be wooed at all by the man

who had all unwittingly won her heart from her! She was profoundly humiliated. She was, indeed, so self-abashed, that when the old customary longing came, as it would come, and tormented her with glimpses of her lost ideal, she would cast down her eyes before that calmer, brighter, purer self which had risen up to judge the old idle day-dream, and would feel sadly and sorrowfully that the bloom and flush and the dewy innocence of life were gone for ever.

If in these moments of humiliation there was any drop of consolation in her bitter cup, it was in the thought, "No one knows of this." No, not even he who had forgotten her very existence; for now Dolores remembered that, though he had pressed her for some assurance of her love, she had given none, unless he could so interpret an evasive answer and a silent farewell.

Had anyone told Dolores that he had kissed and made love to half-a-hundred pretty girls since he had seen her, that he had a score of rosebuds and as many locks of hair in his desk, she would have laughed the insinuation to scorn, and frankly have told her informant that she disbelieved him. But his betrothal, his engagement to Lettice—could that be ignored? No. She knew that it was a fact, and she realised and accepted it as such.

And so she went back to Lowndes-square, and taught Helen and Blanche, who were under the care of a maiden aunt, whilst Bessy and Mrs. Dalrymple finished a round of visits that had to be accomplished before Christmas.

Captain Skeffington came home at the end of October. Robert Stapleton brought him. Dolores was cold, and the cloud which had settled upon her face was still there, nor did it lift whilst he was in town. He asked after her health, her pupils, her occupations, her amusements. She answered him with as much animation as though she had been reading a cookery-book, and then he went away. He saw that she avoided his gaze, and he was foolish enough to imagine she was thinking of the money she owed him. She had forgotten all about it; but the sight of him humiliated her. It reminded her of the love she had given unsought, and she trembled when she asked herself, "What would Mr. Stapleton think of me if he knew all?"

Chapter II.

ENGAGED.

There are some women who can face anything unpleasant. Rebecca as such a woman. She did it unflinchingly, rather enjoying in anticipation the work she had set herself to do. She had on a pair of ack-cotton gloves. She sat in that prickly arm-chair usually reserved r Captain Skeffington's sole use. The gloves told their tale plainly ough. Miss Skeffington did not mean to employ herself with any rt of feminine trifling. The work she had on hand was of a different

nature, and she had concentrated all her forces on the one point, and did not mean to have them distracted by knitting or crochet. She had spread a coarse linen pocket-handkerchief over her knees, and she was waiting. She was, in fact, prepared to wait; she had taken up her position like a skilful general, and could afford to do so; for Dolores had been sent to Hampstead to visit an old servant, and Rebecca knew that her victim would soon arrive. There was nothing of the Minerva about her; she was simply an ugly, disagreeable old maid in black-cotton gloves, about to do an unwomanly thing in a peculiarly unpleasant manner.

Robert Stapleton's knock was heard at the door, and the next moment he was shaking two of Rebecca's drumsticks, which she had liberally extended to him as a sacrifice to hospitality. Having gone through the preliminary rites, she rasped her throat, and with some asperity begged him to be seated.

Robert seated was more get-at-able than Robert standing. He was a tall man, with wide shoulders and a fine deep chest, and he had a way of smiling down upon his enemies which was not always exactly soothing to his antagonists. Rebecca had seen that smile. She knew there was secret defiance, and perhaps secret ridicule, beneath its good-nature. She declined to be smiled upon after this fashion. Having caught and caged her lion, she must torture him at her own convenience; he might be sat upon, but she must not be smiled upon. So she got him on to one of the slippery chairs, and then she told him to put his hat down, as what she had to say would take some time. He did as he was bid, carefully repressing the offensive smile.

"And now," said Miss Rebecca, "I am going, sir, to ask you a plain question. What are your intentions towards my sister?"

"I should say my intentions were 'good,' but for that proverb about the paving-stones," answered he, smiling, but not the worst smile.

"Because," continued Rebecca, disregarding the frivolous interruption, "I must beg you not to come here as you have been doing. You seem always to be here since that unlucky day we met you in St. Paul's. You brought my father up to town in October, you took him to Kingsmead in August, you were at Dover whilst we were there, and here you are again."

She wound up as though reproaching that inevitable personage who appears so faithfully in every Christmas pantomime.

"And is there any reason why I should not be here—I mean, in London?"

"Every reason. Dolores is a vain, thoughtless girl, neither better nor worse than others, perhaps; but I cannot have her head turned by this kind of thing. She is in a good situation, and if she loses it through your fault, it will be a difficult thing for her to find another."

"Miss Skeffington," said Robert Stapleton, rising, "I honour your sisterly *solicitude*, and I will set your mind at rest. I am going to

Kingsmead the day after to-morrow. In calling here so often, I have obeyed your uncle and aunt's wishes quite as much as the dictates of my own heart. I have the friendliest feelings towards your father. I am sorry if I have unduly intruded. As far as Dolores is concerned—well, I have asked her over and over again to be my wife. She does not love me; I do not complain. Any man might be proud to win and wear her; but I have no claims to her regard beyond my devoted disinterested attachment to herself, if that may in anywise be so regarded. I shall never ask her to be my wife again; but I shall not cease to watch over, to care for, and to love her. There, you may have my confession. I make it for Dolores' sake. You have no right to know her thoughts or mine; and if I had not loved her as I do, I would not have spoken as I have done. Had I not loved her at all, pray believe me that your questions of to-day would not have forced me into marrying her. There is nothing so indelicate as a woman asking a man what are 'his intentions.' Good-morning, Miss Skeffington."

So that was the end of it. He had called her indelicate, and had had the indecency himself to declare to her face that he loved Dolores, and would continue to love her. "Disgusting!" said Rebecca to herself; "but it shows what a deceitful minx that girl is."

Of the interview, however, she said nothing to her sister; and as Dolores was too preoccupied to ask any questions, Robert Stapleton's name was not mentioned between them, nor his visit in any way alluded to. The following afternoon he came whilst Rebecca was upstairs with her father, who was again temporarily indisposed. Dolores was glad to have an opportunity of speaking to him alone, for Mrs. Dalrymple had paid her debts, and she was anxious to discharge hers. As she gave the bank-notes into Robert Stapleton's hand, and just as he was rising to take leave, the door opened, and Rebecca, wiry and irate, walked in.

"This is most dishonourable conduct, Mr. Stapleton!" she cried shrilly, and walking up to Dolores seized her angrily by the arm, holding that delicate member in a grim and merciless grip the while. "What did you tell me yesterday; and on the strength of that I have foolishly allowed you to come here to-day? Is it part of a minister's duty to lead silly young girls astray? She is a heartless, vain, flirting coquette, and I will not have these goings-on!"

Pain roused Dolores. She wrenched her arm from the vice in which it was held. Her eyes flashed fire, her colour rose, her voice trembled and was full of tears; she looked defiantly at her sister. Then glancing across to where Robert stood—ah, wise, patient Robert!—she moved towards him. Her hand slipped through his arm; he never looked at her. "Rebecca," she cried, "how dare you talk in that way? 'Leading me astray'? Why, he is the only friend I have, the only one who ever loved me. He has been a son to my father; he has been a brother to me. How dare you insult him in this house, where he has come as a benefactor, where he has every right to expect

gratitude? He has nobly asked me to marry him. I have refused, because I am not worthy of such love as his; but I should be the last and the lowest among the lowest and the mean, if I stood by and tamely submitted to hear him insulted." The tears were rolling over her cheeks, and she did not know what she was saying.

"Things have come to a pretty pass, miss, when you are bold enough to speak like this," sneered Rebecca. "You need not be so anxious to defend the young man; he can fight his own battles."

The "young man"—ah, wise Robert Stapleton, to stand by silently and see his destiny worked out for him by two women—the obligatory third was invisible—the "young man" smiled for an instant that exasperating smile which his enemies called sardonic, but spoke no word.

"Bold enough?" repeated Dolores, with a sob that was half a laugh, "I will be bolder than that. See, Rebecca, in your presence I ask him to forgive me for all my blindness and hardness of heart, for all my—"

His arms were about her, his kisses on her lips; it was only when Rebecca banged the door in passing out, that Dolores awoke with a start to a sense of what she had done.

There is immense rest in a great affection. It is like some vast sea, on the unruffled calm of which we may float and dream, a blue sky above us, and illimitable space around. There is great repose in a strong, true, faithful love. We rest upon it, and do not need to buffet the waves; we feel that it holds us up above the chances and changes of this troublesome world; and when we perchance strike on this quicksand or that hidden rock, we turn to our life-buoy and let the waters go over us, for we know we are safe.

Thus it was with Dolores. She often told herself that she was selfish in accepting Robert Stapleton's love; she often resolved to tell him why she could not love him as he ought to be loved; but she never did it. He seemed so happy, so content with the measure of love that she was able to mete out to him, that it would have been cruelty in those early days to disturb the serenity of his heaven.

He had gone back to Kingsmead the day after his last happy interview with Dolores, and his daily letters breathed the happiest spirit. To her this correspondence was alike a great pleasure and a great relief. In his presence she would have been shy, constrained, and ill at ease; unwilling to see him as a lover, and yet fearful of wounding him by coldness and reserve. But she could write freely; and she felt in this correspondence that they were learning daily to know each other better and better. But in the background the ghost of some strange passionate emotion hovered, haunting her in her happiest moments.

"I would not willingly deceive you in anything," she wrote to him once, "not even when the deceit might be a pleasing one; and, believe me, it costs me pain to say that I fear a kind of selfish gratitude is the strongest *feeling towards* you in my heart, just as I believe that pity

has been the mainspring of your affection for me. You must not think otherwise of me than I am; at least, I will not help you in your idealities. I am so anxious you should believe that I am grateful. I should like to be able to do something for you. I should like to perform all the little prosaic duties of life for you; to wait upon you, and nurse you, and mend your stockings, and make your tea. I do not wish for any greater things than these; I feel that the great things must be given to you and received by me. Your heart is full of pity, and mine is full of gratitude; have we not built our friendship on good foundations? I should like to hear you always; to look up to and lean upon you; to hold your hand and walk by your side. I am so safe when you are here; and, believe me, I am so humble and dutiful to you in my heart (whatever my manner may be), that I know no greater pleasure than in pleasing you."

And simple Robert Stapleton read her letters, and never saw, in his happy blindness, how much at variance such humility and submission were with Dolores' natural character. He wrote back, and told her he had been happy in loving her aimlessly, how far happier now with a prospect of their one day being for ever together, the dearest and nearest friends on earth. Had he seemed only the least bit suspicious, she would have confessed; but how could she do it now? She had not the courage to break down his simple trust and cheerful unquestioning faith; and so she let it go by. But to herself she often said: "Ah, if he would only ask questions! If he would only unlatch the door, I would push it boldly open." But Robert was content, and the door remained shut.

And so the spring came, and the season was at its highest, and Dolores walked to and from the house in Lowndes-square with a sense of rest and calm at her heart that was infinitely soothing. She shuddered when she looked back and remembered all the passionate emotion that had convulsed her being; and she blushed to think how she had in her wild delusion and folly spurned the pure noble love of this simple, honest, manly heart. He was so gentle and so patient, so tender and so strong; so full of care for her, so anxious to let her feel that her wishes and her welfare must ever be his first consideration, that she felt humbly and sadly she could never half repay his devotion.

The more she saw of this crystal soul, the more she felt her own unworthiness and littleness. "I am so sure of you," she wrote once; "that is what makes me so happy. I do not mean sure of your affection to me, sure of your unselfish devotion, but sure of you. It makes me glad to think that such as you are, you are; and that, with or without me, and leaving my relationship to you entirely out of the question, I know you to be perfectly upright and honourable, loving and true."

In the rectory-garden at Kingsmead a happy man walked to and he now and then drew forth her letters and kissed them. Ah,

what golden visions those kindly gray eyes saw in the bright future; what heavenly dreams they dreamt! And now it was July, and soon Dolores would have her holidays, and would come down to the Manor; and there would be no more letter-writing (here he kissed those dear letters again), but a real living presence—a soft warm hand to clasp, a shy heart to tame. Ah, how gentle he would be with her! he would not press her, or hasten her in any way. Had she not nobly come to him of her own accord? And when he thought of all the generous indignation that had flashed out of those dear eyes, and remembered how she had come to him so frankly, putting her hand into his with such perfect confidence, his heart melted, and his eyes filled with tears, and he told himself that she surely loved him.

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"Bessy!" cried a gay, ringing voice; "Bessy, where are you and your conscience? I can wait no longer! Why do you hide yourself in such obscure holes and corners?"

The schoolroom door burst open, and on the threshold stood a young man with a flower in his coat, and a saucy smile on his handsome good-tempered face. Opposite the door was a bookcase; someone was reaching books down, but as the door burst open, a face with large dark eyes, that looked half-scared and wholly astonished, turned and gazed upon the intruder. There was a moment's pause, during which the books fell down, and neither of these two young people spoke. Then Dolores, seeing there was no escape, recovered her presence of mind, and turning to St. Vincent as though she had never seen him before in her life, she said gravely, but with exquisite politeness, "Miss Dalrymple is not here; if you will allow me, I will ring the bell and inquire whether she is at home."

Her heart gave one great bound, which brought the colour to her cheeks; otherwise she stood there as calm, as cold, as composed, as a queen giving audience to a subject.

St. Vincent stared, hesitated, blushed. "Allow me to pick up those books," he said, glad to stoop down and hide his confusion. "I thought—I—O," cried the young man, looking at her once again, "it is you—I cannot be mistaken; you have not forgotten me, Dolores?"

"I am Mrs. Dalrymple's governess," said Dolores coldly; "you are very kind to remember me, Lord St. Vincent."

"Kind?" he cried, coming towards her with that gay, winning, natural, assured manner that stole its way into everyone's heart. "Kind? How could anyone forget you? I never have, though I'm a thoughtless, forgetful fellow enough: I remember everything about you; and the old barrack you were living in down at what's-his-name, and that old fellow who led this bear, you know, and—"

There was not the slightest response in Dolores' face. Her eyes looked grave and severe. He stopped, and then went on again as though all were right. "What a jolly little girl you were! It's ages

ago, you know; and what a time we had during the haymaking! Do you remember that brown frock, and the awful tear you made in it, and your head—your hair I mean—getting so full of burrs and bits of hay? Wasn't it all fun?"

"Very good fun for children," said Dolores seriously; "but if you will allow me, my lord, I will ring to inquire for Miss Dalrymple."

Something in her tone stopped him. What right had this young person to give herself airs? Why did she put on the manner of a nymph or goddess? He wasn't used to that kind of thing; women were never like that to him, and he wouldn't stand it. Some people thought St. Vincent's impertinence charming. He would try its effect on Dolores.

"No, don't ring," he said, laying his hand on hers as she was going to pull the bell; "I'll find Bessy; just tell me how all my old friends down there are: they were very good to me, you know."

"They are all quite well," said Dolores, softening.

"And—the roses? Do such 'red, red roses' bloom there still? You remember the roses, Dolores, and—the kiss?"

His bright blue eyes were looking mischievously into hers, and his beautiful curly head was an inch or two nearer than it need have been. If he hoped to have disconcerted her, he was disappointed.

"I must wish you good-afternoon, my lord," she answered quietly, "since you will not allow me to be of any use to you;" and bowing to him, with serious eyes, she left the room.

She tied on her bonnet resolutely in the little room where her walking-things were kept (bonnets were worn then), and pulling her veil over her face, went downstairs and out into the quiet square. St. Vincent stood where she had left him—*planté-là*, as our friends say. He took the flower out of his buttonhole and chewed it up. Such a thing had never happened to him in his life before. "By George!" he said to himself, "who'd have thought that little wild girl was to grow into this? I was awfully spooney upon her, I remember. Regularly gone. But she's a splendid-looking creature. There's race, fire, life, flesh and blood there; I always did hate your moonshiny, silvery, placid, milk-and-watery sort of woman," he continued (obligingly thinking of Lettice), "they are so wearisome; it's like a perpetual simper, it palls. But this is a glorious creature. What eyes! what hair! what a figure! and what an air! Quite absurd, and very much out of place, for a governess to have grand manners of that kind. But that kind of thing's born, I suppose, not made—as some intelligent person once observed of someone or another. Very sly of Bessy and Lettice, though, to keep the governess so dark. But girls *are* sly; especially your quiet girls with pale eyes and fair complexions. Spiteful, you know, and so on." But here her affectionate cousin excepted Bessy, and felt viciously towards his placid elegant betrothed, and nourished ar[illegible], which was soon to grow into a feeling, that he owed her

a grudge. "But if they are sly, I can be silent," he said to himself, and went out into the Park and found his aunt's carriage, and made himself so charming and agreeable, that honest Bessy's eyes beamed over with delight every time they rested on his handsome face, and even Lettice smiled a trifle less languidly than usual.

Chapter III.

DANGER AND DELIVERANCE.

There is something inexpressibly and infinitely touching in the sight of a man of riper years giving up his whole soul, his whole faith and devotion, to some one human being; laying his life and its results, his future and its possibilities, at that creature's feet, and laying them there gladly; not as a sacrifice, but as a free-will offering brought by love to the beloved one's shrine. At the touch of that soft young palm which had been laid in his, Robert Stapleton's heart trembled into blossom again, full of all the emotions of a holier, happier, brighter spring than it had been given to his youth to know.

To Dolores there was something sacred and full of awe in thinking that the care, the future of this divine human soul was hers; a responsibility, a blessing to be acknowledged and accounted for hereafter. It was a solemn thought, and at times the "burden laid upon her seemed greater than she could bear," and she would fain have shaken off the responsibility.

A word from her could make or mar the happiness of a human life. Not mar that life itself, because, as she knew, there are lives that cannot be marred; and Robert Stapleton's was one of these. About this time she wrote to him: "If I ever lose your friendship, I shall know that I have deserved to do so." A pang of chill apprehension closed round Robert Stapleton's heart as he read those words. "Why does she say these things?" he asked himself. "Can I ever cease to love her, or she to trust me? If so, I am not worthy of her." And he put his dismal thoughts away, writing more cheerily than usual, and passing over in silence all those parts of her letter which jarred upon him, and made him restless and ill at ease.

About this time, too, he began to be haunted by visions such as had never troubled his repose before; night after night he lay down to rest, and night after night the same dreams disturbed him. He saw Dolores unhappy; Dolores in tears; Dolores pleading; Dolores resisting; Dolores yielding; Dolores—ah! here he awoke with a start, and the cold drops of mental agony were on his brow; for in all his visions there was a second, another besides Dolores; and when she had disappeared over the precipice, when she had been drawn into the whirlpool and sucked down by the hungry pitiless waves, when she had vanished in the flames, that other, that man whose face he never could see, remained, unscathed, unmoved, safe and free. And nightly he said

to himself, "I will go to London; I will tell her all my fears and all my torment;" and then when morning came, he said, "She will be offended; she will think I mistrust her; she will cease to love me: for she does love me—she surely does love me. No! I will be patient, and I will wait until she comes."

And Dolores? It seems cruel to tell this part of her history, knowing what is to follow; but do not let us judge her too harshly, do not let us utterly condemn this poor weak deluded soul. There is no excuse to be offered for her; none. Only let us remember that divine saying, "Neither do I condemn thee;" not forgetting that if to our happy lives there has come no temptation, yet that "to err is human, to forgive divine," and that he who really conquers himself is "greater than he who taketh a city."

Day by day St. Vincent followed her. If such a nature as his might be called capable of love, he loved Dolores. Out of opposition, out of obstinacy, out of vanity it may be, he followed and persecuted her: he, who had been *choyé* all his life by women, met with nothing but coldness here. He was piqued. He tried impertinence; he tried gay good humour; he tried tender, respectful gallantry: they glanced harmless off the armour wherewith Dolores had clothed herself. She was impenetrable. A secret feeling of anger against the two girls for having so far mistrusted him as to "keep the governess dark," added a pleasant spice of revenge towards Lettice in his pursuit of Dolores.

He smiled to think what fools women and girls are in their cuttings and contrivings, and how easily outwitted. There was to him a pleasant dash of malice in the thought of how he had circumvented them. Dolores avoided him; but he always knew where and how to find her. He wrote her a letter, which she put into the fire unread, and told him that she had done so. He said she should have another; and that, she declared, she would send to Miss Knyvett; so he thought better of his threat, and contented himself by not only meeting her on her homeward way, but by crossing her path as she went to her daily duties in the morning. She told him that she supposed she was obliged as a governess to put up with his insults, because, if she complained to her employers, the blame would rest with her all the same. He answered her, she was a wise girl to see things so clearly; and that as to his insulting her, she was not the sort of woman any man would dare insult, with her "grand air" and tragedy-queen manners.

"Laugh at me," cried Dolores passionately, "turn me into ridicule, my lord, as you have always done. I am only the governess."

He told her he had not expected such pretty sentiments from her; and that hers was the pride that aped humility. Perhaps he was not altogether wrong.

"And I expect you to leave off this cowardly conduct!" she cried. "I will bear it no longer."

"Dolores!"

It was all he said. He was a horrible young man; but then no one thought so, that was the worst of it. There was a something about him which all his young-lady friends called "adorable," and which led even his elders to look leniently on his follies. It was a terrible power, this secret indefinable gift of fascination; it makes the plain beautiful, the beautiful divine. It lasts long after youth has faded and spring-time has flown; it conquers us against our reason, against our better judgment, against our determination. We all of us succumb to its influences. I have seen its magic attraction draw a roomful of men from young and beautiful women to a retired corner, where, unpretendingly dressed, not handsome or even pretty, but possessing an attraction infinitely beyond these qualities, one of the high-priestesses of fascination sat, and wove, it may be unconsciously, her magic spells. It is so subtle in its influences, that custom, habit, principles even, fall before it. We, even as its most devoted victims, do not know why we are so; we cannot define the mystic spell; we feel, though we cannot explain it.

"And Miss Knyvett," said Dolores.

"As long as she is Miss Knyvett, does not enter into my affairs at all."

"If those are your sentiments, you will probably find it strange that I should think it right to tell you I am engaged."

For a moment St. Vincent looked crestfallen. But the next he had recovered himself, and said, with a slight smile, "May I ask who is the happy man?"

"Mr. Stapleton."

"What, the pious Æneas! The old original bear-leader?" and St. Vincent laughed till the tears ran down his face.

Dolores flushed up resentfully.

"Nothing is sacred to you!" she cried, her eyes filling angrily.

"Well, not old Stapleton certainly," replied St. Vincent, "nor his servant nor his maid, nor his ox nor his ass, nor anything that is his."

She was disgusted. A feeling of utter repulsion sickened her as she looked at this thoughtless young man, and remembered how she had invested him with every ideal virtue and noble sentiment, and had worshipped the image she had set up.

For a week she remained at home. At the end of that time, Mrs. Dalrymple wrote, begging her, if her indisposition would allow of it, to return to her duties in Lowndes-square.

St. Vincent met her with a face of such tender concern, with a manner so gentle and respectful, that she told herself she had been harsh and needlessly severe. He, for his part, had come to a desperate resolution. He had grown to hate the lovely Lettice, with her stereotyped smile and her conventional manners, her irreproachable toilette and colourless skin. He loved Dolores' old brown cloak and simple bonnet more than all the glories of the Devys or Elises of those days. He told

himself that he was young and rich, and that he could risk something to gratify what was more than a whim. He knew the world—his world—well enough to know that it would forgive him, even for marrying a governess; that it would call him an amiable eccentric, and welcome back the prodigal son, though he brought a penniless nobody of a daughter-in-law with him. And then he smiled to think how Dolores' rich glowing beauty would become the St. Vincent diamonds, and how she would by her brilliant appearance outshine and eclipse the pale beauties of the town. You see, he never doubted of his success. Perhaps in this perfect self-confidence lay the secret of his power.

I would not, if I could, tell the history of what followed. When that sweet madness once seizes the human mind, farewell to all that may be judged by common rules. St. Vincent made Dolores believe everything. What all Robert Stapleton's manly worth and noble heart could not do, his nameless fascination and charm of manner effected. She hated and despised herself from beginning to end. She saw all her falseness, her want of truth and single-heartedness throughout; she wept as she thought of that noble heart. But the glamour was upon her; and when Hugh, with passionate beseeching eyes, said, "Do not sacrifice us both to a fiction which the world calls honour, Dolores; do not do a good man a mortal injury by fulfilling your promise to the ear and breaking it to the heart; do not drive me into marrying that pale soulless puppet, whom I never loved, and whom I should then inevitably hate"—it was herself and not him she blamed. "O Dolores!" cried the young man, who had nothing to recommend him but a handsome face, and that nameless winning charm of manner which no woman had ever yet resisted, "you have always loved me—always; and I have always loved you. Shall our two young lives be spoilt for ever because we have both made mistakes?"

"I have made no mistake," she said sadly; "the mistake was—his—in loving me."

"But he does not love you as I love you, Dolores; he cannot. His spring-time and his youth are gone. He feels friendship, esteem—"

Dolores shuddered. She would write to Robert Stapleton that night, and frankly tell him all. It was late in the day to confess her sins, but better late than never; it was hard to wound that tender honest heart, but that must be her punishment.

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"There's nothing the matter, I hope, sir?"

"There is much the matter, Mrs. Stevens. My brother Jamie is dangerously ill at school. I am going to him immediately; and if any letters come, don't forward them; I shall bring Jamie back with me if the doctor will allow it. As it is, I must hurry, or I shall miss the train to Reading and Dover."

Mr. Stapleton hurried away, leaving care behind him, carrying care

with him, going to meet fresh care. For his young brother had the scarlet fever; and his heart was heavy about the lad, and about other things too. He took out Dolores' last letter and read it. It brought him no comfort. "I am in a state of mind," it said, "that will not bear examination or description. I am not satisfied with myself or my conduct. If you were here— But it is as well you are not; I must feel differently before I can see you. I am unworthy of your great unselfish love. There has come a moment of doubt and hesitation to my inner life; a moment when I would fain be alone, and would commune with my own heart, and in my chamber, and be still." These were not reassuring words. "Perhaps," he said to himself, "I lay too much stress on these moods of my darling; it is a part of her nature to change from sunshine to clouds, and back again to sunshine. *Souvent femme varie*, as King Francis said, and my Dolores has an 'infinite variety' about her which 'age cannot wither' nor 'custom stale.'" But still the "thick-coming fancies" knocked at his heart, and made him sad and anxious.

Dolores had mentioned her meeting with St. Vincent, though not the manner of it. His name had recurred more than once in her letters of late, though not in a way to arouse Robert Stapleton's suspicions; and yet he knew, though he would not know, that this young man's reappearance on the scene had been in some way inimical to his own happiness. "I will not wound her by unworthy suspicions, or ruffle her pride by seeming distrustful," he said to himself; "she will be here soon, and then if she likes to speak she will. I will ask no questions, lest fear, or pride, or shame should make her false, and she be tempted to speak what is not true. In her own good time she will tell me all. Meanwhile, this journey, this care for Jamie, will take me out of myself, and prevent morbid thoughts."

But Robert Stapleton soon found that "naught can minister to a mind diseased."

Dolores was to go to Kingsmead. She bade her father and Rebecca good-bye. At the Great-Western Terminus St. Vincent met her. They drove to the London-Bridge station.

"We will start by the mail-train this evening, my darling," said Hugh, looking at her with bright beautiful eyes, in which love and pleasure beamed; "we will cross by the night-boat, and we shall be in Paris to-morrow. I will leave you with my friend Mrs. Gray, and then —we shall be married."

They went upstairs into a sitting-room, and St. Vincent ordered some dinner whilst they were waiting for the train. He was full of gay triumph: Dolores was sad beyond words, beyond tears. She had written a full confession to Robert Stapleton, and he had never answered her. He had cast her off and thrown her from him as we fling away an old glove. She had waited for a letter, a token, a sign; but it had never come. He thought her unworthy even of a reply. Then

she had taken that final fatal resolution which had now brought her hither. She felt deeply humiliated; all her treachery to her employers, her want of faith as from woman to woman as regarded her behaviour towards St. Vincent's cousin and his betrothed, all the shame and misery of her conduct, were gnawing at her heart with a thousand fangs; how could she laugh, or be happy and triumphant? And O, with what remorse she thought of Robert Stapleton! "I suppose you'll be too much occupied with Mr. Stapleton to write to us," had been Rebecca's valedictory remark. "I shall not write unless I have something particular to say," replied Dolores evasively. And now she stood at the window of that huge hotel, and looked down the railway platform at the blaze of lights, and the crowd rushing to and fro, and beyond at the red and green signals hanging in mid-air; and her heart was full of tears, and her lips were silent. With the goblet of life in her grasp, and its ruby wine touching her lips, she already tasted all the bitterness of its very dregs. St. Vincent's gaiety jarred upon her. She felt the awfulness of the step she had taken, the horror of its incalculable consequences to others; and she could not respond to his jubilant satisfaction.

At length they reached Dover. It seemed to Dolores as though they had been travelling for months. It was a damp foggy night. She went down into the ladies' cabin, sick and faint. "Leave me," she whispered to St. Vincent; "I am not well." He left her, after many entreaties, and went to the fore part of the vessel to smoke his cigar. "Tell my brother, please, that I am going to sleep, and that I do not wish to be disturbed until we reach Calais," said Dolores to the stewardess, dropping half-a-crown into the woman's hand. Then, when the messenger had gone on her errand, she drew her cloak round her and swiftly passed up the companion-ladder. They had been a long time getting under way, but now the vessel was beginning to move. "You can't pass, miss," said a man at the gangway.

"But I must," she said; "I have only been to see some friends off;" and with a spring she reached the pier.

Why? On her way down to the vessel she had met Robert Stapleton, or Robert Stapleton's ghost. A pale face, with great earnest gray eyes, had looked reproachfully at her through the mist. She had killed him, and his spirit had come to save her. She trembled, and clung fast to Hugh. "It is cold, my love," he whispered, "and you are tired." Then those eyes had given her a look which she could never forget,—which would haunt her to her dying day; and the face had gone out in darkness.

As Dolores stood all alone on the pier, and heard the Dover clocks strike midnight, it seemed to her that the end of her life had come. She had no thought, no hope, no fixed or definite purpose.

Robert Stapleton led her away. "Come, my dear child," he said, speaking as a kind father might do to some tired darling; "come."

Edward Frederick, del.

"SILENTLY, LIKE ONE IN A DREAM, SHE OBEYED HIM."

And she went. "I ought not to touch you, my dear," he said, "for I come from Jamie's fever-bed, and that is the reason I have not written to you lately; they tell me even paper can carry the infection. But I will see you into the train, and you had better go down to Kingsmead to-morrow—no, this morning, as you had intended. Your aunt need not know that you have been to see me; she will think you over-anxious, and she will fret about you." No word of St. Vincent; no allusion to what he had seen!

Silently, like one in a dream, she obeyed him. But at Kingsmead she had a long, long illness; and when she got up she found that little Jamie Stapleton was dead and buried. Robert Stapleton, gray-haired and sadly altered, went about his duty, and came and saw Dolores; but no word of love ever escaped his lips.

Squire Skeffington wrote to Mrs. Dalrymple telling her of his niece's serious illness, and of the determination they had formed of not letting her leave them again.

Two years passed before ever Robert and Dolores spoke of the past. Then he once more asked her to be his wife. Her father was dead, her uncle and aunt in failing health, and Rebecca had not softened with age.

The tears welled up in Dolores' still beautiful eyes, and she caught his hand and kissed it with a reverence and love that thrilled his heart-strings. But she said that could never be.

Then, in a voice wild with all regret, she cried, "O, why did you never answer that letter?"

"I never received it, my dear, until I came back after my poor Jamie's funeral."

"And you could forgive me all I had done?"

"I could have forgiven you for worse than you did, my child," he said gravely. "Love forgives everything. You never loved me—it was not to be supposed you could; but, you know, 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.' I gave my whole heart unreservedly to you once for all, for better for worse; not reserving this right or that privilege. What was I, that I should judge you? You were never more noble and more lovable in my eyes, Dolores, than when you recrossed that narrow plank alone."

She drew a deep breath. Only that narrow plank between her and what might have proved perdition! The tears welled from beneath her closed eyelids and ran over her pale cheeks.

"And the letter?" she said.

"It is here, Dolores, unopened. Shall I burn it?"

"O no, no! read it," she cried, the fervent blushes mounting to her brow.

"I do not need to read it, love."

"Read it!" she said again.

That night he read it.

A month later they were married.

Before the end of the year, Dolores stood a widow by her husband's grave. Her home was left unto her desolate;—that was her expiation.

In due time she became the lady of Kingsmead Manor.

Lord St. Vincent came back from a five years' tour, handsomer, gayer, more fascinating than ever. He had adopted many foreign customs, and declared no unmarried woman was ever worth speaking to. He is a professed marriage-hater, and serious people do not like his talk.

Five years ago, the world said, he had been engaged to the beautiful Miss Knyvett, now Mrs. Egerton, you know; but he found out that a marriage with her would not conduce to his happiness, and so went away on his travels. As he wisely left no address, brothers, uncles, and cousins could not pursue and chastise him. Miss Knyvett took the affair philosophically, and married Mr. Egerton the following year, soon after which her husband obligingly died, and left her a very handsome fortune in addition to her own.

Mrs. Stapleton and Lord St. Vincent never met again.

As I sat by her side yesterday she told me all her story. I knew by the sound of her voice that she was crying.

"Never trifle with sacred things, my love," she said, bending over and kissing me; "and remember that every pang we cause a loving human soul is a sin against the divinest and most sacred thing which God has given us on earth to know."

A "FEAST OF FLOWERS"

I HAVE just returned from a visit to a secluded and charming Derbyshire village, where I witnessed as lovely a sight as the most ardent and poetic imagination could desire or devise. Will the readers of *Belgravia*, I wonder, thank me if I briefly describe to them what I saw and heard there? Or will they consider it a waste of time to read an article which has no romance or startling incident connected with it? I have sufficient faith in them to feel sure they will be pleased with the simple recital of the observance of a simple custom; and I will tell them about a floral festival—a perfect "feast of flowers"—which is annually held in the village to which I have alluded, and which is one of the most beautiful observances which this or any past age has followed, and one in whose simplicity and artlessness lies its greatest charm.

Tissington, near Dove Dale, is a village of the most secluded and most old-world character; one into whose precincts neither turnpike-road, canal, nor railway has dared to enter, and where neither factories, those curses to beautiful scenery, nor public-houses, those banes to beautiful lives, have existence; a village where all is apparent happiness, and whose inhabitants seek not, nor are sought by, the world beyond; a village

"Far removed from noise and smoke"

of the busy town, where there is the purest air, the most sparkling water, and the most unpolluted lives; a village whose inhabitants at the present day can trace back, through

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet,"

who sleep in its quiet churchyard, connection with ages long past, and who would look with laudably jealous eyes on any interlopers who might wish to settle amongst them. Within a stone's-throw of the village church—which was built by Norman hands—the bones and other remains of the ancient Briton and of his Roman conqueror, of the Anglo-Saxon and of the Norman, and of all later times, exist, and show that the spot on which but an hour or two ago I stood to witness the observance of one of the most ancient of customs had been known and stood upon and passed over by its residents through countless ages, back into the dim distance of the most remote of prehistoric times; that the springs, around which the people had this day gathered with *songs of praise*, had bubbled up with the same tinkling sound, with the

same unceasing flow, and with the same refreshing purity, for our skin-clothed Celtic ancestor as for us, and that their waters had been as grateful and as refreshing to him in his wild and free and uncontrolled state as to us, with our thousand conventionalities and artificial surroundings.

It is happy to reflect that in this isolated village, which lies away from turnpike-roads, and is closed in on its approaches from every side by gates, the custom I am about to speak of, which is a remnant of the visible spirit of thankfulness of its early inhabitants, is still observed in a proper spirit and with thankful and solemn feelings.

In Tissington, which is a very small village, are several "wells" or springs of water, of which five are annually, on Ascension-day (Holy Thursday), "dressed," as the village term is, with flowers, in a remarkable and perfectly unique manner. Not with garlands nor with festoons; not with bouquets or unmeaning heaps of flowers; not with "bow-pots" or vases; not with choice plants brought out, flower-show fashion, from the conservatories and greenhouses of the rich Fitzherberts at the Hall, or of their friends; but with wild-flowers set in brilliant mosaic work on wooden frames, forming shrines, surrounding and rising up above the wells to several feet in height. These are the work of the villagers, who year by year, and each year with new device, prepare these floral temples, and place them above the ever-flowing springs.

These structures generally partake of the character of a gothic temple or shrine. They are formed of a framework of wood, made in several pieces, so as to be put easily together. On each piece of this framework a coating of moist clay, tempered with salt, is carefully spread, and in this the flowers, cut close off from their stems, and carefully sorted into tints, are inserted in the required pattern. The whole structure becomes thus a piece of perfect mosaic work, the tesseræ of which it is composed being flowers of different colours.

The gifted authoress of the *Art Student in Munich*, having made a pilgrimage to Tissington, thus spoke of the beautiful effect of these floral mosaics:* "The floral decorations being purely *mosaic work*, flowers are used instead of stones—ruby-red, pink and white double daisies instead of porphyry and marbles, the crisp flowers of the wild blue hyacinth instead of lapis lazuli, the bright-green twigs of the yew-tree instead of malachite; and so on. The colours principally employed are crimson, pink, blue, golden-yellow, white, and varied greens. The effect is marvellously brilliant, original, and fantastic beyond the description of words. The designs are arabesques—quaint symbols, such as crowns, roses, doves, &c., mingled with texts from Scripture. The character is, as has been said, that of mosaic work or illumination. The principal flowers used are double daisies, the crimson and white [illegible]. Occasionally pink double daisies are chosen; but

* Quarterly Journal and Review, vol. [illegible], pp. 29-48.

the tints have to be most carefully sorted, and only the same shade of flowers employed in masses together. White double daisies are frequently chosen as the groundwork for a text, or emblazonment of some brilliant colour, with an excellent effect. Double white daisies, we also observe, are made use of for the symbolic doves with surprising taste, their dead whiteness telling with exquisite purity upon a crimson, light-green, or blue ground. Yellow is produced in various tints by laburnum, furze-blossom, caltha, and corcorus; blue by the wild hyacinth; crimson and dull pink by double daisies; green, dark olive, and grass-green by the old and young twigs of the yew-tree. Occasionally various kinds of berries and even lichens are most ingeniously and artistically employed to produce gradation of tint; and this introduction of these tertiary colours in slight degrees is valuable in the extreme to an artistic eye. The flowers are carefully separated from their branches and stems, and laid together in heaps of colour to be used. The whole is, in fact, an art, and requires both taste, skill, and experience in its elaboration. In the first place, the wooden frame of the shrine, which is in separate pieces, so as to be readily moved about, is covered with a layer of clay mixed with salt in order to preserve the moisture. Upon this clay is very accurately marked out the pattern to be, as it were, embroidered with flowers, by pricking with a wooden skewer through a paper on which the pattern or design had been traced. Into this moist clay the flowers and twigs, according to colour, are closely stuck together side by side, producing at a distance, in their rich masses, an effect almost like velvet."

For several days before the appointed time the children of the village employ themselves in collecting flowers, and the young men, ay, and old ones too, busy themselves in forming the shrines and filling-in the mosaics, working with a laudable zeal, and animated by a loving spirit for the good and the beautiful, and by veneration for the custom handed down to them from their ancestors. In the early morning of Holy Thursday these five shrines are placed over the wells, busy groups being at work at each; and temporary fences of green boughs wattled together are formed in front of those which, for effect, require such aid; the ground inside being strewed with a carpet of flowers, the yellows of the cowslips blending and harmonising sweetly with the blues of the wild hyacinth and the forget-me-not.

At eleven o'clock divine service is held in the parish-church,—a truly interesting Norman building, with many noteworthy features,—and always with a numerous, attentive, and devout congregation. The service is of course the usual morning-service, with this exception, that the proper psalms for the day (Ascension-day) and the epistle and gospel are omitted *in* the church, in order that they may form a part of the succeeding open-air celebration. The sermon has invariably some special allusion or reference to the sweet and simple ceremony of the day, and is thus rendered more than usually impressive and

[illegible] the rector of the parish with his assisting [illegible] of his neighbouring incumbents—clothed in [illegible] and university caps and distinctions, preceded [illegible] and followed by the entire congregation and [illegible] in procession at the church-porch, and [illegible] the parish wells.

[illegible] this simple but impressive- [illegible] village green to the first of [illegible] Hall, and hence called the [illegible] Well. Here the clergy in front of and facing the well, the [illegible] on either side, and the congregation gathered closely [illegible] the first of the proper psalms for the day was [illegible] specially for the occasion many, many years [illegible] assembly of clergy and laity and choir. [illegible] the procession moved on to the next well, known as [illegible] Well, where the second proper psalm for the day and an- [illegible] and then by way of a long lane, to [illegible] of the stonework which [illegible] Well. Here the third proper psalm of [illegible] and then a hymn sweetly [illegible] Well was sung in like manner [illegible] the day was read, and a fourth hymn [illegible] as "Goodwin's Well," which [illegible] the day was read, and the doxology [illegible] prayer from the rector, who [illegible] and the charming observances of [illegible]

[illegible] of the remains of the wells. [illegible] from the churchyard to the [illegible] and returning to the [illegible]

[illegible] besides sacred monograms [illegible] respectively, "O YE WELLS, [illegible] THE PRINCE [illegible]

[illegible] little beyond conjecture can [illegible] be adduced in this brief article. [illegible] which surround the "happy [illegible] as old as the time when [illegible] indeed, not impro- [illegible] of the last remnants [illegible] of our early [illegible] "wondrous works," for [illegible] them with [illegible] in the character of [illegible] observance, and vie

with each other in doing their noble work for the celebration of the rites of the day.

"Be you, my brethren," said a clergyman whom many listened to with interest while addressing the men of Tissington from the pulpit on Ascension-day, "be you grateful to the Providence which has preserved to you an institution so pious as this. Regard it religiously; keep it in a right spirit, and it may cause to fall upon you dews of grace and goodness from heaven. You know not, indeed, what blessings it may call down from Him whose ascension it acknowledges. At the least, no one in *this* place can fail to answer a question which I have known many unable to answer, and which thousands, maybe millions, of so-called disciples of Jesus cannot answer, namely, why this day is called *Holy Thursday?*—for here *this* worship, *these* flowers, *these* bubbling wells, all testify, year by year, that on this day the Son of Man ascended up to heaven."

I believe that a peculiar and decent ceremonial, like this one at Tissington, has a happy influence on the spirit. That law of association—which is part of the moral constitution God has given us—a law which does and must always powerfully influence natures like ours, of mingled good and evil, can confer on an otherwise unimportant ceremonial a force and significance which it would be wilful blindness not to acknowledge and turn to account. Such celebrations, handed down from remotest antiquity, connect the present with the past and the future. They carry us back in mind through long lines of centuries to that olden time when our forefathers in the faith found, in these simple rites, an earnest expression of their devotion and their hopes. We live with them again in thought. We feel a pure and a pious pleasure in thinking that those whose names, though long, long lost to us, are yet, we hope, engraved in the Book of Life, hailed with religious joy at these wells the day of our risen Lord's ascension up to heaven, and worshipped Him as we worship; acknowledging the same wants, animated with the same hopes, singing like hymns, repeating the same scriptures, chanting the same psalms, making like melody in their hearts, saying, "O Lord, our Governor, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!" And such thoughts as these shed a softening and a profitable influence on the soul. They form a conscious part of the communion of the saints which is a portion of our belief, rich in consolation to mortality. For myself, I enter into all the spirit of such a festival. I admire the beauty; I reverence the antiquity; I acknowledge the uses; I agree with the great sage who said that "whatever takes us out of the present to live in the past or the future exalts and purifies the heart, and makes us partakers of a better nature." I should rejoice to see such religious feasts more extensive. If I were told they were superstitions, I should answer that all is not superstition which is called so; that such alarm proceeds from not having *distinctly settled* in the mind that which really constitutes super-

stition; that in this age of the world, when "too much learning" makes men mad with scepticism, there is little danger of their believing too much; and that an unreasoning dread of superstition is itself superstitious. If I were told that these things, after all, are but trifles, I should say that life is made up of trifles; but that nothing is a trifle which, even for a time, however brief, raises the thoughts from earth to heaven. And the day will surely come when the greater part of those things which we now pursue with deepest interest and most serious regard will seem vainer than a sick man's dreams, while these so-called trifles shall be found fraught with deep spiritual significance and eternal riches.

Who knows, who can say, that in a time like this a spark may not fly out from the altar, and, falling on some worn heart, light in it a sacred fire which shall never more go out? I should rejoice if such observances were more general; but, unhappily, no new one could be what this is to the people of Tissington. It must want that hallowing charm of ancient days which enables us to drink of the past as well as of the future, and clothes it with a reverence which cannot at once be put on.

LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

WRITING FOR MONEY

HAS the general public any idea of the labour involved in the production of the light literature dished up for its amusement? any notion of the wear and tear, physical and mental, on the unhappy men who are compelled to seek a precarious subsistence by administering to the entertainment of a not too appreciative *clientèle?* It has been the lot of the present writer for some years past to eke-out a very small income by occasional contributions to the press and the magazines; and my experience, so far as it goes, teaches me that the writer of the ephemeral literature of the day is proportionately at once the hardest-worked and the worst-paid of any of the "working classes," not excepting that unhappy and longsuffering specimen of humanity, the agricultural labourer. I do not, of course, speak of the man who has made his reputation, whose name is known, and whose fame is recognised, but of the worn and weary *hack*, or the unfortunate outsider, who has his way to make—who, having put his hand to the plough, cannot turn back, but must either work on or starve. He it is whose brains must always move on in the groove appointed by his taskmaster—who cannot choose his own course, but must drag along under harness which galls him, not hoping to reap the harvest of fame and success until a long drudgery of apprenticeship has taught him the virtue of waiting.

He must write well too, or he will neither be read nor fed; while the man who has a *name* may relax his mind, while he fills his pocket, with the veriest trash that can be conceived as flowing from the imagination of an intelligent being. I have read poetry, for instance, which was worthy of the name, and was rejected; and I have seen verses purchased at fabulous prices which, but for the names attached to them, would have been considered rubbish unworthy of a schoolboy.

It is not that I *complain* much of this. To have gained the name has been a work of labour and of years. I do not even complain that some who have laboured as long and as well should fail where others succeed; literature is, to some extent, a lottery, in which the prizes presuppose numerous blanks. My object rather is to deprecate the over-severe indignation often expressed against the man who sells his brains for bread—the man who, without actually selling his *opinions*, consents to write upon matters which are indifferent to him in the sense required by his employer. I know that I shall be met by an angry denial that many such men exist—that it is to be hoped, for the sake of the dignity of literature, that there are but few such persons, and they but the hangers-on of the profession—the camp-followers of the noble army. But I distinctly assert that there are many such—that

they are to be found even among the officers, and that the rank-and-file abounds in them.

And how can it be otherwise when men have but their pen on which to rely for their daily requirements? It is not *pleasant* to have to turn your attention to a matter which does not interest you; still less agreeable is it to take your cue from a master. But it is necessary to live; and so long as a writer does not violate his personal honour by advocating a cause which in his conscience he condemns, he is no more worthy of reproach than an advocate who holds a brief on behalf of a criminal.

No one who has not experienced the feeling can conceive the annoyance that it sometimes is to a writer to have to write upon a distasteful subject. He has met with some sickening disappointment maybe, and his heart is heavy. He would naturally choose therefore, if he had a choice, and *must* write, some light and cheerful, even comic, subject. But the inexorable will of his editor requires him to contribute a political article or a statistical review; and, much against his taste, he is fain to comply. I remember some years ago, having been for some time "out of luck," I received instructions to contribute a paper to a well-known magazine upon a subject of great importance which was then agitating the public mind. I was much interested in the matter, and, fortifying myself with facts in the British Museum, I set to work, and at the end of three days' hard work I had completed what I considered a very fair dissertation upon the subject. My disgust may be imagined when, on taking my paper to the office, I learned that I was too late. Of course there was nothing for it but to return to my lodgings, and there hold a committee with myself on ways and means, for, truth to say, my next day's dinner had depended on the result of my labour. I was on the point of turning disconsolately into bed when a knock at the door ushered in a printer of my acquaintance, who, hastily informing himself that I had no objection to work, introduced me forthwith to the sub-editor of a weekly newspaper, who was in a state of distraction at the non-arrival of a "leader" he had expected, and for which space had been reserved. I speedily obtained from him the materials necessary for the production of my article, set to work, and, in less than two hours, had completed—satisfactorily to him—the quantity of "matter" which he required, pocketed my guinea with much satisfaction to myself, and the next day—dined.

Sometimes it is almost impossible to write. When suffering from gout it is difficult, and I suppose it must be at least equally hard when a man is labouring under deep mental affliction. A case of the latter sort occurs to my memory, which, so far as I was concerned, had rather a ludicrous termination. A friend of mine named Smith had in an evil hour adopted literature as his profession, and to add to his imprudence had married a ballet-girl. Much against his inclination he was compelled by their poverty to allow his wife, after the first year of

their married life, to resume her engagement on the stage. Being very young and inexperienced, and withal exceedingly pretty, she succumbed to the temptation of a brilliant offer, and left him. The very day she took this fatal step, Smith had obtained a lucrative appointment on a daily newspaper. On the evening of the same day, I, utterly ignorant of what had occurred, called upon him. I often recall the haggard look and the almost desperate air with which he received me. He was sitting at his table, with papers and books before him, his head resting upon his two hands. He explained briefly and tearlessly his good and his bad fortune. I neither congratulated him on the one, nor condoled with him on the other, contenting myself with simply asking how I could help him.

"This leader must be sent in to-night," he said, "and I *can't* do it."

"All right, old fellow; what is it?" I asked.

"It's something about the X. Z. list; but I don't know what."

"The X. Z. list! What on earth's that?"

"Well, it's a class of officers in the navy, and the initials refer to an Order in Council with which these officers are dissatisfied; the *Navy List* will explain all about it. I *can't* write. For God's sake help me!"

So I sat down to study the *Navy List*, and by dint of considerable research discovered that a flagrant act of injustice on the part of the Admiralty of the day had been perpetrated against the officers on the list referred to. Having written to that effect, I despatched the article to its destination; and a very good sound article it looked, I thought, as I read it in the paper the next morning; and I have reason to believe that it was considered so by better judges than myself. Only, as it turned out, I had made one slight mistake. Smith's instructions had been to *defend* the Admiralty. In his grief he had forgotten to tell me the line of argument I was to use; and I had made a most fierce onslaught upon their lordships.

As to my friend, I induced him after a few days to write a paper for *Punch pour se distraire*—"the miserable have no other medicine." It was a success; and though his wife's faithlessness laid him low for a time, he soon began to distinguish himself in his profession, and is now known and recognised as one of the most brilliant and caustic writers of the day.

But it may be asked, If the troubles and the humiliations and the disappointments and the poverty of an unsuccessful press or magazine writer be such as herein described, why don't these educated men give up literature, and take to some more certain and more lucrative employment? To which I can only reply, that it is impossible. Some men like it; some don't; but if a man once chooses literature as his profession, he must stick to it. Like every other calling, it requires perseverance and talent.

G. H. GUEST.

LOVERS' VOWS

A SONG FOR MUSIC

By twilight's glimmering ray,
By all the stars above me,
And sun that rules the day,
I love thee! O, I love thee!

By Luna's liquid beam,
By every hope that cheers me,
By Cupid's blissful dream,
I love thee! O, I love thee!

I'll speak not of those eyes,
Though piercing through and through me,
Nor charms which *all* must prize,
But only say—I love thee.

The rich Cremona's string,
The harp of sacred story,
The songs that angels sing,
Can't tell thee how I love thee.

O, no; there's naught on earth,
Nor yet in heaven above me,
In melody or mirth,
Can tell thee how I love thee.

WILLIAM MITCHELL, KT.

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[redacted]